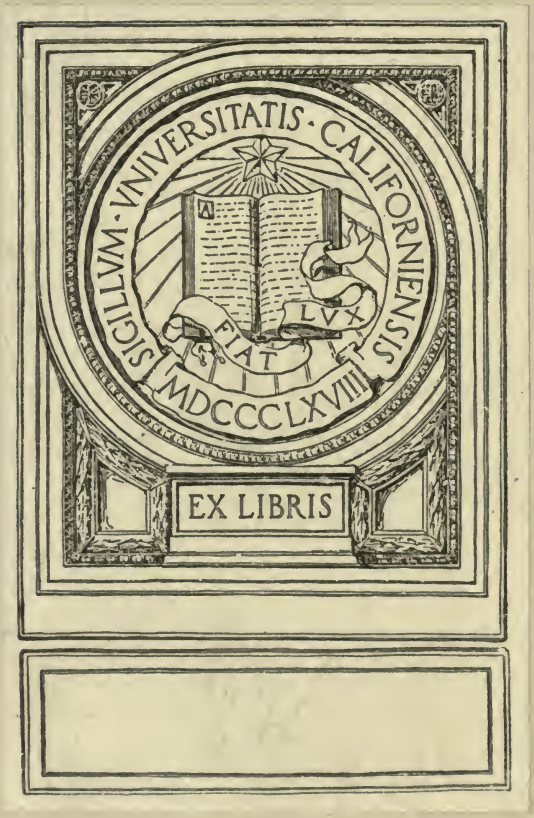
WHAT I KNOW

C. W. STAMPER


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

WHAT I KNOW

A SELECTION FROM

MILLS & BOON'S

LATEST GENERAL LITERATURE

WHAT I KNOW. Reminiscences of Five Years' Personal Attendance upon His Late Majesty King Edward VII. By C. W. STAMPER. With a Frontispiece by OLIVE SNELL. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY RUSSIAN YEAR. By ROTHAY REYNOLDS. With 28 Illustrations. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY PARISIAN YEAR. By MAUDE ANNESLEY. With 20 Illustrations. Second Edition. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

MY SUDAN YEAR. By E. S. STEVENS. With 40 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

A CENTURY OF FAMOUS ACTRESSES. By HAROLD SIMPSON. With 18 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

BRITISH MOUNTAIN CLIMBS. By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM. With 18 Photographs and 21 Diagrams. Pocket size. Leather 7s. 6d. net, cloth 5s. net.

SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMBS. By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM. With 24 Photographs and 22 Diagrams. Leather 7s. 6d. net, cloth 5s. net.

THE ZOO CONVERSATION BOOK (Hughie's Second Visit). By EDMUND SELOUS. With 12 Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE WONDERFUL WEALD. By ARTHUR BECKETT. With 20 Illustrations in Colour and 43 Initials by ERNEST MARILLIER, and a Map. Popular Edition, 6s.

THE PETTICOAT COMMANDO. By JOHANNA BRANDT. With 10 Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo, 6s.

RAMBLES IN HOLLAND. By E. and M. S. GREW. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ROYAL SPADE AUCTION BRIDGE. By ARCHIBALD DUNN. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE ROMANCE OF THE OXFORD COLLEGES. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/whatiknowreminis00stamrich

WHAT I KNOW

REMINISCENCES OF FIVE YEARS' PERSONAL ATTENDANCE UPON HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

BY

C. W. STAMPER

'This was a Man'

SECOND EDITION

MILLS & BOON, LIMITED
49 RUPERT STREET
LONDON W.

DA567
S7

Published 1913

283602

FOREWORD

In the course of the last three years there has been written about King Edward much that I did not know. It has occurred to me that what I know may prove at least as interesting.

In the following pages Their Majesties King George the Fifth and Queen Mary are always spoken of as The Prince and Princess of Wales, while His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is referred to as Prince Edward.

I have spared no pains to make this record an accurate one. So far as has been possible every date has been verified, and in the few cases where my recollection as to the occasion is not positive, I have said so.

I fear I have made much mention of myself. This was inevitable; and at the risk of being thought egotistical I have related happenings which would come better from the pen of another, if only there were another to tell them.

The drawing which forms the frontispiece I owe to the kindness of Miss Olive Snell.

I have to express my gratitude to Mr. Dornford Yates, but for whose tireless assistance these memories might never have been published.

C. W. S.

71 Piccadilly,
1913

283602

CONTENTS

PAGE

By Way of Introduction 1

1905 17

1906 36

1907 97

1908 161

1909 225

1910 321

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

WHAT I KNOW

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

In April or May 1905 it was arranged that the royal cars should thereafter be driven by constables drawn from the Metropolitan Police, and specially selected by the Commissioner. At this time Her Majesty Queen Alexandra had a Wolseley car, and Sir Henry Ewart, then Crown Equerry, requested the Lacre Motor Car Co., who were the Wolseley agents, to send someone down to Buckingham Palace to instruct the new chauffeurs in the management of the cars they were to control. As manager of the Testing, Repairs, and Garage Department for the Lacre, I was entrusted with the matter, and it was presently arranged that I should attend at the Palace myself. This I did regularly two or three times a week until the middle of July.

One morning—it was July 20th—about ten o'clock Sir Henry Ewart came to the offices of the Lacre in Poland Street and asked that I might there and then take him out for a drive, with one of the new chauffeurs by my side. During the run he told me that he wished me to enter the King's service, as His Majesty's motor expert and engineer, and to take charge of the royal cars at once. I thanked him and said that I

should be very pleased to do so if the Lacre Co. would release me, but that I felt I could not leave them at a moment's notice without their consent. At that he desired me to drive him back to Poland Street, and on our arrival there asked to see the Managing Director of the firm. As a result of this interview the Company at once released me, and it was arranged that I should take up my new position at noon the same day.

Accordingly by midday I was at the Royal Mews.

Directly I arrived, I was told that His Majesty was about to leave for Sandown Park and wished me to go with him. There was no time for me to change—indeed I had nothing to change into—for the car had been ordered at once and was on the point of leaving the mews; so I took my seat by the chauffeur's side and we drove round to the Terrace Entrance.

As a matter of fact this was the only time I ever went with the car to the Terrace Entrance. For some reason or other His Majesty always entered and left the Palace by one of the other doors—almost invariably by the Garden Entrance, which looks away over the Green Park towards Piccadilly. The Terrace Entrance faces due west.

As we drove up, I saw the King with some of his gentlemen (among them Sir Dighton Probyn and Sir Henry Ewart) standing on the steps, and, when the car came to a standstill, I stepped off the footboard and uncovered. We had so approached the Entrance that I was on the opposite side of the car to that on which His Majesty stood, and, as I stood wondering whether the King would wish to speak to me or not, Sir Henry

Ewart came forward and brought me round to the foot of the steps. His Majesty came down a few steps and spoke to me.

Everything that happened while I was in His Majesty's service I remember, and the details of every incident that I saw in which he was concerned. I can close my eyes and see him lunching by the wayside near Biarritz, see him walking in the hot sun at Marienbad, see him sitting at his table in his room at the Palace with Cæsar by his side. But, not altogether unnaturally, this, my first impression of His Majesty, stands out the sharpest and clearest of them all.

He smiled as he stood there, leaning easily against a pillar, with one elbow on the pedestal and a large cigar in his hand, and for the first time I felt his great personality. For there was a wonderful charm about him, as everyone who has ever written of him has always said.

I had the honour to be constantly in attendance upon His Majesty for five years—indeed up to the time of his death—and I came to know him and his ways. He was a great man and they were great ways.

At once good-natured and dignified, he was kind and appreciative to a degree, strict, but not stern, scrupulously fair, often quick-tempered, though his anger had gone—not passed, but gone—almost before it was there, and he was never unreasonable, but always ready to hear an explanation. He had a wide sympathy and a sunny, generous nature, and possessed that quality, which must be rare in kings, of being able to look at things from a point of view other than that which was naturally his own. Resolute and strong-willed, he was a man who formed powerful opinions, and to his opinions he would stick with

all the determination in the world, unless and until he was shown that he was wrong, when he would instantly give way in the most frank and handsome manner imaginable. For the rest, I never saw him depressed, he had a keen sense of humour, his energy was quite tireless, and he simply did not know the meaning of the word 'fear.' He was a King—the King, but he was a man too—a great-hearted gentleman. 'His life was gentle, and the elements So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, "This was a man."'

"So you are the new engineer," said the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

He pointed to the car.

"This is a nice car and a very powerful one. It's a forty horse-power Mercédès. I haven't had it long. I suppose it's powerful enough to go anywhere, isn't it?"

"It's a good, powerful make, Your Majesty."

"I suppose you can guarantee our never having any stops?"

"I can't do that, Your Majesty, but if we should stop, I can very quickly put it right so that there's no time lost."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes . . ."

That meant such a lot—that "Yes, yes, yes. . . ." Anyone who ever heard His Majesty converse will know what I mean when I say that the way he had of saying, "Yes, yes, yes . . ." was a real characteristic. Constantly on his lips, the words were quite indescribably eloquent. They expressed much more than his mere assent, for he spoke them in a deep, contented tone, indicating infinite complacency and satisfaction.

The King then walked round the car with me,

talking to me about it and questioning me as to its merits and capabilities. At length,

"Now we'll start," he said, "and I want you to come with me."

I was wearing an ordinary blue suit, so I asked His Majesty if I was to go just as I was.

"Yes," he said. "It doesn't matter."

The King and two of the Equerries then entered the car; I took my seat by the side of the chauffeur, and we rolled down the drive, past the great lawns, out at what is known as the Garden Gate, which opens into Grosvenor Crescent, and away down to Sandown Park in time for the first race. We left again about five o'clock and reached the Palace some fifty minutes later. As His Majesty alighted, he was good enough to say,

"That was a very nice run."

From that day until he died, I think I may say the King never went out in a car without me, except during the first visit he paid to Marienbad. On that occasion he took no cars with him, but hired one there. Altogether in those five years there were perhaps twenty occasions upon which I did not accompany him. I doubt if there were more.

All the time I was with him I never once drove the King. I was his private motor expert and engineer, and in that capacity, so often as His Majesty went for a drive—which was practically every single day—I sat in front by the side of the constable driving. My dress was a plain blue reefer suit.

Nothing could have been in better taste than the King's motor equipage. Well appointed and stylish it was, but not at all ostentatious. That was his doing. By circumstance and display, when and where they became his dignity, the

King set store. Pomp out of place he could not endure. Yet, if there was to be no array, all that was his and touching his majesty had to be smart, up-to-date, well turned out.

I went on the car with the King that I might be always at hand in the event of trouble with the engine or anything else. The chauffeurs knew their business and knew it well, but it was only natural that an expert should be able to locate and rectify trouble of any kind quicker and better than they. And that was what His Majesty wanted.

From the fact that I sat on the front of his car the King came to rely upon me to find the way. Very soon the direction of the chauffeur was left entirely to me, and before long he always looked to me to bring him by the best road wherever he wanted to go. Since I sat where I did, there was of course no room for a footman or groom. Their functions accordingly, so far as I could, I set myself to fulfil when we were on the road, and, as I shall presently show, I later had the honour to attend quite a lot upon His Majesty.

As I have said, the King used the car practically every day, whether he was in Town or in the country or abroad. And during the last two years of his life the days on which he did not go out, if only for a short run, were fewer than ever. Rain never kept him indoors, nor even snow.

He always had four cars in regular use—two big Mercédès, a large Daimler, and a small Renault, a single landaulette. Except for the Renault, they carried no number-plates, but each car bore the Royal Arms on its door-panels and at the back of the body in the shape of the Royal Crown, and beneath it the Lion within the Garter. The Renault, however, bore the Royal Crown only.

The Renault was used for Town work and nothing else. The King used it largely for bringing him to and from the station, and always when he was shopping or paying a call. Since most people knew that His Majesty's cars had no numbers, the sight of a numberless car waiting in a London thoroughfare would not have failed to attract great attention, and it was to avoid this that the Renault was allotted a number. For the same reason the panels did not bear the Royal Arms. All the same, the chauffeur and I and the car were often recognised, particularly when we were waiting outside an exhibition or a public institution. Quite possibly the King had entered the building unobserved or seen only by those who had no time to await his departure, but once anybody appeared upon the scene who both knew us and had the time to spare, a crowd soon collected, and there was nothing to be done but keep the more curious from laying hands on the car and answer the countless questions with which we were plied. Her Majesty used to have her cars painted white. The result was that they were recognised wherever she went, and she has often driven in Princess Victoria's car to avoid attracting attention. This was painted a dark red.

Ever after Their Majesties' visit to Paris in February 1907 we carried numbers abroad. This was because of the trouble which arose upon that occasion and to which I shall refer later on.[1] Each year, when we reached the Austrian frontier on our way to Marienbad, we called at the Control for the number-plate which had been allotted to us, just as they are allotted to all visitors to a foreign country who bring their cars with them.

[1] See page 99.

In the same way, before we left England for Biarritz, to each of the cars was attached a number which had been specially allotted to us the second year that we went there, and these we carried until our return to London.

When in Town His Majesty always said which car he wished to use, but when he was in the country or abroad, the choice was left to my discretion. For theatre work he invariably used a carriage, and I never took him to the theatre all the time I was in his service. The occasions upon which I have known the King to use any car but his own are very few indeed. It was only in emergencies that he did so, and in such cases I usually sat in front, as on his own car.

His Majesty liked to be driven at a good pace, and was always very strict on time. When he did not himself know the distance, he would send for me and ask me how long such and such a run would take. According to what I told him he ordered his arrangements to be made, and consequently, so far as was possible, we had to run to time. As he would never let me allow for tyre trouble, etc., we were sometimes late in reaching our destination, but whenever it was possible to make up for the time lost over a delay of this kind, we always did so. We seldom took more than two hours and a quarter to travel from London to Newmarket, a distance of over seventy miles, and we have often done the journey in less time than that. The King always enjoyed this drive, and many a time, after we have done it without a stop, he has smiled, as he got out of the car, and cried,

"Fine run, Stamper. Fine run."

Once we did the journey in two hours and twenty-nine minutes in spite of the fact that

we burst a tyre on the way. That was in the old days, when a burst tyre meant a long delay. Later on all our cars were fitted with detachable rims.

I had many duties in addition to that of driving with His Majesty wherever he went. I was responsible for keeping the royal cars in running order, and the cars themselves, the garages and the whole staff attached to them were directly under my supervision and control. I had to arrange for the purchase of cars and all accessories, and it was my duty to see that they were built in the right way; while all the contracts for the supply of tyres and petrol were left in my hands and made according to my discretion. For all of this I was answerable to the Crown Equerry. It was also my duty to make and superintend personally all the travelling arrangements for the motor-car staff both at home and abroad, and I always myself saw to the shipment and conveyance of the cars from one place to another.

His Majesty, of course, moved about a great deal, and I saw to it that the cars he wished to have with him were brought to Balmoral, Rufford Abbey, Marienbad, or wherever he was going to stay. If the journey he was about to take could be accomplished by road in half a day, the King travelled by car, and the other car or cars followed behind; otherwise he would go by train and the cars by road, and, until the last two years of his life, unless he wished me to go with him to the station, I would start the day before he did, so as to be able to meet him at the other end. For Marienbad and Biarritz we had to start two or three days before His Majesty. Except on one occasion, when I came through Paris and

took the cars from there to Biarritz—a black day—by rail, I always brought them to Bordeaux by sea and thence on to Biarritz by road. Once on the Continent, however, we always went to and from Marienbad by road all the way. Abroad I have taken His Majesty as many as seventy-eight miles to luncheon and brought him back in the afternoon.

So often as he contemplated a run which was rather longer than usual, the King would send for me, tell me where he wanted to go, and direct me to map out the route, measure the distance, and estimate the time the run would take. I would then prepare an itinerary and submit it to him. In addition to the route, the mileage, and the names of the towns through which we should pass, I would suggest a spot for luncheon, and put down any place of historical interest which we should touch. If it was not common knowledge, I would add what the interest was, so far as I was able to do so. The itinerary was always in quadruplicate, and if His Majesty decided to take the drive, he would take one copy himself, the second would be sent to the Police, and the third I gave to the chauffeur, the original being left in the book for reference.

The Chief Constables of the counties through which we were going to pass were notified, and men were posted in the towns and villages and at dangerous corners and crossings on the route. Except on a very few occasions this was always done. So far as I can remember we were never stopped by the police for exceeding the speed-limit, but we were stopped several times because the car had no number—three times when the King was inside. But I shall come to those incidents presently.

In 1907 His Majesty was anxious himself to make the journey to Biarritz by road, and I prepared an elaborate itinerary for him. His physicians, however, advised against it, and the idea was abandoned.

Whether the King was in the car or not, I never carried a pass ; only when I took the cars abroad, I was given a passport from the Foreign Office.

Everything antique or historical interested His Majesty, whether it was a city, a church, a hill, or a cross by the wayside ; and if ever we passed an old country-house he did not know, he would ask me what house and whose it was. Very probably I should not know and the map would not help. So I would make a note of the district in which the house stood, and make inquiries when we reached our destination. If no one could tell me, I would send a telegram—a 'Service' message—to the village nearest to the house in question, and so obtain the necessary information.

His Majesty's dog Cæsar invariably accompanied his master whenever and wherever he motored, except when we drove to a race-course. A very nice dog, he was always friendly to me. More so in His Majesty's absence than when I was with the King, to whom he was passionately devoted, for if I came too near for his liking, he would begin to growl his resentment. There was a brusher to look after him, but this man did not travel with the King so often as some of the servants, so the serjeant-footman would often attend to him, and sometimes he has been in my charge. He was bathed every other day, and I remember one of the chauffeurs bathing him upon one occasion. This was at Marienbad.

One day I had taken His Majesty for rather a

longer run than usual, and we did not get back to the Hôtel Weimar until about half-past seven. Cæsar had been suffered to leave the car in the woods, but when required by the King to return, had preferred to prosecute the exhaustive search for water-rats which he had instituted in an unlikely ditch. In the absence of any lairs of rats, the outstanding feature of the kennel was the peculiarly offensive smell arising from the mud which lay there. His Majesty's exhortations to desist Cæsar shamelessly feigned to interpret as expressions of encouragement, and it was only the preparations for his forcible removal that at length induced him to abandon a quest at once so fruitless and embarrassing. His condition necessitated an immediate bath, but it happened that on this particular evening the King was giving a large dinner party and everyone of the servants he had brought with him was pressed into service. It was impossible for Cæsar to enter the dining-room as he was, so the chauffeur bathed him.

When out with the car he would sometimes sit in front with me, but as a rule he rode on the seat inside with His Majesty. Sometimes the King would put him on one of the auxiliary seats, but he would never remain on the floor of the car, for he loved to look out of the window all the time. If we swung round a corner at a high speed when Cæsar was perched on one of the auxiliary seats, he was pretty certain to lose his balance and tumble off on to the floor. His frantic efforts to retain his seat upon such occasions were most ludicrous, and I have often heard His Majesty laughing to see them. Cæsar would never wait for the door of the car to be opened, but the moment I left my seat, as the car drew up

to the door, he would leap up into my place and jump in through the window, which was at the back of where I had been sitting. When he was not to go, he always had to be held in somebody's arms until the car was out of sight.

The Highlander who led Cæsar through the streets in the funeral procession was originally a loader. From being employed by The Mackintosh at Moy Hall, Inverness, he entered His Majesty's service, and presently became a brusher as well as a loader to the King.

The first week of the year His Majesty spent either at Chatsworth or Elveden. From there he usually went for a week to London, Sandringham, and Windsor in turn, but in the last two years of his life he varied this practice, going from Elveden to Crichel, and thence straight to Windsor in 1909, and to Brighton instead of to London in 1910. With the exception of one week at Brighton (this was in the last three years of his life) the whole of February was passed at Buckingham Palace, unless it happened to be the year for an Official or State Visit to the Continent, as in 1907 and 1909, when the visit was paid at the beginning of the month. At the end of the first week in March His Majesty always left for Biarritz. There he stayed till the beginning or middle of April, and then, save only in 1908, when they visited Denmark and Norway in State, Their Majesties spent a month cruising the Mediterranean. Early in May the King returned to London, where he remained for the rest of the month, with the exception of a day or two at Newmarket and possibly a week-end at Sandringham or elsewhere. About the middle of June His Majesty always went to Windsor for Ascot, but, except for this, he spent the

month at the Palace, only going out of Town for week-ends. On one of the last days of June or one of the first days of July he always motored to Newmarket for the first summer meeting. If he was to pay an Official Visit to some part of England, it was in July that he paid it, and in the middle of the month we always brought him to Newmarket for the second summer meeting. As in June, so in July, His Majesty passed his week-ends in the country, but the weeks themselves he spent in London. At the end of the month the King would always leave for Goodwood. After Goodwood came Cowes, and at the end of the second week in August he always started for Marienbad. There he spent nearly a month, returning to London in the second week in September. After a day or two at the Palace he always left for Rufford Abbey, where he stayed for the Doncaster Week. Thence he would go for a few days to Tulchan Lodge, and thence again, by car, to Balmoral. After two or three weeks at the Castle, His Majesty came south again. In the middle, and again at the end, of October he always visited Newmarket for the autumn meetings, but the rest of the month, with the exception of a few days at, *e.g.* West Dean, was passed at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty's birthday was always celebrated at Sandringham, and thither he would invariably go one day during the first week in November. Then came a week or ten days at Windsor, during which a State Visit was always paid to Their Majesties, after which the King usually returned at once to Sandringham. Early in December he would pay his last country-house visit of the year, and some ten days before Christmas he would come for a week to London for the purpose

of shopping. Christmas itself was always spent at Sandringham.

In reality, His Majesty spent considerably more time at Buckingham Palace than appears from the foregoing record or than the following pages will show. He constantly returned to London between his visits, and the week-ends he spent out of Town seldom began before Saturday afternoon and nearly always came to an end on Monday morning.

As I have shown, he went much to Newmarket, and the Doncaster Week he never missed. Two months of the year he spent on the Continent and one on the royal yacht. Yet he was a hard worker and a business man. There is no paradox here. Ordinary men must go to their work. It is the privilege of a King that his work can come to him, and this opportunity His Majesty was pleased to use. Sometimes the papers referred to his absence from England as 'his holiday.' The term is misleading, for while I was with him he never had one.

The King was an early riser, and seldom retired to bed before one o'clock in the morning. His was an eighteen-hour day. Almost the whole of the morning he always devoted to business. This was His Majesty's invariable rule, whether he was at the Palace or out of Town or even out of England. To him, wherever he might be in Great Britain, the King's Messenger came with despatches every single day of his life, and, even when His Majesty was abroad, the Messenger arrived two or three times a week. If he was on board the royal yacht, cruising the Mediterranean, it was just the same. The Messenger came to the nearest spot on the coast, and the Postmaster, who always accompanied the King wherever he

went, would go ashore in one of the pinnaces and bring off the despatches and sometimes the Messenger as well. Of course everything was arranged beforehand, and, before he left London, the Messenger knew where to go and the Postmaster where to meet him. Even during his long journeys by rail His Majesty never spared himself, but attended to all his business in the saloon.

Before anything else he would attend to his correspondence. Many of his letters he opened himself and many he answered with his own hand. These would pass through the post in the ordinary way. I am told that he saw every letter that came. Then he would proceed to deal with his despatches. When the House was sitting, a special box came every day from Westminster. With him his work came before anything else, and I have often heard him reply to someone who has suggested an early start in the car,

"No, no. I have my work to do. I shall be busy up to *such and such a time.*"

Very occasionally I have taken him for an all-day expedition, but I do not believe there was a day in His Majesty's life in which he did no work.

1905

ALMOST the first thing I was directed to do, after I entered the King's service, was to arrange about the construction of a new garage at the Palace. This was built in the Royal Mews. At the same time began my regular work of organisation.

On July 31st Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.R.H. Princess Victoria travelled by train to Goodwood. I took the car down by road and met them at the station. This week His Majesty spent, as always, at Goodwood House, as the guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

This was the first time I had been away with Their Majesties, and I was greatly astonished at the enormous amount of luggage which accompanied them. Some of it only was despatched in two special waggons, which have come to be called 'foregones,' in size rather smaller than the ordinary pantechnicon. These were loaded at the Palace and driven from there to the station. Queen Victoria was, I believe, the first to use these vehicles. She had them made to convey her own luggage and bedding from London to Windsor and Balmoral. In those days the 'foregone' was constructed with a large hood and a box-seat, which could be made up into a bed, and there the driver slept at night during the journeys by rail.

From what I have said it may be thought that

1905 the 'rehearsal' van is really a 'foregone.' But this is not so. I refer to the van which is used to take the place of the State Coach and is drawn down the Mall and Whitehall by the Hanoverian Creams at a rehearsal of the procession on the day before the State Opening of Parliament. This van is a little larger than a 'foregone' and yet not quite so big as the ordinary pantechnicon. It is as nearly as possible the same size as the State Coach itself and is loaded so that it is exactly the same weight.

From Goodwood Their Majesties went to Portsmouth by car, a distance of about twenty miles. The road from Goodwood stretches along the edge of the flats just underneath the downs, and, although some miles inland, it really runs parallel with the sea practically all the way. Despite the fact that it passes through several villages, the country is so open that, until the outlying portions of Portsmouth are reached and obstruct the view, anyone who is on the look-out at Portsmouth can watch the progress of an approaching car all the way from Chichester. On this occasion the Admiralty had posted look-out men on the top of a high tower in Portsmouth, and these, with the aid of field-glasses, were able to follow us the whole way and so signal our advent to the authorities. When we were entering Portsmouth and they could see us no more, the signals were continued by relays of men, who had been stationed in the streets. We took Their Majesties down into the dockyard and so to the Admiralty Pier, where the royal yacht always lay. As the King stepped on board the Royal Salute was fired.

I did not see His Majesty again until September, for from Cowes he went straight to Marienbad,

and, as I have said, this year he took no car with him. The next year and in 1907, after seeing him on board the yacht, I took the car up to London by road to prepare for the journey to Marienbad. But in 1908 and 1909 the car was taken across to Cowes and on to Barton Manor, His Majesty's own residence close to Osborne, and here I remained to the last possible moment before leaving for London *en route* for the Continent. These two years we had to travel almost day and night, so as to be able to reach Marienbad before the King. 1905

It was the second week in September when I left Buckingham Palace with two cars for Rufford Abbey, where His Majesty was going to stay with Lord Savile. On our arrival the Deputy Chief Constable told me that the Leicester police had telephoned to the police at Nottingham to stop us, because the cars had no numbers, but that by the time the Nottingham police received the message, we had gone by and it was too late to do anything.

One afternoon during his stay at Rufford Abbey we took His Majesty for a drive to Newark. In the course of the run we came to a long incline, where the road was straight and the surface good. Down this we were travelling at a good pace, when all of a sudden we came upon a culvert. There was no time to slow down, and, as we went over it, the car jumped off the ground and then 'kicked' rather badly. Directly I had seen the culvert I had been afraid that this might happen, and I was not surprised when I heard His Majesty cry,

"Stop, stop. Do you want to kill me? Just look at my hat."

With this the King leaned forward and held out his brown bowler hat for me to see.

"I have been thrown up against the roof of

1905 the car," he added, but the hat really spoke for itself. The outward curve of its crown was gone and the whole of the latter had been knocked in by the force of the blow. I was aghast at its appearance, and told His Majesty that I was more sorry than I could say, but that it was quite impossible to see the culvert until we were within a few feet of it.

"It wasn't your fault, Stamper," said the King. "He" (the chauffeur) "ought to have been looking where he was going."

From Rufford Abbey His Majesty went to Glenquoich, where he stayed for a week as the guest of the late Lord Burton. Glenquoich is a remote country-house, standing some twenty-six miles from Invergarry, the nearest station.

I remember that by some mistake the Equerries' light baggage, which should have come from the station on one of the cars, never arrived at the house, and the gentlemen found themselves without any dress clothes. So for that evening they were forced to appear at dinner as they were.

A day or two later the King's Messenger had just arrived at Glenquoich in Lord Burton's car, which had been sent to the station to meet him, when to his horror he discovered that one of the large blue bags containing his despatch-boxes was missing. Directly this became known, there was a scene of great excitement. It seemed clear that the missing bag had been placed on the car at Invergarry, so that, if no one had already found it, it would be lying somewhere on the road. Back went the car at a furious pace, and by great good fortune the bag was discovered lying where it had fallen, a few miles from Invergarry. Obviously no one had come by since it had been dropped, but this was not very remarkable, as there

is no thoroughfare, and shortly after Glenquoich the road comes to an end. 1905

On some of the days which he spent with Lord Burton, His Majesty shot, while on others he made excursions by car to one or other of the neighbouring lochs.

On September 25th the visit to Glenquoich came to an end, and the King left for Balmoral. Everybody was up in good time, as the train was due to leave Invergarry at 11.15. His Majesty had asked me the night before at what time we ought to start from Glenquoich, and I had said 9.45. Considering the road, an hour and a half was none too long. We were round in good time in the morning, to find the King walking to and fro on the lawn in front of the house, chatting with his host and the various members of the house-party. Time went by, but His Majesty showed no signs of leaving, and I began to grow uneasy. At length I asked one of the Equerries to remind the King that it was getting late. This he did, but His Majesty only took out his watch, looked at it, said,

"Plenty of time, plenty of time,"

and resumed his conversation. It was five minutes past ten when he got into the car, but at ten minutes past eleven we were at the station. The King smiled as he got out.

"Well done," he said. "It was a fine run."

When I arrived at Balmoral for the first time, I was rather surprised to find that the constables on duty were wearing the familiar uniform of the Metropolitan Police. On a closer inspection I found that they were, in fact, the very same men whom I had last seen on duty at Buckingham Palace.

From the 'A' Division of the Metropolitan

1905 Police were selected certain officers, whose duty it should be to keep the royal residences. Once so chosen, they never did ordinary duty again. Buckingham Palace was, at it were, their headquarters, and, while some of them never left there, the others formed a travelling staff. When the King was in Town, all of them were at the Palace on duty. Chief Inspector (now Superintendent) Spencer was the head of the whole detachment. The travelling staff consisted of one serjeant and five or six constables, and Mr. Spencer and the whole of the travelling staff moved with the Court to whichever of the royal residences the King might go. At whichever residence they might be, the travelling staff were always in uniform. When the King was not at Balmoral, the Castle was in the charge of the local constabulary, but on the arrival of the travelling staff their duties were taken over by the newcomers. To Sandringham there was permanently attached a serjeant and one or two constables of the Metropolitan Police. At Windsor there was always an inspector and a certain number of men, and this force was of course augmented by the travelling staff when the Court moved thither. On every private visit which His Majesty paid, he was accompanied by Mr. Spencer and two or three of the travelling staff in plain clothes. Wherever the King might be, out-lying duty was of course done by the local constabulary.

As the soldiery attached to Buckingham Palace and Windsor have their guard-room, so the police stationed there and at Sandringham had their office or lodge. At the Palace this lay just inside the Tradesmen's Entrance in Buckingham Palace Road; at Windsor there was used for the purpose an old chamber set in the entry

of King Henry the Eighth's Gate, and at Sandringham the police had a special room close to the Tradesmen's Entrance. 190

There is no military guard at Sandringham or Balmoral.

I think it was more often at Windsor than anywhere else that cranks and imbeciles used to present themselves at the gates and desire the police to conduct them without delay to the presence of the King. In some cases it would transpire that the poor creatures had walked scores of miles in the belief that they would be admitted and would see His Majesty. The police would deal with them very gently, but firmly. They would be assured that their business did not permit of an interview with the King, but that any message should be taken to him forthwith. Often enough, after a little attention had been shown them, they would go away satisfied, but if they became importunate or unruly, they were of course removed or dealt with as the circumstances required.

When the King went abroad, the Criminal Investigation Department took up the duty of guarding His Majesty. The little staff of detectives, which accompanied him wherever he went, consisted of Superintendent Quin and two inspectors. The moment His Majesty entered a foreign country they were joined by detective officers—French, German, or Austrian, as the case might be—drawn from the service which corresponds to our C.I.D., and these of course travelled everywhere with the King, so long as he was in that particular land. In addition to this, the local police of the town in which he was staying did what duty was necessary about the hotel. The King always marked his appreciation of the atten-

1905 tion shown in his behalf by presenting the principal officers with some souvenir at the conclusion of his visit. Under whatever roof His Majesty slept, both at home and abroad, one of the English police was on duty all night long.

His Majesty remained at Balmoral until the second week in October. On some days he would shoot and on others he would make an expedition in the car. He usually motored to the various deer-drives, and I remember being scandalised at the blunt way in which the gillies addressed him.

On one such occasion we had brought him to the Falls of Garawalt. The Prince of Wales was with him in the car, and we were the last of the party to arrive. As we drew up to the side of the road, where the other guns and the gillies were standing, the head-gillie came to the car and opened the door.

"Do you want me to get out here?" said the King, for it was left to the gillie to determine which position His Majesty should occupy.

"No," said the gillie. "You stop where you are."

Then he addressed himself to His Royal Highness.

"But you come out of it," he said.

The Prince accordingly left the car. Then the gillie climbed on to the footboard, and we went a little farther on to where the King's pony was awaiting him. He spoke with the gillie through the window, as we went along, but to each of His Majesty's questions the man replied as shortly as possible and usually with a monosyllable, while he never once said 'Your Majesty' or even 'Sir.'

As in this case, the drives were often held some distance away from Balmoral, and later on I designed a shooting-brake to take the gillies

and loaders to and fro. This was a 30 h.p. 1905
Daimler, built to seat ten, and specially provided with a gun-rack inside and fittings for cartridge-cases and other shooting requisites.

During his stay at Balmoral His Majesty always motored to Mar Lodge, the residence of the late Duke of Fife. There the Duke had a magnificent collection of antlers, and the King was always interested to see what additions had been made since his last visit. Before leaving he was always weighed by a gillie on the still-yard scales in the Duke's larder.

This year the King paid a special visit to Mar Lodge on September 30th. He motored there to open the new bridge which the Duke had built over the River Dee. As we approached the Lodge, we found the road lined with gillies and tenants of the estate, all of whom were wearing the Duke of Fife's tartan. While His Majesty was opening the bridge, they all formed into a marching column, and in this fashion, preceded by the pipers, they escorted the King to the house when the ceremony was over.

Another visit His Majesty never failed to pay was to old Donald Stewart, who was head-gillie in Queen Victoria's lifetime. He would have quite a long talk with him about old times, when the King was a boy. Donald Stewart died a little while before His Majesty visited Balmoral for the last time.

One year, I remember, the King invited Lord Fisher to stay with him at the Castle. A brougham was sent to meet him at the station and a wagonette to bring up his luggage. Instead, however, of riding in the brougham, the Admiral drove with his luggage on the box of the wagonette. Half way up the drive, they met His

1905 Majesty, who was superintending the transplanting of some young trees. Lord Fisher made haste to climb down and go to the King.

"This is a nice way to come visiting me," said His Majesty with a smile.

"I had no idea I should meet Your Majesty," said the other; "and, Sir, I am so fond of the air."

I have not yet said how very punctual His Majesty was and what store he set by punctuality in those about him. It was never his fault if he was late for anything, and nothing irritated him so much as a delay of any kind. He hated reaching his destination a moment later than the time at which he had arranged to be there, and if we went the wrong way or anything else happened to cause us to stop when he was in the car, it was always a source of great annoyance to him. All the same, I never remember him exhibiting any impatience if we had a puncture or if a tyre burst, despite the fact that tyre trouble meant a far more serious delay than anything else. He would often get anxious on such occasions, if we were pressed for time, but never impatient, though the wait must have been to him trying to a degree. I am sure that this was because His Majesty knew that, when a tyre went, it was nobody's fault and no amount of care could have prevented it. That shows how just he was. Anything else that happened, he felt might and should have been avoided. There had been carelessness somewhere, and that annoyed him. If we took the wrong road, he felt that I ought to have found out or should have been told the right way beforehand. If something went wrong with the car, he felt that the maker of the engine might have and ought

to have anticipated and provided for such a contingency. In other words, *prima facie* somebody was to blame, and it was for me to show him, if I could, that it was nobody's fault and that all reasonable precautions had been taken.

From Balmoral the King went to stay with Lord Brougham at Brougham Hall, Penrith. The cars went down by road. On the way a screw came loose and we had to work all night. All the same we were in time to meet His Majesty at the station at Clifton. On the evening of his arrival, I remember, the King suddenly developed a cold, and I was sent off for some medicine.

One day His Majesty motored over from Brougham Hall to Raby Castle for luncheon. The drive up to the Castle brings you to the doors of the great hall. These are thirty feet high, and, when visitors are expected, they are flung open, and the carriages drive through them right into the hall itself, which has two staircases leading out of it, and huge fireplaces on either side. Carriages, I say, for His Majesty's was the only car that was ever allowed to enter. This was for fear lest oil should drop on to the flags.

From Penrith the King travelled to London and thence to Newmarket, where I met him on October 19th. Here His Majesty always stayed at the Jockey Club Rooms.

The King returned to Town on October 20th, and ten days later he left again on a visit to Bishop's Hall, the residence of Colonel Lockwood.

From there His Majesty proposed to travel by car to Newmarket for the second autumn meeting. Of this the Colonel was aware, and he accordingly arranged with the various County Police that the royal car should be piloted all the way, so that we should make no mistake about the road.

1905 When the time came, the police were in readiness, and for the first part of the run we had a car always in front of us. On reaching a county boundary, however, the running was taken up by a little two-seater. Probably the chauffeur got every ounce out of it, but it was only a single-cylinder car, while ours was a 40-h.p. Mercédès. For a mile or two we crawled along behind our little forerunner, which leaped over the road at a speed which raised a storm of protest from its machinery. Indeed, to the officer who was sitting beside the chauffeur, the pace, I fancy, seemed as hot as their engine, for much to our amusement he kept on standing up and looking over his shoulder to see if we were still there. At length, however, the King could stand it no longer.

"Drop him, Stamper," he cried, and the next moment, to the obvious dismay of its occupants, we sprang past the little car as if it had been standing still.

His Majesty never liked to have anything in front of us, and we would always overtake a car if we drew up anywhere near it.

Early in November the King left for Sandringham, where several of his personal friends, among them Lord Rosebery, were invited for His Majesty's birthday.

From Sandringham Their Majesties went to Windsor, where they were visited by the late King of the Hellenes and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece.

At Windsor Castle the State Visitors' apartments are on the north side of the Quadrangle, and the entrance to them is known as the State Entrance. In the south-east corner of the Quadrangle is the Sovereign's Entrance, and it was this entrance that His Majesty invariably used. When

the car was ordered, we came up the hill out of Windsor High Street and so into the Quadrangle by George the Fourth's Gateway, which faces the Long Walk. Standing in the archway, you can see the bronze statue which stands at the other end of the walk, nearly three miles away. 1905

The statue is that of King George the Third on horseback, many times life-size, and is popularly known as 'The Copper Horse.' Indeed, when I first went to Windsor, I never knew it by any other name, and, when the King one morning asked me by which road I proposed to take him somewhere, I replied that our best way was "to go past the Copper Horse." To my surprise he sharply corrected me with,

"The Statue, the Statue."

It was only afterwards that I learned that I had unfortunately used a nickname which His Majesty always deprecated and disliked. This dislike was shared by the late Queen Victoria, and I have since heard that upon one occasion a Cabinet Minister unconsciously offended her in the same way.

When I first went to Windsor, the Quadrangle was gravelled, but later on His Majesty had the whole of it turfed.

When the State Visitors' apartments were occupied and we were about to take the King and his royal guest for a run, it was the practice to proceed straight to the Sovereign's Entrance, and, so soon as His Majesty had entered the car, to drive round to the State Entrance and take up the visiting monarch. On the return from the drive, we would first draw up at the State Entrance and, when the royal visitor had alighted, pull round to the other doorway and set down the King.

1905 When the car was closed, it was of course impossible for the sentries to see whether His Majesty was inside or not. It was therefore arranged that they should watch for me to give them a sign, when they saw the car approaching.

Those posted about Buckingham Palace were few in number. In the old days there were many sentinels about the building and its grounds, but most of them had been withdrawn before I entered His Majesty's service. The guard-room leads out of the Forecourt, just by the side of the Visitors' Entrance.

On November 15th, in the afternoon, the King motored over to Medmenham Abbey. Whilst we were there, he was told that our best way back to the Castle would be by way of Medmenham Ferry. The river lay between us and Windsor, and it appeared that we should save a great deal of time if we went by the ferry instead of over one of the bridges, none of which were on our direct road. The ferry-boat, however, was a small one, and the King sent me a message saying that I had better go down to the ferry, which was hard by, before it was time for us to leave, and see if the boat were large enough to take the ear. This I accordingly did. A glance showed me that it would do so, so it was arranged that we should go home by this way. It was late before we began the return journey, and by the time we reached the water's edge night had fallen. The boat was hauled across the river by means of a chain and windlass. The operation was a slow one, and consequently afforded us more than comfortable time to appreciate our position, note the proximity of the dark water, and speculate as to its probable temperature, having regard to the season of

the year. These reflections, assisted by the uneasy motion of the boat and the swish of the stream, which was running apace, were no doubt responsible for the deep silence in which our passage was accomplished. Even the King said not a word. The peril was really slight, but the darkness invested what was a very ordinary experience with a formidableness which it did not merit. I think everyone was glad when it was over. 1905

Two miles farther on the car suddenly slowed down of its own accord. As I went to see what was wrong, His Majesty said in some annoyance,

"This should not be. You ought to have seen it was all right before you started."

I assured him that everything had been in perfect order when we left Medmenham Abbey, and proceeded to examine the engine as quickly as possible. I soon located the trouble, and ten minutes later we were again on our way to Windsor.

Sometimes, if His Majesty were annoyed, he would show his displeasure by assuming an air of the most complete resignation. Instead perhaps of upbraiding me, if I lost the way, he would question me quietly, so as to ascertain what was wrong, gravely deplore the way in which Misfortune singled him out for her victim, and then settle himself gently in his corner, as if resigning himself to his fate. In his countenance there was written a placid acceptance of the situation and a calm expectancy of worse to come. The listless way in which he heard my apologies was inimitable. Of such gentle irony the King was a master. At these times I was naturally too much occupied to do more than mark His Majesty's demeanour, but, so

1905 exquisite was the pose he affected, that his gentlemen were often hard put to it not to smile, while sometimes the King would end by laughing in spite of himself.

This evening, when we arrived at the Castle, His Majesty asked me what had been the matter. I told him that some grit had found its way into the carburettor.

"Very well," he said. "Now you must see that this is altered, so that it is impossible for the same trouble to occur again."

"I'll do all I can, Your Majesty, to try and avoid it happening again, but I don't think it is possible to guarantee that it won't."

"Why not?"

"It's the way the car is built, Your Majesty."

"Very well, Stamper," he said. "You know best."

From Windsor His Majesty went to Castle Rising, where he stayed for a few days with Lord Farquhar.

The Castle is only four miles and a half from Sandringham, and on November 25th the King concluded his visit and came home by car. Before we left, His Majesty, who was travelling alone, told me that he wished to go by way of Babingley Cross and West Newton, and so through Sandringham Grounds past York Cottage. He asked me if I knew the way, and I told him, "Yes." Just as we were entering West Newton, he cried out,

"Left! Turn to the left!"

Knowing that he had made a mistake and that the next turning on the left was the one we should take, I said that I thought that the following turning on the left was the one we wanted. His Majesty, however, said, "Turn to the left" again so emphatically, that there was nothing

for it, but to do as he said. We had not gone more than a hundred yards before we reached the lych-gate of West Newton Church and the end of the road, which was a cul-de-sac. 1905

"You're right, Stamper," cried the King. "I'm a damned fool."

As a matter of fact His Majesty was very good at direction and seldom forgot a road when once he had been by it.

Shortly before Christmas the King spent a few days with Lord Alington at Crichel in Dorsetshire. One afternoon during the visit the car was ordered to bring His Majesty back from a shoot. When we came to the place at which we were to meet him, there was standing in a field close by the usual little crowd of people waiting to see the King. Among them was a peculiar old lady, who seemed to be labouring under great excitement. Chief Inspector Spencer, who was never far from His Majesty's side, had received information that she intended to present a petition, and requested her not to do so. Whether or no that had been in fact her intention I do not know, but, when at length the King appeared, her excitement knew no bounds. She began to tremble as he approached, and, so profound and elaborate was the curtsey she made, that she overbalanced and fell to the ground. She was on her feet again in a moment, to find His Majesty at her side, smiling and asking her if she was all right. This proved too much, and the poor old lady was so overcome that she burst into tears.

Anyone whom His Majesty honoured with a few words was naturally beyond measure delighted. Over some their feelings would gain such a mastery that they would be unable to

1905 answer at all, whilst others could only just stammer a word or two in reply. Most received the honour very properly, and made a respectful answer to the King, but I have seen local dignitaries, hotel managers, exhibition authorities, and country-house servants alike interpret the fact that His Majesty has addressed them as an invitation to converse. Not content with replying to his question or assenting to the casual remark he might make, I have heard them innocently enough follow their first response with a little discourse, and even introduce a new subject. It was presumption on their part, though they never meant any harm, and I knew His Majesty so well that I could tell from his manner that he so regarded it, but to the offender himself he never showed the slightest sign of disapproval. If it was a servant, the King would answer him very quietly in as few words as possible, such as "How interesting!" or something to that effect, and would take the first opportunity of gently terminating the conversation. To others he would be extremely polite and talk quietly, until a pause gave him a chance of turning away to one of the Equerries. Always considerate for the feelings of others, I think it was because he realised that they intended no wrong that he refrained from administering to them the terrible punishment which a rebuff from him would have meant. Once, as he returned to the car after one of these unfortunate encounters, I heard him say to an Equerry,

"Poor man, poor man. He did not know any better."

Christmas Day, as I have said, was spent at Sandringham. In the afternoon His Majesty asked me to take him for a run which would last

about an hour and a half. I worked out a round by way of Hunstanton, Docking, and Anmer—twenty-five miles in all. The snow was on the ground at the time and the country looked very pretty. It may have been that that made this particular run appeal to the King, but, for some reason or other, ever afterwards we always went for this run on Christmas Day. 1905

1906

On New Year's Day Their Majesties travelled to Chatsworth on a visit to the late Duke of Devonshire. I took two cars down with me, and nearly every afternoon His Majesty went out for a run in one or other of them.

One morning the Duke told me that the King had left to him the choice of the afternoon drive, and that he had selected a round which took us through Matlock Bath and Bakewell. He asked me if I knew the road. I told him that I did not, but that I should have no difficulty in finding it with the help of a map. The Duke, however, said that he would prefer that someone who knew the road travelled with the King, and that he would arrange for one of his grooms to take my place. Accordingly, at half-past two, having satisfied myself that everything was in order, I sent the car up to the house with a groom on the front seat. I was staying at the village of Baslow, which lies some two miles from Chatsworth, and after I had seen the King's car leave the garage, which was half way between Chatsworth and Baslow, I returned to my hotel. I had hardly sat down, when His Majesty's car came tearing up to the door. I rushed out to see what was the matter, and the chauffeur told me that the King had sent for me and that I must come at once. As luck would have it, I was not dressed ready to

go out with His Majesty, and had to keep the car waiting while I changed my clothes, but in five minutes I was in my seat and we drove off like fury. For all that, by the time we got back to Chatsworth, it was three o'clock. When we drove up to the door, His Majesty was standing on the steps with the Duke and all the members of the house-party gathered round him. 1906

"You must not leave me, Stamper," he cried. "Why didn't you come on the front of the car?"

I told him the reason. When I had finished, the King brought his stick down on the steps.

"Never mind who is on the box, I won't go a yard without you. Don't you ever leave me again."

On January 8th, the visit came to an end and Their Majesties left for London, returning to Sandringham a few days later.

One day, while we were there, it happened that I was anxious personally to superintend some repairs which were being made. As I understood that the King was going to shoot that afternoon and that the car would therefore be needed only to bring him to the coverts and to fetch him back later on, I asked him to excuse my attendance. This he was good enough to do. Early in the afternoon I heard a car come into the garage. I naturally thought nothing of this, but, as it slowed down, to my astonishment I heard His Majesty call me. I ran out as I was, in a suit of overalls.

"I want to go to Docking, Stamper," he cried, "and the chauffeur isn't sure of the way. You must come with me."

I asked him to wait while I changed. On my return,

1906 "Stamper," he said, "you must not leave me like this."

I reminded His Majesty of the circumstances under which I had remained behind, but he only said,

"Never mind. You must not leave me."

On January 19th the King and Queen left again for Windsor.

One day at the end of the month I was directed to take Their Majesties and Princess Victoria from the Castle to Claremont at Esher, where Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck were staying with the Duchess of Albany. It was shortly after the birth of Princess May, and Their Majesties were going to see the new baby for the first time. On His Majesty asking me before we started whether I knew the way, I replied that I should be able to find it from the map without any difficulty. But I had reckoned without Walton-on-Thames and its labyrinth of turnings. I had brought the car so far without a moment's hesitation, but at this juncture the map became useless, and there was nothing for it but to take the road that looked the most promising and trust to it being the right one. This I accordingly did, not without considerable uneasiness. Sure enough, before we had gone half a mile I found that we were on the way back to Windsor. Quietly I told the chauffeur to stop and turn the car, but, as we slowed down, the King guessed what the trouble was.

"You said you knew the road," he said in some annoyance.

I declared that I was very sorry, and in the hope of appeasing His Majesty said that we would if he pleased, not turn round, but make a detour to bring us once more on to the right road. On

therefore we went, but no turning which I dared take presented itself. At length in desperation I decided that the only thing to do was to turn the car round and retrace our steps to where I had first gone wrong. When I told His Majesty of my intention, he was very angry, and wanted me to make the detour I had suggested. 1906

"Go on," he cried. "Go on, or we shall be late."

The emphasis with which he commanded me to proceed was of the sort that silences expostulation. The fact, however, that we were going directly away from Esher called for importunity on my part. The naked truth was not such as I cared to reveal, but my earnestness, I fancy, convinced the King that I was now positive enough, and at last to my infinite relief he assented, adding, somewhat to my dismay,

"You're always making mistakes."

I must have looked rather crestfallen, for a moment later Princess Victoria touched me on the shoulder, saying,

"Never mind, never mind. Don't be worried."

That's just like Her Royal Highness. Everybody likes Princess Victoria. She was always very kind to me. She has inherited much of the strength of character which so stamped His Majesty as a great man, and from Her Majesty came the grace and charm of manner she always showed to everyone. She always knew what she wanted, and the easy, gentle way she had of asking, when she might have ordered, was enough to charm anyone, and indeed it always did. It has often been said of His Majesty that he was above all things a 'sportsman.' If Her Royal Highness had been born a man, it would be said of her.

1906 On February 24th we shipped for Bordeaux *en route* for Biarritz. The King stayed in Paris for a few days on the way, and it was not until March 6th that I took a car to meet him at the station. By that time I had had the cars in Biarritz for a whole week, in order that I might get to know as much of the neighbourhood as possible. Whilst we never took more than one car to Marienbad, we always took two to Biarritz. Both there and at Marienbad His Majesty always stayed as the Duke of Lancaster. And by this title the Visitors' Lists recorded his presence.

The first visit the King paid on his arrival was to Princess Frederica of Hanover, and each year he always went to call upon her at the Villa Mouriscot the day after he had arrived. Thence we brought him to the golf-links, where he left the car and strolled about for a while with Cæsar at his heels.

During this, his first visit to Biarritz, the police escort, by His Majesty's special desire, accompanied him nowhere save on whole-day excursions, such as the occasion—March 10th—upon which he paid an official visit to the King of Spain. However, after the attempted assassination of that monarch and his consort on May 31st of this very year, friends and advisers alike implored the King never to drive out abroad without the escort. In the end he reluctantly consented, and ever afterwards, both at Marienbad and Biarritz, the police followed us in a second car.

On March 8th His Majesty motored through Bayonne and so to the Bar at the mouth of the River Adour. Not far from there is the Cemetery, where lie buried many of the English soldiers who fell in the sortie from Bayonne, an incident of the Peninsular War. Thither the King directed

me to drive, adding that I had better stop at the first café we passed and ask which was the way. I could see the Cemetery marked on the map, and told him so, but he only smiled and said I had better make certain. The truth was that His Majesty knew my French to be very indifferent, and, I think, wanted to see how I should get on. Accordingly I got down at the first café we came to, and with some misgivings approached a man who was sitting outside at one of the tables. After we had been engaged for a minute or two, he went in search of assistance, only to return with a companion, if possible more voluble than himself. The three-handed conversation which followed was highly ludicrous, and the rapidity and vehemence with which they spoke rendered their French as unintelligible to me as was to them the earnest, but laboured, hybrid tongue in which I did my best to put my questions. When at last I did make them understand, a scene of great excitement ensued, and I returned to the car with the information I wanted, to find His Majesty shaking with laughter. 1906

"Well, Stamper," he said, "what did they say?"

"*La première à gauche,* Your Majesty," I replied, somewhat shamefacedly, for it seemed ridiculous that this was the only sentence I could reproduce out of all the wealth of directions which they had heaped upon me. However, they were the only words I had been able to understand, and I think the King guessed as much, for he said,

"Oh, very well," and went on laughing.

Just before we reached the Cemetery, one of our back tyres burst, but we drove on to the gates without stopping, and set to work to change the tyre while His Majesty was visiting the

1906 various graves. In those days changing a tyre was rather a lengthy business, and we had not quite finished when he returned. I spread a rug on the grass by the wayside, and, after picking a few primroses, His Majesty sat down and began to talk to a French peasant, who had come out of his hut close by to see what was going on. They spoke together until the car was ready, when the King rose and said he must be going. As the car moved off, he raised his hat to the poor man, who did the same, and then turned back to his dwelling by the Cemetery, quite unaware of His Majesty's identity.

By good manners His Majesty set great store. His own were beyond reproach. To everyone the King always showed the pink of courtesy. For all his polish, his politeness was never profuse ; it was always just right. Indeed, for easy grace he had no equal. Even to me, when I was off duty, he always raised his hat—taking it right off his head—whether we were at home or abroad.

On our way out we had passed through Bayonne almost unnoticed, but in the meantime it had become known that the King was in the neighbourhood, and on the return journey we found the streets crowded with people, all agog to see His Majesty as he went through the town. Directly we appeared, everybody waved hats and handkerchiefs and shouted '*Vive le Roi*,' and we drove on our way amid scenes of great enthusiasm.

Two days after this I took His Majesty, who was accompanied by the late Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke and the Hon. Sidney Greville, to San Sebastian on a visit to the King of Spain. The latter had just become betrothed to Princess

Ena of Battenberg. When we crossed the frontier, we found that from there to San Sebastian soldiers had been posted a few paces apart all along the road. To say they were 'standing easy' is inaccurate, because the majority of them were seated. One and all they were fleeting the time carelessly, lolling in the hot sun and smoking cigarettes with every indication of contentment. I thought at first that we were not expected so soon and that the fellows did not know that this was His Majesty's car, but I soon found that the error was mine, for they all smiled genially upon us and saluted warmly as we went by. Few rose up to do so. The sight of honour so casually rendered was grotesque, and the King was highly amused and kept on laughing aloud. 1906

In honour of His Majesty's visit a triumphal arch had been erected at the entrance to San Sebastian, and on our arrival there he was presented with an address. While this was going on, several ladies climbed on to the footboards the better to observe the King, and, when the presentation was over, some of them forced their way into the doorway of the car. It was only with great difficulty that I could shut the door at all, and, although I requested them again and again to get down from the footboards, so that we might continue our journey, they would not hear me. At last I had to lay hands upon them and practically lift them off the car. Naturally His Majesty was rather annoyed, and, as we left them behind, he said,

"What an awkward sort of proceeding!"

There were huge crowds everywhere, and the route to the Palace was lined by soldiers. As we entered the main street, the people, who were wild with excitement, broke through the lines,

1906 and in a moment the whole street was a solid mass of human beings, all cheering hysterically. I told the chauffeur to drive as slowly as possible, but to keep moving at all hazards, and in this manner, literally pushing the people out of the way with the front of the car, we slowly ploughed our way to the Palace. As we passed, the crowd closed in behind us, and at one time there were quite twenty people hanging on to the back of the royal car. Superintendent Quin of the Criminal Investigation Department and M. Xavier Paoli of the French Police were in the car behind us, and, seeing our predicament, they ordered their chauffeur to pull up to within a few inches of His Majesty's car, so as to force the people to let go. This he accordingly did, and we passed down the street with the cars almost touching. Altogether it was rather an ordeal for the King, but he was patently pleased with his reception, for it was not curiosity which prompted this demonstration, but simply sheer delight at his coming. The people went nearly mad with enthusiasm, and the utmost goodwill and affection were shown on all sides.

As we entered the grounds of the Palace, the guards wound a call upon some diminutive horns, and, as we drew up to the door, King Alfonso came down the steps to welcome His Majesty. So soon as he had alighted, the two monarchs embraced one another and then passed into the Palace together.

The weather was beautiful, and on our return to Biarritz His Majesty said it had been a most successful trip.

That morning, before we started, the hounds met outside the Hôtel du Palais, where the King was staying. Anticipating that he would pre-

sently come out of doors, several amateur photographers made ready to photograph him, but, as soon as the police saw what was going on, they began to request them to desist. His Majesty happened to see this interference on his behalf from one of his windows, and immediately sent down word that he should be out before long and that if anyone cared to photograph him, for once in a way he should be pleased to let them do so. True to his promise, he presently appeared on the scene with an Equerry, and people began to snap-shot him right and left. I don't think I have ever seen so many cameras. 1906

On March 15th His Majesty drove to St. Jean-de-Luz for lunch, and afterwards I took him for a run in the Pyrenees by way of St. Pée and Espelette. It was an exceedingly hot day, and, just as we were entering Espelette, one of the back tyres burst. The King asked why this was, and I told him it was due to the excessive heat. He seemed very interested, and got out of the car to watch us change the tyre. The heat of the sun was tremendous and the perspiration poured off us as we worked. I had some difficulty in getting out the tube, and, noticing this, His Majesty said,

"What's the matter, Stamper? Is it hot?"

I told him that it was really too hot for me to handle, and, when eventually I did get it out, I asked him to feel it. He did so, and was greatly astonished to find how hot it was. When we had got off the outer cover, I showed him the rent in it. When he had looked at it,

"Now," he said, "do you have that repaired?"

"No, Your Majesty. I could, but it wouldn't be of much use."

"What are you going to do with it?"

1906 "Sell it, Your Majesty."

"How much will you get for it?"

"About eight shillings, Your Majesty."

"Only eight shillings," he exclaimed. "You don't say so? Why, when they're new, they cost twelve or thirteen pounds, don't they?"

So soon as we were ready, he re-entered the car and we started once more on our way home. Before we had gone ten miles, the other back tyre burst.

"I don't believe we shall ever get home," said the King. "We'd better take a cab."

Considering that the nearest cabs were those upon the ranks in Bayonne, some five miles away, it was clear that His Majesty's interest in the process of changing a tyre was being, so to speak, rapidly superseded by irritating reflections upon the delay it entailed. I therefore said that I thought we could finish the run as we were, and so by dint of travelling very slowly, we reached Biarritz in safety and without any damage being done to the wheel.

One morning about this time we started to drive to Capbreton, a small village on the French coast, the other side of Bayonne. Just as we were getting clear of Biarritz, we passed a sign-post. The King called to me and asked what it said. I told him, '*La Plage.*'

"What's that mean?" said His Majesty.

I didn't know, and, since he asked me with a perfectly grave face, I quite thought he didn't know either. I therefore got out a small dictionary (which I had taken to carrying after my experience at the café outside Bayonne) and proceeded to turn up the word in question. When I had found it, I turned round and told him in all seriousness that it meant 'The sea-shore.'

At this the King burst out laughing, and I saw he had only asked me for the sake of my French. 1906

His Majesty's laughter was good to hear. I wish I could hear it now. Infectious, merry, and honest it was, for he never laughed without reason. It always rang true. And when he was moved to laughter, he never repressed it, unless to spare somebody's feelings, for he was very kind. Often I have heard his laugh above all others ring through a theatre. It spoke his genuine amusement, and its heartiness was unforgettable.

Close to Capbreton there is a lake in which oysters are reared. Here His Majesty stopped to examine the beds, and chatted for a minute or two with a French gentleman, who was interested in the farm. While the King was talking to him, another Frenchman came up to me and asked who His Majesty was. Knowing that the King desired his incognito as far as possible to be preserved, I told him that it was 'Le Duc de Richmond.' He said he was sure it was 'Le Roi d'Angleterre,' but I assured him he was mistaken. When His Majesty returned to the car, he asked me what the gentleman had been saying to me. I told him, and he said,

"What did you say, Stamper?"

"I told him you were '*Le Duc de Richmond*,' Your Majesty, but he would not believe me."

"Quite right," said His Majesty, laughing. "Quite right."

Next day I remember we had some snow, and two days later the weather became intensely cold, while it snowed hard all the time. His Majesty, however, never thought of staying indoors, but made his expeditions as usual.

On March 26th I took the King to Ahetze, a

1906 little village not far from St. Jean-de-Luz. The church, which is very old, interested His Majesty much, and he spent some time there. It was from the tower of this church that Wellington watched the battle of St. Pierre. From there we drove to another old church, that of Arcangues, a village famous likewise for the part it played in the Peninsular War. The hills we climbed were steep and numerous, and the country on all sides beautiful to a degree. But the roads were shocking. Several times during the run the King told me to stop, so that he might enjoy the scenery.

During the runs which I had taken in the week before His Majesty's arrival, I had, with the aid of a guide-book, made notes of those storied houses, churches, etc., which stood in the neighbouring villages. So very many of these are associated, if not with incidents of the War, with happenings of equal historical interest, that it was quite hopeless to try to remember the particular events for which they were severally famous, but, when once I had seen the buildings, I knew them again, and was able to draw His Majesty's attention to them as possessing associations of some sort, though what they were I had forgotten. This he always liked me to do, and, if he had time, he always stopped, found out what the interest was, and very likely got out of the car. In that case, if the building were not private property, he always paid it a visit.

A day or two later the King drove to Cambo and lunched quietly at an hotel. Afterwards I had brought the car round and was standing at the door waiting for His Majesty to leave, when one of the maids came up and began to talk to me in French. She was an attractive-looking

girl, with dark hair and eyes and a merry face. 1906
Do what I would, I could not get rid of her, although every moment I expected His Majesty to appear. Finding that I was not inclined to enter into conversation, for some silly reason or other she began to laugh, and at that moment, to my dismay, I saw the King coming. All the time I was seeing him into the car, the wretched girl kept plying me with questions, and at last I turned round and told her in broken French that I could not speak her language. At this she began to laugh more than ever, and turning to His Majesty, cried,

"He could speak French well enough when he was talking to the proprietor, because I heard him, but for me, you see, he does not know the language."

I did not know where to look, but the King was immensely amused and laughed very much.

Every year the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby stayed at Biarritz. His Majesty always lunched with them or dined at their house one evening during his visit.

On March 30th the King and several of his friends all motored to a little village, called Bidache. It had been arranged beforehand that the party should lunch at a certain hotel, which commanded a beautiful view. When we rolled down the cobbled street, we found the hotel with its windows all heavily shuttered, although the people were more or less ready to receive us. His Majesty looked up and laughed, as he got out of the car, saying to Sir Ernest Cassel,

"Which is it? A stable or a barn?"

The view from the back, however, was certainly magnificent. After luncheon the King visited an old ruined castle, which stands close by, and we

1906 came back to Biarritz by way of La Bastide, Hasparren, and Bayonne. Before starting on the return journey, I told all the other chauffeurs the way I proposed to take His Majesty, so that they might have no difficulty in keeping us in sight. But the roads were dry, and, what with the clouds of dust and the pace we went, they lost us in one of the villages, and we reached Biarritz half an hour before any of them. As His Majesty was leaving the car, he said it was the prettiest drive he had ever been.

The King had arranged to leave Biarritz on April 2nd, but the next boat from Bordeaux to Southampton did not sail until three or four days later. This His Majesty knew, and, the day before the King left, Sir Stanley Clarke told me that he had lent one of the cars for the remaining day or two to Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and that she would use it to go for trips in the neighbourhood. I said that I quite understood, and would tell the chauffeur and would see that he and the car were at Her Grace's disposal. At this he looked at me for a moment, and I saw what he meant.

"Sir Stanley," said I, "I am an engineer. I entered His Majesty's service as his private motor expert. As such I accompany him wherever he goes. Consequently there is no room for a footman, and for his sake I do a footman's work. I am pleased and proud to do this for His Majesty, but I will do it for no one else, and, when Her Grace orders the car, I cannot come round on the front seat *as a matter of course.*"

"I know," he said; "but I think the King will want you to."

I was always so pleased to do the little I did for His Majesty. To my delight he later came to

depend upon me to look after him. Some of the services I had the honour to render him were those of a footman, but the way he received them made all the difference. Mine he accepted. Those of a footman he took. For such a man it was a privilege to do anything. But not everyone was like him in this. And all things considered, perhaps it was not altogether surprising that some should think that a footman's was part of the duty I had been engaged to perform. This impression His Majesty was kind enough to correct whenever he could. I think he knew how I felt, and of his goodness he often went out of his way to emphasise what was in fact my position, while he always took care that no one in his presence showed signs of forgetting it. The next day, when, as I shall mention, I had brought him to the station and he had said what he did about the chauffeurs and myself, he added, 1906

"By the way, Stamper, I have lent the car to the Duchess of Manchester for the next day or two, and I want you to go on the car with her, as you know the district so well."

"If Your Majesty wishes it, I shall be only too pleased."

He smiled and nodded.

"Yes, yes," he said. "And I hope you'll have a pleasant journey home."

On April 2nd the visit came to a close and the King left Biarritz in the evening. That morning, on behalf of His Majesty, Sir Stanley Clarke gave me a diamond pin, saying that it was to mark the King's pleasure with the way I had taken him about during his stay. I begged him to thank His Majesty very much. When we reached the station that evening, the King turned to me and said,

1906 "Tell the chauffeurs I'm very pleased with them, Stamper. You've run the cars and managed the trips excellently."

Another pin I was given some four years later. Her Majesty gave me that. In August 1910 I passed a new car for her and took it down to Sandringham with a representative of the firm that supplied it. While I was there she sent for me. It was the first time I had seen the Queen since His Majesty's death.

"It's all terrible, Stamper," she said. "Even now I can hardly realise that he has gone."

Then she spoke very kindly to me, and asked where I was to be found and wished me well. A day or two later she sent me a mourning pin in memory of the King—a pin of black enamel, with 'E. VII' in white enamel, surrounded by little diamonds.

After leaving Biarritz His Majesty went for a cruise in the Mediterranean. It was his practice to spend a month or thereabouts on board the *Victoria and Albert* after his visit to Biarritz, and, while he was away, we always set to work to overhaul all the cars. This was done at Buckingham Palace, and it was the only overhauling they had during the year. While we were at work in the garage, the bodies were being painted and varnished at the coachbuilders, and, directly a chassis was finished, I would take it out for a run of two hundred miles, to see that it was all right before its body was replaced. The overhauling was done thoroughly, and I never once had to have an engine down from one April to another.

I did not see His Majesty again until May 11th, when I brought the car round to the Garden Entrance at Buckingham Palace to take him to

Kempton Park. He came down the steps and spoke to me for a minute or two before entering the car. 1906

"Well, Stamper," he said, "did you have a good journey home?"

"Yes, thank you, Your Majesty."

"Have you overhauled all the cars?"

"Thoroughly, Your Majesty."

He turned with a smile to the gentlemen about him.

"We had a fine time at Biarritz," he cried. "How many miles did we go, Stamper?"

"Between two and three thousand, Your Majesty."

"What's the fastest we went?"

"Once we touched sixty miles an hour, Your Majesty."

"And how many chickens and dogs did we run over?"

"None, Your Majesty."

He laughed and got into the car.

A day or two later he sent down word that he wanted me to bring round one of the cars to the Garden Entrance, as he wished to discuss with me a proposed alteration of the bodies. These were all limousines, and the King wished them to be converted into limousine landaulettes. When I drove round, he came out and sat in the car and asked me to point out exactly what would have to be done. I explained to him in detail how the work would be executed, and he then said that so it should be done, but that he must have the car back again within a certain time, after which another could go to the coachbuilder. I told His Majesty that if he insisted upon having the car again so soon, have it he should, but that the paint-

1906 work would not be properly finished in that time.

"But I must have it," said the King.

I again said that he could if he wished, but that, if he did not allow us a longer period, the paint and varnish would not be dry, and the car would not look so well as it should.

"Oh, very well, Stamper," he said. "You know best. But let me have it as soon as you possibly can."

For those who, anxious to do him pleasure, would promise him lightly what could not in fact be done, His Majesty had no use. If he was giving an order, it was fatal to take it tacitly, unless you were sure that it could be executed as he desired. If he asked a question, it was futile to give an ambiguous answer, uncertainly promising a certain result. It was more than futile, it was dangerous; for the King would construe your words against you. Though at the moment it might be convenient to give an impression, the time would surely come when His Majesty, who never forgot, held the impressionist to the word he had seemed to receive. Then, if he could not keep his engagement, whosoever it was, it went hard with him. If the King gave his word, he would keep it, 'though it were to his own hindrance.' He asked as much of those about him. If what he desired was not clearly practicable, the only thing to do was to tell His Majesty so there and then. Not to do this was to lay up trouble for yourself and vexation for him. Honest explanation he would always accept, but prevarication served but to aggravate an offence. One of his ways of proving a man was to ask him that which he could not with certainty promise. By his answer

he judged him. The first things he said to me, when I entered his service, illustrate this.[1] As then I was careful, so I tried to be always. Once at Biarritz a car that His Majesty wanted was not available. I was afterwards told that in my absence, to turn his displeasure, one had suggested that I had promised its readiness by a certain hour. The King turned on the speaker. 1906

"The fault was not his. Stamper would never commit himself."

On May 14th I took His Majesty and an Equerry—it was Colonel Legge—to Newmarket. There was a high wind blowing, and during the run, His Majesty, fearing lest our caps be blown off and a delay occasioned, asked the Equerry to tell the chauffeur and me to put our chin-straps down. The car was open at the time, but the front windows were closed, and, the moment the Equerry opened one of them to speak to me, the wind blew his hat off and it went down the road like a shot out of a gun. We were travelling at a fast pace, and, by the time we had pulled up, his hat was about half a mile away.

His Majesty very frequently affected a button-hole. So often as he was at Newmarket, one was brought for him every morning to the Jockey Club Rooms. 'Old Kitty' brought it, together with a race-card for the King. 'Old Kitty' was nothing less than an institution. Whether or no she had any real headquarters I cannot say; I rather think her habits were those of a nomad. Certainly she attended most of the principal race-meetings, but, if her household gods were anywhere, they were at Newmarket. She had a very wide acquaintance and was universally

[1] See page 4.

1906 popular. Her great shawl, black bonnet, and merry face were cheerily greeted wherever she went. Her living she made by selling flowers, race-cards, and tips indiscriminately. She knew and was known by all the nobility and gentry who came regularly to Newmarket, and His Majesty was but one of her many patrons. If she managed to catch the King's eye upon Newmarket Heath, he always was careful to acknowledge her curtsey, and nobody but a stranger found any cause for remark in the sight of the old dame engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of noblemen. She never had any difficulty in finding the money to pay her expenses and bring her from one place to another, for if 'Old Kitty' had had a bad day, there was sure to be one of her friends who had had a good one. She always drove to and from the Course in one or other of the numerous brakes, there plying for hire, and, even if her funds were not such as to justify her purchase of a seat, this never worried her. She climbed in just the same and settled herself none the less comfortably, fortified by a great belief in the generosity of her fellow-passengers—a confidence which was never misplaced.

Three days later we returned to London. Several of His Majesty's friends returned also by car. With one consent they or their chauffeurs decided to cling as close as they could to our heels. It was common knowledge that the road was policed for our coming, and it occurred to them that the excitement which would attend the advent and passing of the royal car might well render temporarily inoperative such traps as had been laid for all others. The idea was that they should whip through the controls

before they were working again. Consequently we left Newmarket with a long tail of cars in our wake. Never was there so devoted a following. But the constabulary were swift and ruthless. In all this close attendance these saw nothing but the commission of crime. For them measured furlongs were covered at a speed greatly exceeding twenty miles an hour, and, when we entered the suburbs two hours later, the long tail was gone and only one or two cars still scudded along behind us. All the rest had been stopped, and their owners were presently fined. The Master of the Horse, I remember, was one of them. 1906

On May 23rd His Majesty attended the Aldershot manœuvres. Sir Arthur Davidson and Colonel Legge were in attendance, and at Frimley General French received the King and then entered the car. When he had watched the operations from various points of vantage, to which one after another the car brought him, we took His Majesty on a tour of inspection through mile after mile of sheds, where were stored guns, gun-carriages, ammunition wagons, ambulance and transport wagons, and all the appliances of war. Except by car, so exhaustive an inspection could never have been made, and, as this was the first time he had used a car for the purpose, until this year the King had never been able to inspect everything so completely.

One day early in June, when the Court was at Windsor, Their Majesties desired to motor over to Bagshot Park, the residence of the Duke of Connaught. The Queen went in her own car. The chauffeur who was then driving Her Majesty had not been to Windsor before, and, as she was anxious to lead the way, it was

1906 arranged that I should sit by his side. We reached our destination without incident, but on the way home, just as we were approaching Windsor Great Park, the map failed me. Seeing a turning ahead, I told the chauffeur to slow down. He did so, but at once Her Majesty said, "No, no, go straight on," and I found that another turning was the one I was looking for. We had set the Queen down at the Sovereign's Entrance, had pulled up to make room for His Majesty's car, and were moving away, when I heard the King cry in a voice that rang through the Quadrangle,

"Where is he?"

I felt that he meant me, and slipped off the car to go to the steps, where he was standing.

"Where is he?" I heard again, and a footman came running up to say, "The King wants you."

As I came up,

"What did you stop for?" said His Majesty.

"I was not certain about the road, Your Majesty."

"You have been there hundreds of times before."

"I'm very sorry, Your Majesty, but I have never been there before in my life."

"Yes, you have; dozens of times. You should be more careful."

I said I was very sorry.

It was obvious to me that the King was confusing me with someone who had traversed this road many times before I entered his service, but I was reluctant that he should think that I had made a foolish mistake and afterwards tried to prevaricate. So I saw the Equerry that evening and begged him to explain the matter to His Majesty, and this he was good enough to do.

The King did not speak loudly as a rule, but

his voice was one of the most powerful I have ever heard, and, if and when he pleased, he could use it with tremendous effect. 1906

More than once I have heard people deplore the fact that His Majesty spoke with a German accent. He never did anything of the kind. With never the faintest trace of a foreign accent he spoke the fairest English in the world. His voice was a deep one, and he spoke from his throat, and, since the latter was, I verily believe, affected by excessive smoking,[1] his tone was gruff. To some ears, I assume, this suggested an accent, but to say that he had one is a lie. French he spoke beautifully and German as well.

On June 6th I took Their Majesties to the residence of the late Sir David Welch, which stands in Windsor Great Park at the side of Virginia Water. We came by way of the famous Rhododendron Drive, and on reaching the house, drove on through the grounds over a little stone bridge and across the grass to the Fishing Temple. Here Their Majesties alighted for tea.

Sir David Welch was a very small man and over eighty years old, but for all his summers very sprightly and debonair and a general favourite with everyone. I remember Her Majesty patting him on the head, whereupon he exclaimed,

"I am a bit bald, but I am sure my hair will grow where Your Majesty has patted my head."

It happened that this was Speech Day at Eton,[2] and on our return to Windsor we did not go straight back to the Castle, but entered the grounds by one of the garden entrances, and so drove down to the side of the river by a private

[1] See page 141.

[2] This year Speech Day at Eton was not observed upon June 4th.

1906 path. We stopped by the edge of the water, close to Datchet Bridge, whence the King and Queen watched the Procession of Boats.

On June 11th Their Majesties motored from Windsor to Ascot, where they lunched with Lord Roberts, returning in the afternoon to Buckingham Palace.

A few days later I was sitting in my room at the Palace garage, entering up my journey-book for the day, when word came down that the Queen wished to go out for a short run. It was seven o'clock at the time, and all the chauffeurs had gone for the day, but Her Majesty's car was in readiness, so I sent for a groom from the Royal Mews and, taking the driver's seat myself, drove round to the Garden Entrance. When Her Majesty appeared, she seemed very surprised to see me at the wheel and said,

"Are you going to drive me, Stamper?"

"Yes, if Your Majesty pleases. All the chauffeurs have gone home."

"Very well. I just want to go for a drive. We'll go along the Embankment."

With Princess Victoria she entered the car, and I took them out by the Garden Gate and so to the Victoria, and then the Chelsea Embankment, where we drove quietly up and down for about half an hour.

On our return to the Palace the Queen was so kind as to thank me for taking her, and to say that I drove very well and very much to her liking.

That is Her Majesty all over.

Always gracious and kind and charming, she never failed to express her appreciation of anything done for her, so that, whatsoever it might be, it was a pleasure to do it. Wonderfully sympathetic, she always took a real interest in the

private life of everyone about her. Nothing was too slight, and in her eyes nobody too small to merit her attention, and many a time I have seen her pause where others would pass by. Emotional by nature, excitement Her Majesty loved, and she was ever ready to enjoy a fresh experience of any kind, yet all the time there was about her a gentle dignity, which characterised all she did. All I have ever seen her do she did sweetly and graciously, but with an indescribable air. She is always the great lady, always the Queen—stooping in kindness if you like, but always the Queen. 'Those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.' 1906

As I have said, I never once drove the King, and the occasion I have mentioned was the only one upon which I have ever driven the Queen, although I have often been out with her on her own car. In such cases she would always first ask His Majesty if she might take me with her. He never failed to grant her request. Indeed, so far as he was concerned, Her Majesty's every wish was always gratified. Many a time he has sent for me and said,

"Stamper, the Queen wants you to go out with her. You take her out."

When Her Majesty drove to a shoot, she would always come up to me and talk for some time. She would ask me all about the chauffeurs and the royal cars, and question me about the differences between the various makes.

On June 23rd the King motored to Reigate Priory, where he spent the week-end as the guest of the late Hon. Ronald Greville. On the Sunday afternoon His Majesty drove over to Tangley Manor, some twenty miles away.

The next day I brought the King back to

1906 London. On the way up we were so unfortunate as to run over a dog. His Majesty witnessed the accident, and said that it was not my fault or that of the chauffeur. He paid the owner five pounds by way of compensation, and a day or two later a cartoon appeared in *The Daily Mirror*, showing him what to expect next time he went out for a drive.

Knowing that I was to accompany His Majesty when he went to Marienbad, I thought it would be as well if I could learn some German before the time came for us to start. Accordingly I asked the Crown Equerry if the King would allow me the time to learn. His Majesty sent back a message that he would be only too pleased, and I began to attend at one of the branches of the Berlitz School. The warmth with which, I was afterwards told, the King had approved the idea, justifies my belief that he had not yet forgotten the inconvenience which, real if amusing, had attended my imperfect mastery of the French tongue a few months before.

One morning I returned to the Palace after one of my lessons to find the porter at the Royal Mews anxiously awaiting my arrival. Directly he saw me coming, he ran to meet me, saying that the King wanted to see me at once. I went round to the Palace and was shown by one of the pages into His Majesty's presence. The King was sitting at an ordinary roll-top desk, smoking a large cigar. Directly I came into the room, Cæsar, who was sitting by his side, jumped up and began to bark furiously. His Majesty scolded him, saying,

"Bad dog, be quiet. Don't you know him yet?"

I found that he wanted to talk to me about

his coming visit to Marienbad, and he discussed the arrangements with me at some length, telling me what he wanted and what he thought had better be done. Then he went on to ask me many questions as to the various makes of motor-cars and the differences between them. Altogether I was with him about half an hour. 1906

On June 30th His Majesty travelled by train to Huntingdon Station, whence we brought him to Hinchingbroke, the seat of the Earl of Sandwich. Here the King stayed for the week-end. On the Sunday afternoon he motored over to old Ramsey Abbey, where he had tea with Lord de Ramsey. The next morning he visited Kimbolton Castle, the seat of the Duke of Manchester. His Majesty returned to Hinchingbroke for luncheon, after which we brought him by way of Cambridge to Newmarket for the first summer meeting.

A great many of the Cambridge cab-drivers always went to Newmarket for the races, and on this particular afternoon we were able to observe their migration. Soon after leaving Cambridge we came up with the hindmost of the flock, which swung on its way in a long irregular line. They were all on the look-out for the King, for they were of Newmarket, for all that they hailed from Cambridge, and Newmarket folk always looked for his coming. Directly each one of them heard the car, he was round on his dickey in a moment to see if it were His Majesty. Then he drew his cab to the side of the road, uncovered, and grinned his delight as the car went by.

On July 6th the King returned to Buckingham Palace, and the following day we brought him to Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard, where he stayed for the week-end as the guest of Lord Rosebery.

There are many art treasures at Mentmore,

1906 and among them a marvellous clock, encrusted with precious stones. This I was shown in the evening, and, when a bright light was thrown upon it, the effect was extraordinary. The jewels blazed, and so great was their number and variety that, though there was already appearing every imaginable hue, if I moved my head ever so slightly, the whole colour-scheme changed and another equally brilliant flamed in its stead.

On the Sunday afternoon His Majesty motored to Waddesdon Manor to see Miss Alice de Rothschild. It was a beautiful day, and tea was served on the lawn in front of the house.

The whole of the grounds was kept perfectly. The great lawns and paths and flower-beds might all have been dressed five minutes before we arrived, but I was told that they were always in the same wonderful order. Not a blade of grass seemed to be disarranged, and I am sure that there was not a loose pebble upon the drive. I learned also that several of the old trees which contribute so much to the beauty of the place, had not grown where they stood. In spite of their years and their great size they had been transplanted, a special apparatus having been constructed to bear them to their new resting-places.

The next day His Majesty returned to London.

On July 14th we took the King and the Duke of Sparta to Ranelagh, where they witnessed a polo match.

Three days later His Majesty motored to Newmarket. We were a little late in starting, I remember, for the King had been detained, and when he was getting into the car, he said,

"Make the best of your way, Stamper."

Whenever he said this, I knew that the sooner he reached his destination, the better pleased he would be. As usual, our road was policed from London to Newmarket. We travelled very fast all the way. 1906

After passing Royston the road runs straight for some six or seven miles, and I told the chauffeur to let out the car. There was another ahead of us, going the same way, and this we were gradually overtaking. When we were close on its heels, we sounded our horn, but its driver was unwilling to let us go by, and only increased his pace. The speedometer was registering forty-seven miles an hour, and, since it was a very hot day and the roads were dry, we were enveloped in a cloud of dust so thick, that to endure it for more than a moment or two was intolerable. Accordingly, when I was satisfied that the car in front of us was not prepared to give way, I told the chauffeur to slow down a little. Immediately the King rapped with his stick on the window.

"Go *on*. Go *on*. What are you stopping for? Pass him. We don't want his dust."

"I will try, Your Majesty."

Up we drew to the car, till we were as close as before, but now the pace was hotter than ever, and, as our forerunner would not give us an inch, I dared not let the chauffeur try to push by. For a mile and a half we fled along, constantly sounding our horn, but ever the other held on his way. In desperation I told the chauffeur to bring the car up, till our bonnet was level with the other car's door, in the faint hope that those in front might see and recognise me and know that it was His Majesty who wished to come by. As luck would have it,

1906 my hope was realised. Even as we crept up and I leaned forward, somebody in the other car cried out to the chauffeur; he drew to the side of the road, and a moment later we had left them behind.

The pace at which many motorists travelled through the towns and villages which stand upon the London and Newmarket Road was most objectionable to the inhabitants, and they complained frequently. In this way we never offended. If we had taken the King through any street at a high speed, he would have been very angry. There were times when he did not care to go at all fast, and, if he was only taking the air, we seldom exceeded fifteen miles an hour. As a rule, however, our pace was smart, and, if he was pressed for time, His Majesty liked us to drive as hard as we could. But on these days, as we approached a village, so surely we slackened our pace. As I have said, not everyone did the same.

The main road leading from London to Huntingdon is crossed at right angles at Royston by the Hitchin and Cambridge Road. The four corners are formed by houses, so that the turnings are concealed. It is a dangerous spot, and, when one day some car came by at a furious speed and killed a pedestrian, there was naturally an outburst of indignation. Letters appeared in the papers, criticising severely the speed at which many cars were driven to and from Newmarket, and Sir Henry Ewart's attention was drawn to the matter by some of the Court. He was advised that the pace at which we did this particular run was often too quick to be safe, and that something ought to be done.

The Crown Equerry sent for me.

He said that, from what he had heard, at any rate between London and Newmarket, the King was frequently driven a great deal too fast. I assured him that, though at times we travelled very fast in the open country, the speed was never such as to be inconsistent with safety. I reminded him that the road was always policed for us, and that, since almost the whole of it was the way we always used to and from Sandringham, the chauffeurs and I knew every single bend and almost every tree that grew by the roadside. He replied that he was sure that I took all possible care, but that a high speed spelt danger, and that for the future the King must never be driven at more than thirty miles an hour. I promised that I would not allow the chauffeurs to go faster than that of their own accord, but said that His Majesty would surely direct me to increase that pace, that I was not prepared to disobey his orders, and that I should not dare to tell him that I had received others. 1906

"Then," said Sir Henry, "you must increase the pace for the moment and gradually slow down again to thirty miles an hour."

I promised to do what I could. But I knew that this was a device I could not easily employ. The King had motored too long to be beguiled in this way. In a moment he would have guessed what was happening, and have taxed me with disobedience. If ever he bade me go faster than I thought prudent, I told him at once that a higher speed was unsafe. But he was not a man you could lie to, however worthy the cause.

Motoring cannot be undertaken at all without certain risks. These attend a car every time it

1906 goes out of the garage. If such are not reckoned there are circumstances under which a tremendous speed can be attained with safety. The fact that His Majesty never met with an accident would seem to support this contention.

On July 21st the King travelled by train to Eastbourne, where he spent the week-end with the Duke of Devonshire at Compton Place. I went down with the car by road. In the evening after dinner His Majesty strolled round to the garage and talked with me for a little about the arrangements for Goodwood and Marienbad.

The next morning Mr. Spencer came to me with a police report in his hand.

"You were rather pressed for time when you came down from London yesterday, weren't you?" he said with a smile.

"I was rather."

"Do you know you passed through a trap on Ashdown Forest?"

"Possibly. The road was clear."

"At fifty-five and a half miles an hour?"

"Your watches are wrong," said I; "or else our speedometer is."

"What did that say?"

"Sixty."

On Sunday afternoon His Majesty motored to Beachy Head and back by way of Polegate.

On July 30th the King left London for Goodwood, where he stayed, as always, at Goodwood House.

Among those invited by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon to meet His Majesty was the Marquis de Soveral. One morning the latter found that certain affairs necessitated his return to the Legation, so he told his valet to telephone to Chichester station and reserve him a compart-

ment on one of the morning trains. That day the King was going to drive to the Course in a carriage, so he sent the Marquis to Chichester in one of the royal cars, and, as I had business to attend to in the town, I took the opportunity of going in on the front seat. The train steamed in as we reached the station, and the Marquis asked me if I would find his compartment while he was taking a ticket. Quickly I went the length of the train, but when the Minister came rushing on to the platform, I had to tell him that there was no compartment reserved in his name. At this he called the stationmaster and asked him if he had not that morning received a message from Goodwood House, asking him to reserve a compartment for the Marquis de Soveral. 1906

"Not for him," said that worthy. "But somebody telephoned from there to reserve a compartment for Lord Lovel."

The Marquis burst out laughing.

"That'll do," he said. "That's my compartment. Lovel's the name of my servant, but I never knew he was a lord."

On August 4th His Majesty travelled to Portsmouth and went on board the royal yacht.

Three days later I left London for Marienbad with one chauffeur and a new Mercédès car. We went to Queenborough by road and there shipped for Flushing. Thence to Marienbad we came by road all the way. We passed through Holland, Belgium, and Germany, and reached Marienbad on August 11th. From Antwerp we made our way to Cologne and thence down the valley of the Rhine to Mayence. From there we proceeded to the Austrian frontier by way of Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Nuremberg.

1906 We arrived safely enough, but it was an eventful journey. We ran out of petrol before we left England and nearly lost the boat in consequence. Great difficulty attended the disembarkment of the car at Flushing. We were stopped and detained at the Dutch and Belgian frontiers, and again and again, for all my German, we lost our way in passing through the big towns. But eventually we got to Marienbad with a few days to spare, so that we were able to learn something of the surrounding country before we met His Majesty at the station.

A somewhat florid account of the obstruction which we had experienced at the frontiers, and the dashing way in which I had outgeneralled the Custom-house officers, had appeared in the Belgian papers. It credited me with more cunning enterprise than I deserved, and gave a description of our escape and the confounding of the guards, which, though not altogether fabulous, smacked rather of an incident of the Reign of Terror. This the King had read, for as we were bringing him from the station to the hotel, he said with a smile,

"Stamper, I see you had rather an eventful journey."

"Yes, Your Majesty, we did have rather a time. At Flushing they wouldn't take the car on a train, so we had to get to the mainland by boat."

"Yes?"

I went on to explain that this had taken us out of our way, with the result that we were forced to approach the frontier by a road other than that by which I had arranged to go, and that we arrived at a control where they knew nothing about us.

"Yes?" said His Majesty. 1906

"They wanted seventy pounds, Your Majesty, to let us go through; and when I said it was Your Majesty's car, they said they must write to Brussels for confirmation of this. They wouldn't have got an answer for over a week."

The King burst out laughing.

"How did you get through?"

"We went away, Your Majesty, and came back later on so quietly that they never heard us go by."

At this the King laughed very much.

"You'd better go back another way," he said.

On August 22nd I took His Majesty and one or two of his friends to Franzensbad, which town, like Marienbad, has springs of a peculiar virtue. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we got there, and the promenade was crowded with people who were drinking the waters. Seeing how full the place was, the King called to me, 'to take no notice'; by which he meant that we were not to uncover when he left the car. He then alighted and strolled away to look round the town, and we put the car in a side street, so that it would be less likely to attract attention. But it was no good, for some English people, who were passing, caught sight of the Royal Arms, and we were very soon the centre of a large crowd of people.

I was wondering what to do, when I raised my eyes to behold approaching another company, compared with which the crowd about the car was nothing more than a little knot of bystanders. Right in the middle of it was the King, surrounded by his friends, who were doing their best to keep the people from pressing against him. The local police were represented by an official in a gorgeous

1906 uniform and a huge cocked hat with feathers. Instead of interfering and putting to the proof the authority his plumes suggested, for some reason, best known to himself, this gentleman preferred to conduct the concourse, and strutted vainly before them with exactly that air of responsibility and proprietorship which is often assumed in mockery by the low comedians of Drury Lane. With great difficulty, because of the press, His Majesty re-entered the car, and when he had done so, he directed me to take him for a drive round the town, as any further attempt to see it on foot was out of the question.

A few days afterwards the King drove to the Café Glatzen, with the Hon. Sidney Greville, Sir Stanley Clarke, and Col. Ponsonby in attendance. The café is in reality an old farm-house, standing in the midst of the pine woods, with a fine garden adjoining. Here His Majesty sat down and coffee was presently served. All of a sudden there arose a terrible screaming. I ran into the garden to hear the King shouting,

"Cæsar, come here. Come here, you bad dog."

Cæsar had been wandering about, and had come across some beautiful white peacocks, which he proceeded to harry all over the garden. The birds were making an unearthly noise, but Cæsar would not leave them, and His Majesty, the Equerries, and myself all tried to catch him. In the middle of the confusion, the proprietor of the café came running out to see what was the matter. Strange to say, the discomfiture of his luckless peacocks did not appear to worry him, but he was greatly concerned because, owing to our frequent passage of the flower-beds in our endeavours to catch the dog as he went by, the trim arrange-

ment of the garden was put in some peril. His anxiety on this score he voiced with quavering cries of dismay, and, had it not been His Majesty and his suite who were the offenders, he would surely have conjured them so to trespass no more, but, if the salvation of them could only be accomplished at the price of a possible displacement of mould, to leave the birds to their fate. 1906

At last I caught Cæsar and brought him to the King, who shook his stick at him and, after calling him a 'bad dog' several times, told me to shut him up in the car by way of punishment. This I did, and he got upon the seat and sat still watching His Majesty, as he sat drinking his coffee in the distance. He was quiet enough for a while, but the moment his master moved, he leaped out of the window before I could stop him, and was by the King's side again in a moment.

His Majesty never beat Cæsar. The dog and he were devoted to one another, and it was a picture to see him standing shaking his stick at the dog, when he had done wrong.

"You naughty dog," he would say very slowly. "You naughty, naughty dog."

And Cæsar would wag his tail and 'smile' cheerfully up into his master's eyes, until His Majesty smiled back in spite of himself.

It happened that one of the Equerries—it was Col. Ponsonby—was anxious to learn to drive a car, and one day about this time, hearing that His Majesty had said he should not want the car all day, he asked the King if he would allow me to give him a driving lesson. His Majesty consented, so the Equerry hired a car from a garage and I drove him a few miles out of Marienbad, till we came to a place suitable for him to take the wheel. Then we changed places and he began to

1906 drive. We had not gone very far when, before I could stop him, he tried to change speed without taking out the clutch. So far as the saving of time was concerned, this measure proved to be false economy, for to the accompaniment of a groan that must have startled the fauna of Austria for many a mile, the Colonel tore the teeth out of the second speed gear. Of course the lesson was at an end, but the difficulty was to get the car back to Marienbad. However, I managed it by getting the car going well on first speed and then changing right through into third.

On August 29th I took His Majesty, the Marquis de Soveral, and Sir Stanley Clarke to Karlsbad. There the King was met by the Duc d'Alba, and, after lunching at the Savoy Hotel, he drove in a carriage through the woods to the Posthaus Café. Thither we followed him with the car, but it was some time before we started on the return journey to Marienbad, as a fine band was playing, to which the King listened with evident pleasure.

There were many well-known people at Marienbad this year. King (then Prince) Ferdinand of Bulgaria lunched and dined with His Majesty two or three times. Twice Lord (then Mr.) Haldane went for a drive with the King. One afternoon Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Pinero and Mr. Hawtrey lunched with His Majesty. That was on a Sunday, and in the afternoon we brought the King to the Café Bellevue for one of the Wagner Concerts. These he always attended. The Marquis de Soveral stayed at the Weimar, and was much with the King. Mr. Henry Chaplin lunched with His Majesty, and I remember the King walking and talking with Lord Justice and Lady Vaughan Williams upon the promenade. Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-

Bannerman were also at Marienbad. The latter was very ill, and died there at the end of August. His Majesty attended the funeral service. 1906

On September 3rd, His Majesty motored to Bischofteinitz for a day's shooting. A few miles out of Marienbad we came upon a little wayside inn, in front of which was drawn up a country wagon. Quite rudely constructed for carting timber, it was fitted with a pole, at the side of which one horse stood harnessed and eating out of a little wooden manger, which had been set in front of him. At our coming the animal started and began to plunge. The next moment two men came running to his head, so we did not stop, but passed on and thought no more of the incident.

When we got back in the evening we found that the wagoner had called during the afternoon. It appeared that, when the startled horse had stood upon his hind legs, the pole had snapped. Learning that the car which had frightened the animal was His Majesty's, and noting that it was outward bound, the peasant hied him to Marienbad forthwith, his end, of course, being to obtain a settlement of his claim in the absence of any evidence which might tend to discount the damage he alleged, and generally prejudice his case. His enterprise had its reward. He had come to the Weimar and related his story to the courier. The latter he had contrived greatly to impress with the gravity of the occurrence. The knave had represented that his cart was now no longer worthy of the name of 'vehicle,' and so by easy steps made it perfectly clear to his sympathetic, but uneasy, listener that his means of livelihood were gone, and that penury stared him in the face. So he passed to the oppression of the poor, a subject which he dealt with in periods too harrow-

1906 ing to be offensive. Hardly daring to hope that this tide of far-reaching calamity could be so simply stemmed, the courier hesitatingly inquired whether the purchase of a new pole could do anything to avert the consequences of the disaster. The suspicious admission that it might do something was so mournfully made that he continued to be deceived, and, when he inquired the price of a pole, the artist before him replied moodily that he thought he could get one for fifty kronen (about two pounds). This the courier had accordingly paid him, secretly congratulating himself upon his powers of diplomacy, which seemed so satisfactorily to have disposed of what had threatened to prove a very serious claim. As a matter of fact the broken pole was an ordinary pine sapling, squared up at the end to fit into the socket under the carriage of the wagon, and could not have cost more than five shillings at the very outside.

On September 5th I took His Majesty to Tepl, where he shot as the guest of the Abbot. Here is a great monastery, and the village is itself remarkable, for it is surrounded by high walls on every side, as if it were a little city. The inhabitants are to a great extent independent, for they have their own chemists and many shops which are not to be found elsewhere, except in the larger towns, to say nothing of a brewery all to themselves. As ground-landlords of Marienbad and owners of the countryside for miles round, the monks levy a tax on all visitors who come, not only to Marienbad, but to any of the neighbouring villages, where there are similar springs.

This was the last day on which we took His Majesty out before our return to England. We left Marienbad at six the next morning, and by sundown we were at Bingen on the Rhine, having

come a distance of nearly three hundred and fifty miles. We spent the night at Bingen, and by six o'clock the next morning we were on the road again. As it was getting dark, we ran into Antwerp, where we put up for the night. The following afternoon we shipped for Queenborough, arriving in London at eleven o'clock in the morning of September 9th. Two hours later we were on our way to Rufford Abbey with a fresh car. That night we stayed at Market Harboro', and we reached our destination before noon the next day. That afternoon we met His Majesty at Ollerton station. 1906

On September 14th the King drove to Welbeck Abbey and lunched with the Duke of Portland. From there he proposed to drive to Clumber Park, and the Duke suggested to His Majesty that he should go by way of the famous private tunnel, which is three miles long. Through this tunnel no car had ever passed, and I was sent to see if there was sufficient head-room. I found that there was ample, so the lamps were lighted and we drove slowly through. The road was of gravel, and the roof and walls were of brick, while every now and then ventilating shafts admitted a faint light.

The next day His Majesty wished to pay a visit to Wollaton Hall, the seat of Lord Middleton. I knew the road to Nottingham, but the Hall stands some distance beyond that city, and, as I had never been there before, the late Lady Savile, who made one of the party, suggested to the King that her car should lead the way. This was accordingly arranged, but when we were passing through Nottingham, her ladyship hesitated and lost her bearings. His Majesty asked me if I could see the right way from the map.

1906 "Yes, Your Majesty."

"Then go on," said he, "and let Lady Savile follow us."

So we reached Wollaton first after all. When he had alighted, the King stood on the steps and waited for Lady Savile. As her car drew up, he began to laugh, saying,

"I'm afraid your bump of locality must be very small, Lady Savile. You don't even know your own district."

On September 16th I took His Majesty to Nostell Priory to see Lord St. Oswald. We were accompanied, as on the day before, by several members of the house-party, who followed us in our second car and that of Lord Savile. On the return journey, when we were about half way home, one of the big end-bearings of the second car ran out.[1] It was impossible to drive the car any farther, so all the occupants were taken into Lord Savile's car, which had to cover the last twenty odd miles with eight passengers inside.

From Rufford Abbey His Majesty went to stay for a few days at Tulchan Lodge, Advie, the residence of the late Mr. Arthur Sassoon.

One afternoon during his visit His Majesty and some of the members of the house-party motored over to Gordon Castle, and lunched with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

A day or two later an expedition was made to Castle Grant. On our arrival, Cæsar suddenly took it into his head to leap out of the arms of a lady who was holding him, and run away across the fields like a mad thing. His Majesty whistled, and everyone whistled and called him, but he took no notice, so I started in pursuit. Had I

[1] *i.e.* one of the big end-bearings had become excessively hot, and the white metal had melted.

known the construction Cæsar would put upon my action, I should not have done so. Despite my threats and invocations the dog joyfully accepted me as a competitor, and his solitary dash became a frolic, into which he threw himself with maddening abandon. To the high entertainment of the King and those with him, Cæsar displayed a knack of narrow evasion, which but tempted me to further efforts, but when I had chased him completely round the Castle, he disappeared. It was a very warm day, and I was tremendously hot when I returned to where His Majesty was. I said that Cæsar had disappeared. 1906

"Never mind," said the King; "but put your mackintosh on. You mustn't catch a cold."

A few minutes later Cæsar returned as if nothing had happened. His Majesty scolded him and called him a 'bad dog.'

Where health was concerned the King was most considerate. He could not bear to see anyone for his sake uncovered, if it were raining hard. Many a wet day, when he has been about to get out of the car, he has cried to me and to others,

"Oh, put your hats on. Put your hats on."

On September 24th His Majesty left Tulchan Lodge for Balmoral by road. Mr. Sassoon travelled with His Majesty, while the Equerries followed in Mr. Sassoon's car. Our second car followed with Mr. Hiley, His Majesty's Postmaster. It was a run of ninety miles, and luncheon-baskets were taken, so that luncheon might be served by the wayside.

Before we started, one of the Equerries told me that the King wished to stop at the gates of Ballindalloch Castle, which stood in its grounds by the side of our road, and that the owner of the place would be there to meet him. When we came up

1906 to the gates, there was a very old gentleman seated in an invalid's chair awaiting His Majesty's arrival. This was the owner, Sir George Macpherson Grant. The King and he spoke together for a few moments, and he then begged His Majesty to leave the highway and pass through the grounds of the Castle. In this way, he explained, we should save a mile or two, since the road we were on wound about his estate. This we accordingly did. During the interview I glanced round, to see the old wall by the wayside lined with the heads of favoured villagers, their eyes fastened greedily upon His Majesty. Evidently they had been told of his coming beforehand and suffered to stand on the high ground behind the wall, so that they might have a fair opportunity of seeing the King.

We passed on our way through Dufftown, and some ten miles farther on we stopped for lunch by the side of the road. It was a beautiful spot high up among the mountains, and the Postmaster and I began to set out the lunch on the edge of a great moor. One basket made a seat and another a table for His Majesty, and we had just begun to serve him, when Cæsar suddenly bolted, just as he had done at Castle Grant. Mindful of what had happened there, I said nothing, but went on serving the dishes, so the Postmaster laid down the plates and began to chase Cæsar across the moor. He was a big heavy man and inclined to be rather stout, while the moor was boggy in places. I asked the King if he would like me to go too, adding that I didn't think it would be any good, as, when I had chased the dog at Castle Grant, the more I ran after him the faster and farther he went. His Majesty laughed.

"Quite right, Stamper," he said. "Let Hiley go. It'll do him good, and get some of his fat down." 1906

As I had expected, the Postmaster returned without Cæsar, but thoroughly exhausted, and bearing upon his person severe traces of the heavy going which had characterised the chase. Cæsar himself slipped back quietly enough a few minutes later.

Not a soul passed while His Majesty was at lunch, but just as he had finished, a very old man came slowly down the road. He was leading a very old horse, which was dragging a load of peat in a cart, which looked as if it would fall to pieces at every jolt the rough road gave it. His Majesty called to him to stop, and asked him if he would have some whisky.

"I dinna mind if I do," said the old fellow, and one of the Equerries poured some out for him. He raised his glass and drank his host's health, and the King then asked him to have some chicken. This he refused, saying that he had just had his dinner. Then he went on his way, in complete ignorance as to His Majesty's identity.

A day or two later His Majesty motored to Mar Lodge. Her Majesty made one of the party and drove in her own car, accompanied by a lady-in-waiting. By the King's permission I sat upon the front of her car, and we led the way. On the return journey we were, I remember, pressed for time, and travelled very fast all the way. When we reached the Castle, Her Majesty alighted, and her car then pulled out of the way for His Majesty's to draw up to the steps. As the King was alighting, Her Majesty turned to me and said,

1906 "That was a splendid run. We must have been going sixty miles an hour."

I said I was very glad she had enjoyed it, but that I did not think we had ever been going more than forty-five.

"Oh, I am sure we were," cried Her Majesty. Then she turned to the King by her side on the steps. "Don't you think so?" she said.

"I shouldn't think we were," he replied. "But Stamper would be sure to know."

But Her Majesty was still unconvinced.

"I'm sure we were going sixty miles an hour," she said.

Her Majesty does not care to drive very fast as a rule, but she was always pleased to travel at a higher speed if I was on the car. Sometimes she would ask for the pace to be increased, crying, "Faster, Stamper, faster," until we were going at a tremendous pace, and there have been times when really we have not been able to go fast enough for her liking.

When I went down to Sandringham with a new car for Her Majesty after His Majesty's death,[1] I took her out for a trial run. Two or three times in response to her requests I told the chauffeur to drive faster, until at last we were going at a tremendous speed. But even then the pace was not hot enough for the Queen, for she cried to me,

"Won't you go faster, Stamper?"

I think we increased the pace a little, but the car was a powerful one, and I really dared not tell the chauffeur to "let her right out." However, we covered the ground at a wonderful rate, and it was four or five minutes before Her Majesty said, "That will do," and we slowed down again.

[1] See page 52.

This, I think, was the only year in which Her Majesty was at Balmoral in October. By the time we arrived, she had usually left the Castle and gone away to Denmark. 1906

A few days later His Majesty travelled to Newmarket by train. I had left with the car beforehand, in order to be in time to meet him at the station. When the hour came, I was there ready. To my knowledge the car was in perfect order. So soon as I heard the special approaching, I took hold of the starting-handle, but, do what I would, the engine would not start. With a sudden output of strength, such as only a desperate man could have displayed, I set it going, but it began to misfire so shockingly that I saw that it would be hopeless to attempt to drive, or even move away with His Majesty, until the trouble, whatever it might be, had been rectified. I therefore hailed a cab and bade the man be ready in case the King had need of him. I then ran back to the car, opened the bonnet, and peered wildly at the engine, but I could not locate the mischief, and the next moment His Majesty appeared. I went to him and, saying that the engine was giving sudden trouble, asked whether he would wait while I put it right or whether he would take the cab I had ready for him. The King was much annoyed.

"This should not be," he said. "You should have seen that it was all right before you started."

Fortunately the Jockey Club is only about two hundred and fifty yards from the station, and he decided to take the cab. Directly he had driven off I returned to the car, and a moment later I found what the trouble was. As a matter of fact some wires had short-circuited.

1906 Although his training-stables were only a few miles from Newmarket, His Majesty had no house of his own in the town. To the Jockey Club there are attached chambers, and here, in the royal suite, as I have said, the King always stayed. The Jockey Club Rooms were built, I believe, some years after the Club house, and a corridor connected the one with the other. This corridor was always used by those of the ordinary members who happened to be staying in the chambers, but for His Majesty there was a private entrance leading from Station Avenue at the back of the building. Here a short circular drive led to the front door. Immediately within, a flight of stairs led into the Equerry's room, where the gentleman in attendance upon His Majesty transacted his business. Out of this room a second door led into the main corridor, and directly opposite was the door opening into the royal suite. Whoever passed out of the corridor through this door found himself in the private passage, on to which opened the King's own rooms. In addition to His Majesty's apartments there was here a room for the Prince of Wales, and this His Royal Highness used if he was at Newmarket. The windows of the royal suite were overlooking the garden.

When the meeting was over, His Majesty went to stay for a few days at Glengonner as the guest of Lord Colebrooke. One day during his visit I brought the King to Dalmeny Castle, where he lunched with Lord Rosebery. His Majesty's hostess made one of the party, and, before we started, the King told me that she would direct me as we were going along. Fitted upon the car was an electric indicator. I had

not ordered one, but of their zeal the firm had 1906
delivered the car so equipped. We had come nearly to Edinburgh, and her ladyship had not directed me once, when I saw from the map that we were fast approaching a hair-pin bend in the road, round which we should have to go. We were within some hundred and fifty yards of this corner, when the bell of the indicator suddenly rang and I glanced at the dash-board to find my instructions were, "Turn to the right." There was a turning which the map did not show, and I saw that it must lead directly into the road we should traverse, when we had rounded the hair-pin bend, but her ladyship gave me the signal too late, and we were past the turning almost before I knew it was there. It was now much quicker to go on to and round the bend than to stop, reverse, and take the side road we had passed. Therefore we held on our way. His Majesty tapped on the window.

"Why don't you go where you are instructed?" he cried.

"Her ladyship gave me the signal too late, Your Majesty. The next turning will bring us into the same road."

"Very well, very well."

Presently we came to Edinburgh. Just as we were crossing Prince's Street, a constable noticed that the car had no number-plate, and put up his hand for us to stop. I told the chauffeur to slow down, and, as we drew abreast of the man, I leaned over and said that it was His Majesty in the car. The poor fellow started as if he had received an electric shock, and then sprang to attention and saluted as we passed on.

We were about to start on the return journey,

1906 and His Majesty was coming down the steps, when Lord Rosebery said to me,

"You needn't go out into the main road yet; you can take the private road through the park. That will bring you out nearer Edinburgh."

He did not tell me anything about the road or whether there were any turnings, but only pointed to the direction in which the road lay. We had gone some way, when, without any warning, we found ourselves on the brink of a dip in the road, so sudden and sheer that it looked for the moment as if the car must leave the road and alight on the top of a tree which stood at the bottom of a hollow. This we negotiated safely enough, only to find that now the road branched, bearing both to the right and left, with nothing to show which of the two ways we should take. I chanced it, and we turned to the right. Almost immediately we saw that this way led only to a rick-yard. It was unfortunate enough to have gone wrong with His Majesty in the car, but, to make matters worse, the chauffeur pulled up so quickly that he stopped his engine. I slipped off the car to start her up again, and, as I took hold of the starting-handle, I heard His Majesty say to the chauffeur,

"What's he doing down there?"

The chauffeur said I was starting the engine, and when I returned to take my seat on the car I found that His Majesty was very angry.

"What do you mean by taking the wrong turning?" he cried. "You are always taking me wrong."

I said I was very sorry, but that I had not been told which way to go.

"Get on, get on," he cried. "We shall be late."

A few minutes later he turned to Lady Colebrooke and said in a tone purposely (I think) loud enough for me to hear, 1906

"You must excuse me, Lady Colebrooke. I lost my temper."

In the use of an indicator mistakes such as that which arose in the morning are bound to occur. The King never used it at all, but the promise, which it extended, of an ingenious effect, if one of its several buttons were pressed, was too much for some of His Majesty's guests. But for the contrivance at their elbow, many of them would never have thought of asking to be allowed to direct, but the row of stops was in itself an invitation to do so. Sometimes I was wrongly directed, sometimes I was rightly directed too late. Sometimes my direction was both wrong and belated. Altogether, the indicator was responsible for so many mistakes and misunderstandings and, consequently, for so much annoyance to His Majesty, that after a while I had it taken away.

If, while he was staying away, His Majesty proposed to go for a run in the car, the very many directions of which I was the recipient, as to how best to reach the desired destination, would have bewildered me, if I had attempted to remember a tithe of their number. In the morning—as a rule, in plenty of time—word would come down from the King, saying simply where he wanted to go. I at once looked out the way on the map. Anon I should be summoned by His Majesty's host, perhaps to the library, where he would give me most full and anxious instructions. As likely as not, one of the Equerries would presently supplement these, after which the Chief Constable of the County

1906 was at some pains to tell me the best way to go. Before we started, the Superintendent would have a word with me as to the route, and, when we came round to the door, any guests who were there, and knew the district, were sure to explain exactly which were or were not the roads I had better take. In all, the advice I was given was varied, excessive, and complex, and sometimes, when at the last moment I was being told the only way there was, my advisers would not agree, and slight discussions arose. Once, I remember, His Majesty came down the steps in the midst of an argument so engrossing, that the disputants never noticed his coming. He saw in a moment what was afoot, and said with a smile,

"You just tell Stamper where we want to go. He'll take us there all right."

From Glengonner the King returned to London, and on October 23rd we brought His Majesty from the Palace to Newmarket. As we were entering the Park at Hyde Park Corner, an old man stepped off the kerb and walked right into my side of the car. I tried to save him, but he fell down, and, when I jumped off the car, I saw to my horror a pool of liquid forming where he lay. This made me think that the poor old fellow must be seriously injured, but with my assistance he was able to rise. To my surprise and relief he assured me that he was not hurt. Meanwhile His Majesty had sent an Equerry after me to make inquiries, and eventually we persuaded the old man to let the police take him across the road to St. George's Hospital. It turned out that he had just recovered from some injuries he had sustained through falling from a scaffolding, and had only

just left the hospital when he ran into us. He had been given a bottle of medicine to take away with him, and that was the explanation of the liquid I saw in the road, for, when he fell down, the bottle was broken. Directly we arrived at Newmarket, His Majesty had a telegram sent to ask how he was, and for several days afterwards he inquired after the poor man by telegram every morning, until he knew that he had quite recovered. 1906

At the end of the month the King returned to Buckingham Palace.

A day or two later I was in the garage, when Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria walked into the mews with a friend and told me she would like to go out for a run in her new car. This was all ready, so I summoned her chauffeur and a groom, and had the car brought out of the garage. We had a little difficulty in starting the engine, but after a minute or two we got it going, and the Princess and her friend took their seats. Just as they were moving out of the mews into the Palace garden, the engine stopped. I ran up and the chauffeur got down, but, do what we would, we could not get the engine to start again. After we had been turning the handle one after another for a quarter of an hour, the Princess laughed.

"I'm afraid it's a failure, Stamper," she said, "and I don't think we had better go out in it."

"If Your Royal Highness will wait another minute or two, I'm sure we shall be able to start her."

The next moment we managed it. The chauffeur and groom resumed their seats, and the car rolled away to the Garden Gate. One of the fittings of the companion belonging to the

1906 car was a little memorandum block, and when the car returned to the garage I saw there written :

"*November* 1*st*, 1906.—Stamper had great difficulty in starting the car, but afterwards went for most enjoyable drive through Kingston, Richmond, etc."

Early in November His Majesty travelled to Sandringham. Thither he had invited Prince and Princess Trauttmansdorff. One day during their visit the car had been ordered to bring the King to a shoot. As we came round to the door, His Majesty and the Prince came out and stood on the steps together. I heard the latter ask the King if this was the car he had had at Marienbad.

"Yes," said His Majesty. "And Stamper was with me. He can speak German."

At this Prince Trauttmansdorff turned to me and asked in German how the car had gone in Austria. With an effort I replied in the same language that it had gone very well.

On the King's birthday was held the shoot of the year, the Queen, the Princess of Wales (who was, as always at this season, with the Prince at York Cottage), and other ladies joining the guns at luncheon.

The Princess of Wales I did not see nearly so often as Princess Victoria. This was but natural. I saw enough to realise that of all the many friends she must have made, Her Royal Highness would never lose one. Gracious and sympathetic, she was extraordinarily kind to anyone who was in trouble, no matter who it might be. Her strength of will, her wisdom, her hatred of affectation were all notable. Straightness of speech and respectful simplicity of manner appealed to her always. She was fond of

exercise, and walked much when she was in Scotland. Often, when with other ladies she had joined the guns at luncheon, Her Royal Highness would not leave as soon as the meal was over. Instead, she would walk with the Prince of Wales from stand to stand, and watch and chat with him while he was shooting. 1906

In no one of the Royal Family was there a suspicion of affectation. Perfectly natural and artless in all they said and did, they created a fresh atmosphere of sincerity, so that, the honour apart, it was a real pleasure to be about them.

From Sandringham Their Majesties went for a week to Windsor, where a State Visit was paid by the King and Queen of Norway.

After this His Majesty spent a few days at West Dean Park, the residence of the late Mr. Willie James. Only a few miles away lies Midhurst, well known for the Sanatorium which owes its existence to His Majesty, and for which he always did so much. When he was staying with Mr. James, the King never failed to pay a visit to the home, and I have taken him there upon many occasions.

From West Dean His Majesty returned to London and left again for Sandringham a day or two later.

One morning at Sandringham I was out with Her Majesty, when she tapped at the window. I climbed on to the foot-board to answer her summons, and she then said,

"I hear your brother is down here, Stamper. Where is he staying?"

"At an hotel in Dersingham, Your Majesty."

"I hope he's comfortable," she said. "I have seen him acting in London, and I should very much like to hear him sing."

1906 I thanked Her Majesty very much, and said that I was sure he would be very proud to sing before her, whenever she pleased.

"Will you ask him to come this afternoon?"

I said I would do so directly we got back.

The next day the Queen was so kind as to tell me that she had enjoyed his singing very much. A less gentle critic was little Prince Olaf, who, I learned subsequently, had early proclaimed his dissatisfaction by dragging a toy roller, full of marbles, across the saloon. He was, however, persuaded to withdraw, roller and all, and pursue his objection in some other quarter of the building.

In the second week of December His Majesty left Sandringham for Elveden, where with the Prince of Wales he stayed for two days as the guest of Lord Iveagh.

Thereafter the King spent a few days in London, before returning to Norfolk for Christmas.

On December 15th he went to Windsor for the day. He did not drive down, but I left the Palace the first thing in the morning and took a car down by road, so as to be in time to meet His Majesty at Windsor station. He drove to Paddington in the little Renault. The sergeant-footman had preceded the King to the terminus, and, directly the car drew up to the platform, he stepped forward to open the door without waiting for the groom to do so. Unaware that it was necessary to let down the window, which was closed, before the door was opened, he turned the door-handle and pulled in the ordinary way. The glass resisting his efforts, he assumed that the door had jammed, and used considerable force, with the result that the glass could not bear the strain, but broke in pieces and fell into

the car. Only those who were quite close could see what had happened, but the noise of the breaking glass was heard by everyone, and caused a great sensation amongst the railway officials and the little crowd of travellers and others which had collected. 1906

Another time, I remember, His Majesty ordered the Renault to bring him to St. Pancras. Everything was all right when we left the Palace, but before we had passed down the Mall, the engine began to misfire shockingly. I knew at once what was the matter, viz. that some oil had worked its way on to the sparking plugs, but we had none too much time, and I thought we had better go on. In St. James's Street it was terrible. It seemed as though we should never reach Piccadilly. The engine kept going worse and worse, and every moment I thought it was going to stop altogether. However, luck was with us, and we just managed to do it, though all the way up the hill we were going at less than a walking pace. To make matters worse, all the traffic had been held back for our passage. This was always done, but we were usually by so quickly that those who were passing at the time hardly realised what was happening before we were gone, and the traffic was not at all dislocated. But on this occasion, as we made our solitary way up the street, all eyes were fastened greedily, and soon amusedly, upon us, and we finished our painful progress amidst the interested smiles of everyone. When we arrived at the station, His Majesty said,

"Whatever is the matter with the car, Stamper?"

I explained what was the trouble.

"Very well," said the King. "But you'll see

1906 that it's quite all right to bring us back again to-night, won't you ? "

A day or two later His Majesty returned to Sandringham by train, and I took down one of the cars by road. We broke our journey at Cambridge, and I put the car in the courtyard of one of the principal hotels in the town while the chauffeur and I had our luncheon. It was not raining at the time, but the roads were slightly wet, and the back of the car was covered with fine mud. When I returned from luncheon, I was horrified to find that someone had written a verse of doggerel with their finger in the mud on the back of the body.

As is generally known, the varnish on a car is so delicate, that the slightest pressure of any rough substance will scratch it indelibly, and, if anyone draws their finger across a dust- or mud-covered panel, the pressure of the hand upon the particles of grit will leave a clear mark on the varnish, which will remain visible for months, and which no amount of washing and polishing will take away.

What the words were I forget, but they were concerning the King, so that it was obvious that the author knew perfectly well on whose car it was that he was writing. The doggerel was quite harmless in itself, and the sentiment it expressed was very nice, but with that I was not concerned. Turning to the bystanders, I asked if anyone knew who had done this thing, and someone indicated a young man who was standing at the other end of the yard. When I approached him, he at once admitted that it was he who had written the verse. He proved to be an undergraduate, and, to my amazement, himself the owner of a car. Then and there I rated him

fiercely, saying that I was disgusted to find that there was an educated Englishman, let alone a car-owner, who could be guilty of an act so abominably vulgar and disrespectful to His Majesty as the defacement of his car. At this he seemed greatly concerned. With many expressions of regret he assured me that he had the greatest affection and respect for the King, and declared that he had written the words on a sudden impulse, altogether forgetting that they would not disappear when the car was cleaned. Sending for a sponge and a pail of water, he was about to wash the car himself, but I was afraid he might do still more damage, and said that he had better leave this to someone who knew more about it. By my leave he then summoned an ostler and had the panel carefully washed, but, when this had been done, the whole of the writing stood out as clearly as ever. We then continued our journey and reached Sandringham the same day. 1906

Gradually the writing began to disappear, but it was impossible to have the car revarnished before April, and, when it went to the coach-builder's for this to be done, some of the words were still discernible. His Majesty never knew about what had happened, and I doubt if anyone outside the garage staff ever noticed the writing, for it was winter-time, and though, of course, the lines were visible when the car was clean, they were hidden by the mud almost as soon as we started.

This was the only occasion upon which any of the cars were actually damaged in this way, but I often had trouble with people who gathered round the car, when it was standing still, whilst we were waiting for the King. The more curious

1906 were always attracted by the Royal Arms on the doors, and, if these were covered with dust, they would almost always put up their fingers to rub the dust away. Consequently, the chauffeur and I had to keep a sharp look-out all the time, or else ourselves dust the Arms and have done with it. Some people were, however, objectionably persistent, and, when perhaps I have only just been in time to stop them from scratching the panel in their desire to examine the Arms, they have waited until I was not looking and then slunk round to the other door. Two or three times I have had to rush round the car and actually knock up their hands.

On the last day of the year I left Buckingham Palace with two cars *en route* for Chatsworth, where Their Majesties were going to stay. The weather was bitterly cold, and we had not got very far on our way when it began to snow. The farther north we went, the worse it got, and in Derbyshire the snow was so deep that we could hardly get along at all. At last, just outside Chesterfield, both the cars ran into a drift and stuck there, and it was some considerable time before we were able to get them out.

1907

After staying a week with the Duke of Devonshire, Their Majesties left Chatsworth for London on January 7th. Luncheon was to be served on the train, and to that end luncheon-baskets had been prepared beforehand. When we reached the station, His Majesty was told that through some misunderstanding they had been left behind. Fortunately the special was not timed to leave for a few minutes, so the King said that I had better go back for them and that the train should wait until my return. We rushed back to Chatsworth, four miles away, and I ran into the house to find the steward. He met me to say that somebody had just dashed off with the baskets to Rowsley in one of the Duke's cars. They must have left the back entrance as we reached the front one, but we caught the car up just as it got to the station.

A day or two later His Majesty motored from the Palace to see Sir Thomas Lipton at New Southgate. Somehow or other the villagers had got wind of his coming, for on our arrival we found a great many people assembled on the green in front of the house.

The King was always glad that people should see him and recognise him when he was out in the car. Nothing pleased him more than the sudden recognition and improvised welcome of a few bystanders. But he did not like his coming

1907 to be known beforehand, unless, of course, his visit had been announced or was of an official or semi-official nature.

Accordingly he was rather annoyed to find that he was expected by the crowd, and I remember him saying,

"This looks as if it had been kept very quiet, doesn't it?"

Before he left, Sir Thomas Lipton came out of doors and talked to me for a few minutes. He said he could not understand how the news of His Majesty's coming had got abroad. He said he had given the servants strict injunctions to hold their tongues, but he supposed that one of them had given the secret away to a tradesman when ordering goods.

On January 14th the King left London for Sandringham, and on the following day we took him about the estate, to see where trees had been planted and various improvements had been made. He had arranged for Lord Suffield and Mr. Beck, the agent, to accompany him, while Sir Dighton Probyn had ordered his carriage and pair, intending to follow behind the car. As His Majesty left the house, Sir Dighton told him what he proposed to do, and, pointing to his horses, said,

"I bred them myself, Sir, and shall be there as soon as you."

"No, no," said the King. "Come along with me."

"I would rather go with my horses, Sir," said Sir Dighton. "I don't like cars very much."

But the King would have none of it, and insisted on him entering the car, saying,

"You'll have to get used to the cars, Probyn."

A year or two later, when he was in Scotland,

Sir Dighton Probyn took to a car and never used his horses at all. 1907

Early in February Their Majesties paid an official visit to Paris. I reached the city a day or two before their arrival, as I had not been there before and the King wished me to have an opportunity of getting to know my way about the streets.

The first day we were there I was taking the car along the Boulevard des Italiens, when a gendarme signalled to us to stop. Accordingly I told the chauffeur to drive to the side of the road.

Parisian traffic, of course, is not regulated as is the traffic of London. A certain disregard of order and convenience prevails, and, if it occurs to a driver to stop in the middle of the road, he does so. Those whom his action unfavourably affects revile him and are reviled. The police do not mind at all. It is not their affair.

Consequently, since we did not stop still where we were, the gendarme thought we were disregarding his signal, and shouted to us to do as we were told. I leaned out and told him that we would draw to the side of the road, but he became very excited and clambered on to the footboard. So we came to the kerb. Here he accused us in many words of having no number, and asked why this was. I told him that the car was that of the King of England, and that His Majesty's cars did not have numbers. He would not believe me, and insisted on us going with him to the police-station. There I was brought before one, whom I took to be the superintendent. With bewildering fluency the charge was preferred. In reply I repeated what I had told the gendarme, but the official would

1907 not believe me. I produced my card, but he waved it aside, and conjured me not to aggravate my offence by making such preposterous misstatements. How was it possible to believe what I said, when the police had received no intimation that the King was coming? Would not they be the first to know, if it were true? I had not thought of that, had I? Tired of his rhetorical questions, I asked what he proposed to do. He replied that both the chauffeur and I would be detained while inquiries were made about us. I told him that it would save time if he were to telephone to the Embassy. At this they all burst out laughing. I said that I was in earnest, but they only laughed the more and refused to do anything of the kind. Suddenly I thought of M. Caratte, one of the chiefs of the French Detective Force, whom I had met at Biarritz the year before. The moment I mentioned his name, there was a marked change in the demeanour of the superintendent and his subordinates. I was offered a seat, and, when I suggested that they should telephone to his office at the Gare du Nord, they did so at once. What he said to them I never knew, but as soon as they had spoken with him, we were released as quickly as possible. Everyone was profoundly apologetic. In fact they could not get us out of the police-station fast enough.

The Press got hold of the incident, and the next morning it was in all the French papers and some of the English ones. When two days later I met His Majesty at the station, he said with a smile,

"Well, Stamper, I see they've let you out."

Though we were ready to take them, Their Majesties drove to the Embassy in the Am-

bassador's car, while we followed close behind. 1907
When the first car emerged from the station, it got a tremendous reception, and when we came out a moment or two afterwards, the crowd recognised His Majesty's car and set up a great roar of "Vive le chauffeur."

While they were in Paris, the King and Queen stayed at the Embassy.

The next morning I received a message from His Majesty asking whether it would not be better for me to drive him while we were in Paris, since the traffic was not so well organised as in London and the rule of the road different. I sent back word, that if His Majesty did not mind, I would rather the chauffeur drove him as usual, for I felt quite sure of the man. I added that for two days he had driven the car all over the city on purpose to accustom himself to the rule of the road and the ways of Parisian streets, while I had been directing my attention rather to learning the whereabouts of the various residences and public buildings to which the King would probably require us to take him. Almost before there had been time to deliver my message, I received a curt order that I was to drive the King. Knowing His Majesty as I did, I did not believe that my message had ever been given him, or, if it had, that he had sent such a reply. So, when the car was ordered, I took my usual seat, only telling the chauffeur to be ready to change places with me, if occasion arose. As it turned out, my surmise was correct, for His Majesty took no notice, and the chauffeur drove the car to and from the various houses at which the King desired to call.

At this time, I remember, Paris was in a state of unrest owing to certain labour troubles. The

1907 situation was giving rise to no little anxiety, and the authorities were very concerned lest Their Majesties should be molested. I was requested by the police to avoid certain districts, which were more affected than others, when either the King or Queen was in the car, while they begged His Majesty on no account to go abroad save in a car or a carriage. The King smiled at their fears.

"Who will hurt me in Paris?" he said.

The next day, when he wished to do some shopping, he left the Embassy on foot and walked where he pleased. Her Majesty also walked out.

I need hardly say that the fears of the police were groundless. Paris adored the King, and, however unquiet the streets and however riotously inclined the populace might have been, not the meanest fellow in Paris would ever have hurt a hair of His Majesty's head.

A day or two after his arrival the King, who was accompanied by the Hon. R. Lister and Captain Fortescue, went for a drive to the Bois de Boulogne. Hundreds of people were skating upon the lake, and His Majesty sat in the car and watched them. The antics of the beginners made him laugh very heartily. We went on to the Club in the Bois. There he met Mr. Rothschild.

The next day Their Majesties visited a great porcelain warehouse. This was situate in a poor district of the city. While they were inside, their presence became known to people in the vicinity, and very soon a gigantic crowd had collected. The police in attendance became anxious, and sent for a posse of gendarmes to control the throng, but no control was needed, for they were all very orderly, though greatly

excited. When the King and Queen came out, they were greeted with a roar of delight, and we drove away amid the most wonderful enthusiasm. 1907

At times such as this, when great crowds had gathered and mighty receptions were accorded His Majesty, it was very difficult to control one's emotion. The knowledge that all the vast outburst of affection was focussed upon the one gentleman who was sitting behind me, was almost overpowering, and time and again I have found myself half way between laughter and tears. Others about him were in the same manner affected. It was grand to be there, exhilarating to a degree, but it was something of an ordeal. What must have been His Majesty's feelings I cannot conceive. He controlled them somehow or other, but I have often seen both him and Her Majesty visibly affected.

One afternoon His Majesty directed us to take him to a studio on one of the Boulevards, at which it had been arranged that Her Majesty should meet him at an appointed hour. The King remained there for some time, but Her Majesty did not arrive, and at last he could wait no longer. Accordingly, after telling me to wait till the Queen came, and to let her know that he had been and gone, he entered the car and drove on his way. Soon after this Her Majesty drove up. As I went to the door of her car, she cried,

"Why, Stamper, what are you doing here all alone?"

I told her.

"Oh," she said, "has he gone?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

She then entered the studio, where she stayed

1907 for a while. As she was leaving, she asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going back to the Embassy.

"You'll get lost, Stamper," said the Queen.

However, I assured Her Majesty that I should get there all right, and, when I had seen her into her car, I hailed a taxi and followed her home.

This visit of the King and Queen to the French capital was not a State Visit, although an official one, and Their Majesties were travelling as the Duke and Duchess of Lancaster. All the time we were there, by His Majesty's express instructions, the Equerries, chauffeurs, and myself dispensed with the respectful practice of raising our hats when Their Majesties entered or left the car. On his last two visits to Marienbad the same order was given, but nowhere else. Only at Biarritz, and on the other visits to Marienbad, when we were out for a run and the King proposed to alight in a village or one of the neighbouring towns, he would often say,

"Keep your caps on. Keep your caps on," or "Take no notice," which meant the same thing. This was of course to avoid attracting attention.

After spending a week in Paris, Their Majesties returned to England, and I with them. The car I left in France, so that it might be fitted with detachable rims. I only remained in London for a day or two before returning to Paris with another car. I arranged for this to be fitted in a similar fashion, and that, when the time came, I should travel to Biarritz via Paris and pick up the two cars on the way.

Curiously enough, in the interval between his return from Paris and his visit to Biarritz His Majesty suffered no little inconvenience from

the bursting of tyres. One Sunday in particular. 1907
It was on February 17th, and we were taking the King to Luton Hoo for luncheon. We had just passed through Watford, when the near hind tyre went with a bang. It was an unusually large tyre, and, consequently, very troublesome to get off, while the spare cover proved equally troublesome to get on. This made the delay much longer than usual, and His Majesty began to get rather worried. This was all bad enough, but, to make matters far worse, in our efforts to be as quick as possible we were so unfortunate as to damage the new tube when we were getting on the tyre, with the result that, soon after leaving St. Albans, it became deflated. Luton Hoo was now only a few miles away, but the tyre was so big that I dared not drive with it in such a state. It was now long past the hour at which he had intended to lunch, and the King asked me what had better be done. I said I thought the best thing to do was to try and procure a carriage. Accordingly I set off with one of the Equerries for a neighbouring village. When we got there, he went one way and I another, but it was no good, and after a while we were forced to abandon the quest. We were very loth to return to His Majesty with such ill tidings, and were walking slowly back, wondering what on earth was to be done, when we saw a car approaching from the direction of Luton Hoo. As this reached His Majesty's car, it slowed down, and I ran up to find that it had been sent for the King.

It appeared that, when the time went by, and His Majesty did not arrive, his host had begun to grow rather uneasy and finally telephoned to the Palace to learn if the King had left. When

1907 in reply to his query he was told that His Majesty had been gone nearly three hours, he realised that we must have met with some mischance and immediately despatched his car to our assistance.

On March 1st I left for Paris with two chauffeurs and two or three cleaners *en route* for Biarritz. I had arranged for the cars to travel by train from Paris, and on the following afternoon we brought them straight from the works of the firm, in whose hands they were, to the Gare d'Austerlitz. There we proceeded to get them on to the trucks, which were waiting to receive them.

We had put the first car on to its truck, and were about to cover it with a large tarpaulin, when I asked for a receptacle for the petrol in the tank, which for safety's sake it was necessary to empty before the journey. This, to my annoyance, the railway authorities refused, saying that I must open the tap and let the petrol run out on to the line. Although the tank was fixed at the back of the car, I saw that the petrol would run over the edge of the truck, and pointed out how dangerous this was, but they insisted that this was the invariable practice, and that the tank must be emptied in this way. By this time it was getting dark, and there was no time to be lost, so I did as they said. The car was then covered, and the truck on which it stood pushed a little way down the line. We had just got the second car on to its truck and I was standing on the canopy, when the other truck burst into flames. The railway people stood aghast, staring at the fire, while the chauffeurs and I rushed down the line to where the truck was standing. We tore the covering off the car, got hold of the fire-extinguisher, and,

with the aid of this and that of the second car, 1907
succeeded in quenching the flames. Meanwhile the French porters had come staggering along with great pails full of water, and one of them, quite beside himself with excitement, clambered up on to the truck and emptied his bucket completely over me.

An examination of the car showed that the paint-work at the back of the body had been badly damaged and the leather hood considerably burned. Before anything else was done, I gave orders for the other car, whose tank had already been emptied in the same way, to be taken off its truck. This the railway authorities, who were by this time thoroughly frightened, were only too ready to do, and, whilst the operation was in progress, the traffic superintendent, who had been hurriedly sent for, arrived. He was very angry at what had happened, apologised profusely on behalf of the Company, and did all in his power to make what reparation was possible, by giving me every facility and putting his services at my disposal. He told me that the Company would hold themselves responsible for the damage, and would be prepared to pay for it, as well as all expenses incurred in connection therewith. And this was in fact done.

The injured car I took at once to a coach-builder, to see in how short a time the damage could be repaired. It turned out that even temporary repairs could not be executed under a fortnight, so I left the car in his hands and wired to Buckingham Palace for another one to be despatched to Boulogne immediately. I then returned to the station and arranged for the second car to proceed to Biarritz that night with one of the chauffeurs and the cleaners in charge.

1907 Meanwhile a telegram arrived from the Palace to say that another car would cross the Channel that night, and an hour or two later the remaining chauffeur and I left Paris for Boulogne. There we arrived at three o'clock in the morning, and an hour later the boat came in. It was one of the smaller packets, and, long before it reached the harbour, I could see what I knew was the car covered up on the deck. It looked like nothing so much as a great haystack. It seemed that they had had terrible difficulty in getting it on board at Folkestone, and had been forced in the end to build a small platform for it to stand on. At this time in the morning there was no one at work, and we had to wait till seven o'clock before we could get the car on to the quay.

From Boulogne we came by road to Paris, where we saw the car safely on to its truck, and ourselves caught the Biarritz express the same evening. Both the chauffeur and I were tired out, and I had burned my hands rather badly in tearing the tarpaulin off the damaged car the night before. However, in spite of the fact that the train was packed with people, we managed to sleep most of the way.

The King arrived at Biarritz the day after we did. We met him at the station as usual. As we were bringing him to the hotel, His Majesty, who had heard all about our troubles, said,

"I'm sorry to hear of the terrible time you've had, Stamper. I'm sure none of it was your fault, and I'm only sorry you had such terrible people to deal with."

For some time before this I had been trying to procure a special motor-horn in the shape of a four-key bugle. His Majesty had seen one in use on the Kaiser's car in the previous August, and,

one day towards the end of the year, he said to me, 1907

"By the way, Stamper, you must get me a horn like the Kaiser's."

The latter, he went on to say, had been so struck with the pattern that he had issued an edict that no such horn should be used in Germany by anyone but himself, and at that time it was certainly something quite out of the way. I had tried to procure one in vain, but at Biarritz I was successful. The King was very pleased with its notes, and I could not blow it too frequently for his liking. It was not attached to the car, but I always carried it under my arm or on my knees as I sat by the side of the chauffeur. There was no bulb on it, but I blew it as if it were a cornet. Many a time I have heard His Majesty cry, "Blow your horn, Stamper"; and once, when there was a keen head wind and the window behind me was shut, I remember he tapped on the window and I looked round to see the King, his cheeks distended and fingers in a line with his mouth, winding an imaginary call upon a phantom bugle. In spite of myself I smiled, and His Majesty burst out laughing.

His friends and those in his service soon came to recognise the bugle's sound, and both at home and abroad it was of great service. Its notes could be heard quite a long way off, and, if I blew it half way down Grosvenor Place, the police at the Garden Gate would always hear it in time to stop the traffic and open the doors. Again, at Balmoral I always used it as we were crossing over the Bridge of Dee, and the sound would travel till those in the Castle could hear it and know of His Majesty's coming. And in the spring evenings at Biarritz I would wind a call when we were

1907 a quarter of a mile away, which set servants and visitors running, the one to attend and the other to watch the King leaving the car. So soon as I took the horn from my lips, I could see the scurry of the dark forms against the bright lights of the hotel.

I taught myself one or two tunes, but His Majesty told me to "go to Gotleibb, and get him to teach you some more." Gotleibb was the master of one of the King's bands. Of these he had two, one of which was always in attendance at the Palace, Windsor, or Sandringham. The name of the other bandmaster was Cassano. Music was always played while His Majesty dined, and frequently after dinner. Every morning a programme was submitted to the King, and from this he selected the pieces he wished to be played in the course of the evening.

On March 16th we brought His Majesty and some of his friends to Capbreton to tea. On the way back a soldier, who was bicycling, ran into the second car, which knocked him down. Fortunately he fell clear of the wheels and escaped with a shaking, but his bicycle was damaged. Of course they stopped to see if he was hurt and to examine his bicycle, but, as soon as he learned that the car was His Majesty's, he would not discuss the matter. A few days later a solicitor's letter arrived, claiming a huge sum by way of compensation for damage to the bicycle and personal injuries. The claim was naturally refused, as we knew he was unhurt, and the occupants of the car were all clear that the fault was not that of the chauffeur. Indeed, it afterwards transpired that the man had been drinking. In the end I think he was given two hundred francs, which, all things considered, was more than he deserved.

On March 20th His Majesty motored to Dax, where he lunched at an hotel. On occasions such as this we would take much of the luncheon with us, while the hotel would supplement the dishes, as convenience required, and supply what wines were wanted. 1907

Tea we frequently took with us in a luncheon-basket, so that the King might be independent of cafés and hotels, and have it, where he pleased, by the side of the road. Tea itself His Majesty never drank, but always coffee. This we carried hot in a thermos flask, and hot milk in another. When we had found a suitable spot, I would lay out the tea for the party and wait upon them. After he had finished, before going on our way, His Majesty always insisted on the chauffeurs and myself having tea too, and would never let us hurry, but wait quietly until we had done.

If we did not take tea with us, he would stop on the skirts of a village and send me to see if I could find a café clean and fit for him to enter. If there was not one nice enough, we would go on to the next village, but if I found one that would do, I would order the tea and then return to the car. By the time the King arrived at the café, the tea would be ready, and he would enter the house and sit down to it like any ordinary customer. When he had finished he would leave me to pay the bill, while he re-entered the car, and, if we were lucky, we would slip out of the place without anyone knowing who His Majesty was. But this was not often. Once or twice I have known him call for the bill and settle it himself.

I think it was during this visit to Biarritz that one afternoon I was setting out the tea by the wayside. I had unscrewed the cap of the thermos and was just about to pour some coffee into His

1907 Majesty's cup, when the King, noticing that no steam was coming from the mouth of the flask, said to me,

"It doesn't look very hot, Stamper."

"No, Your Majesty," said I, "I'm afraid it doesn't."

One of the ladies of the party who was sitting close to where I was kneeling, stretched out her hand. I gave her the thermos and asked her to pour a little into my palm, so that I could see whether it was hot or no. This she did. Directly the liquid touched my hand, I leaped to my feet with a cry, for it was practically boiling. Naturally everyone burst out laughing.

"Hot enough, Stamper?" said His Majesty.

When he lunched out of doors, both at home and abroad, the King usually drank whisky and soda.

On March 25th His Majesty made an expedition to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, where he lunched with a party of friends. There was quite a cavalcade of cars, with the King's at the head. During luncheon it was suggested that he should go on to Roncevaux, a small village, famous for its convent, and perched high up in the Pyrenees. His Majesty assented to the idea and sent an Equerry to tell me to look out the way on the map. I had heard of Roncevaux, and had been told that at this time of year there would be snow upon the road, which was never an easy one and sometimes dangerous to traverse. This I told the Equerry, but he said that the King's friends were most anxious for him to see the place and that I had better do what I could to get there.

We had not gone far from St. Jean-Pied-de-Port and were just at the beginning of our long climb, when we came upon two cows and a calf

in the middle of the road. Instead of letting us pass them, the poor animals ran along in front of the car, and, try as we would, we could not get by. After a while I began to be afraid that the unfortunate creatures would be run off their legs, so I told the chauffeur to stop, while I tried to head them off and drive them either up the bank at the side of the road, or else back past the cars in the opposite direction. The animals had stopped when the car did, but directly I began to approach them, they set off up the road once more. All strategy proved futile. In vain I sauntered nonchalantly towards them, as if oblivious of their presence. They kept their distance persistently. Then I flung aside the mask and made a desperate effort to outpace them, but the harder I ran, the faster they went, till out of sheer exhaustion I was forced to give up the pursuit. When the car came up His Majesty was laughing very much. It was a very hot day, and I was so spent that I could hardly climb on to the footboard. However, I took my seat again and we got a little farther, before we once more came up with the creatures. Then the same thing began all over again. At last, 1907

"Have another go, Stamper," cried the King, so I got down and tried again. With a spurt which was superhuman, I succeeded in heading off the calf and one cow, and turning them up the bank at the side of the road, but with the other cow I could do nothing. Indeed to the latter, in view of my exhausted condition, I fancy the time seemed ripe for vengeance, for, just as I was about to give up the attempt, the brute turned on me, and I had to retreat in some confusion. I could hear the whole party screaming with laughter while this was going on. We

1907 managed to get past the animal in the end, but with great difficulty.

A little farther on we came to a tiny village, where we had to pay toll. It was the first of several, and in the course of a few miles we had to pay toll five or six times. Whether the money was lawfully demanded or not I do not know.

The road now became very steep and of a zig-zag nature, and, powerful as were the cars, we could only proceed very slowly. By this time we had reached a tremendous height, and while we had a cliff on one side of us, on the other was a precipice.

Presently we ran into the snow. The higher we went, the deeper this got, and at last, as we were taking rather an awkward corner, the chauffeur told me that the car was not answering to the steering-wheel. I told him to stop at once, and, as soon as I had made an examination, I found that the snow was so deep that it had collected under the car and wedged the engine-shield against the steering levers. The King asked what was the matter, and I told him. Some of the party were rather alarmed, but not so His Majesty. He asked if I could put the trouble right and get him to Roncevaux. I said that I could soon rectify what was wrong, but that I did not think it advisable to go any farther.

"All right," said His Majesty. "What shall we do?"

"If Your Majesty will get out, we will turn the car on one of the bends."

He accordingly alighted, as did the rest of the party, and one by one we managed to turn the cars. While this was going on, Sir Ernest Cassel came up and spoke to me. He asked if

I did not think it would be better for the other cars to precede the King's, instead of following it as usual, so that if our brakes failed we should be able to run into the car in front of us and check our own career in this way. I told him that I was quite sure that our brakes were all right, but that even if they should fail, it would really be much safer for us to be leading the way, because the chauffeur would then be able to steer the car into the bank and stop it. 1907

"Very well," he said. "We don't want to alarm the King, and if you think it best for him to go first, we won't suggest any alteration."

It took us a long time to turn the cars, for there was comparatively little space at our disposal, while the proximity of the abyss necessitated extreme caution. At length the manœuvre was accomplished, but what with this and the long, stiff climb, the engines had become so terribly heated, that we had to fill up the radiators with snow before starting again. The descent took us quite as long as our climb had taken, but we reached the foot of the mountains in safety and brought the King back to Biarritz in time for dinner.

A day or two later we took His Majesty to Sare, where he watched a pelote match. We had just passed through the forest of St. Pée, when, right in front of us, we saw a snake crossing the road. It was between five and six feet in length, and, the moment it heard us coming, it spurted across at a remarkable speed and just escaped being run over. His Majesty, who missed nothing, said what a fine specimen it was.

A few hundred yards farther on we chanced upon a dog, which exhibited the most extraordinary terror at our approach. Directly he

1907 saw the car, he made the most frantic efforts to get through the hedge at the side of the road, but this was so dense that he was forced to give up the attempt and be content with flattening himself against it as we went by. Sorry as we were so to have frightened the poor animal, he really presented a ludicrous picture against the hedge, and His Majesty laughed very much, saying,

"Poor chap. I expect he has been hit by a motor-car some time."

On March 30th the King motored to Pau. After luncheon he paid a visit to the Castle on foot. While he was gone, I told a mechanic to fill up the tank with petrol against the return journey. This he proceeded to do, but he filled it too full and the spirit overflowed, streaming over the cobbles and down past the wheels into the gutter. The car was standing in the courtyard of the hotel, and he had hardly screwed home the cap of the petrol tank, when some idler lighted a cigarette and flung the lighted match right into the channel. Instantly the petrol caught fire, and I looked up to see flames round the wheels and at the back of the car. Shouting for the chauffeur I ran to its side and released the brakes, and a moment later we had pushed the car out of reach of the fire. Fortunately no damage was done.

One afternoon early in April we brought His Majesty to Bayonne, where he paid a visit to the cathedral, and thence for a run by way of Sare and St. Jean-de-Luz. We were about five miles from home, when the change-speed lever snapped clean, and came away in the chauffeur's hand. We slowed up, and His Majesty asked what was the matter. I told him, and he said,

"Whatever shall we do?" 1907

I told him that we could get home all right if he would not mind me sitting on the step on the off side of the car and manipulating what remained of the lever, as we went along. He consented, and I took my seat on the tool-box. The lever had snapped right at the base, so that there was not enough left of it for me to get hold of, but this I was able to manage with an adjustable spanner, telling the chauffeur each time I was about to change speed, so that he could take out the clutch. In this way we came safely to the hotel, which we reached soon after five o'clock.

For some reason or other the second car was not available, and His Majesty asked me rather doubtfully whether we should be able to take him out to dinner at eight o'clock. I assured him we should be ready for him at that hour, and we drove back to the garage. We had no spare lever with us, and it was, naturally enough, impossible to procure one that would fit the car in Biarritz, so there was nothing to be done but to fashion a temporary lever out of an ordinary steel bar. The garage could not produce what I wanted, but I was assured that a man should be despatched instantly to some works in the town, who would bring back the piece of steel I required. It was half-past six before he came staggering back to the garage with a great baulk of metal, heavy and powerful enough to lift the whole car. I was very angry to think we had wasted over an hour waiting for his return, and began myself to ransack the garage, in the hope of finding a piece of metal that would do. But it was no good, and one of the mechanics said he would try and forge me a rough lever.

1907 This he accordingly did, and managed to make it fit very well. Its only fault was that, while inordinately strong in the places where no strain would come, it was suspiciously slender at the point where most of the leverage would take place. As if to emphasise this peculiarity of construction, before I could stop him he had drilled a hole at the point where strength and solidity were most of all essential. By this time it was past seven o'clock, and in desperation we fitted the now finished article to the car, but it snapped in two the first time it was tried. I then turned to the proprietor of the garage and asked if I had his permission to do as I pleased with his tools and materials. He readily assented, and, without more ado, I seized a rough piece of metal, thrust one end into the fire and chopped and hammered it into the shape I wanted. After that I drilled the necessary holes, and we had it fixed at about a quarter to eight. So well did this rude makeshift serve us, that we did not trouble to use the new lever that presently arrived from London, but drove the car as it was until we returned to Buckingham Palace.

Shortly after this, the King's stay at Biarritz came to an end, and he boarded the Royal Yacht for a cruise with Her Majesty in the Mediterranean.

Towards the end of May the King went to Sandringham to arrange for certain alterations to be made in the grounds.

I think it was this year that, while we were at Biarritz, there had raged in England a storm of such violence that some of the trees at Sandringham had been blown down.

An avenue runs from one door of Sandringham House straight to Dersingham. The road and the woods and meadows on either side form

part of the Sandringham estate. Perhaps a quarter of a mile from the House stood the famous Norwich Gates, dividing the avenue into two parts and marking the end of the private grounds. These gates were hung in the wall surrounding the grounds. At this point another private road leading from Anmer to Wolferton crossed the avenue. 1907

The trees which had been blown down had formed part of the avenue, and had stood between the Norwich Gates and the House. The result was that the latter was no longer masked, but was exposed to the view of anyone passing the Norwich Gates. This the King did not like. With Lord Redesdale, Colonel Holford, and others, whose opinions on landscape-gardening he valued, he visited the spot, and discussed what had better be done. In the end he decided that the private road from Anmer to Wolferton, the wall surrounding the grounds, and the Norwich Gates should all be moved bodily another three hundred yards away from the House. By this means a great deal more of the avenue was taken into the grounds, and, as this portion had not suffered in the gale, the House was once more concealed from view.

Later in the year, when the road had been moved and the wall pulled down and rebuilt, Mr. John Burns came down to Sandringham and went with His Majesty to see what had been done. I remember him saying what a fine piece of work it was. The wall was not built of brick, but of iron-stone, quarried in the neighbourhood.

Lord Redesdale was a lifelong friend of the King. They were at Christ Church together. Only a week or two before I entered His Majesty's service, he stayed with Lord Redesdale at Bats-

1907 ford Park, Moreton-in-the-Marsh. I believe it was during this visit that the following incident occurred.

The Hon. Daphne Mitford, Lord Redesdale's little daughter, had two sleek rabbits of which she was very fond. These in her pride she brought His Majesty to see. And Cæsar came also. When the King and the little girl had retired and the rabbits were once more left to themselves, Cæsar returned privily and, falling upon them unawares, despatched them forthwith. Whether it was instinct or jealousy that prompted the crime, no one ever knew. Naturally the King sought an explanation of the tears presently shed, and, when he learned of the red deed, he punished Cæsar and endeavoured to comfort the young lady, so rudely bereaved, by promising that he would send her two other rabbits, which, if they could not fill the place of her pets, should at least gambol before her in their stead. A day or two after he had returned to London, a little crate arrived, addressed to the Hon. Daphne Mitford, and bearing the superscription 'By order of His Majesty the King.' It contained two well-liking rabbits.

On May 25th I took His Majesty to Dersingham, where he was going to open a new rifle-range. He was accompanied by the Master of the Horse and other gentlemen. The range lay in the flats between the village and the seashore, and the surrounding country was wet and marshy. While the ceremony was in progress, Cæsar scoured the ditches for rats, and when the King returned to the car, the dog appeared covered with black slime and almost unrecognisable.

"Get hold of him, Stamper," said His Majesty, "and take him with you on the front of the car."

Cæsar, however, did not think such traces of

the chase as he bore upon his person sufficient to justify his exclusion from his accustomed seat, and protested forcibly. It was impossible to lift him in such a filthy condition—indeed, I believe he would have slipped out of my arms—so there was nothing for it but to drag him along by the collar. 1907

"Mind you don't hurt him," said His Majesty.

Cæsar gave me a terrible time on the footboard, for he was very fidgety all the way home and kept scrambling about to try and get to the King. At last I simply had to smack him, and again His Majesty cried,

"Don't you hurt him, Stamper; don't you hurt him."

On another occasion, just as we were starting for a run, His Majesty told me to take Cæsar with me on the front of the car. The King had already taken his seat and Cæsar was sitting by his side. When I leaned forward to lift him out, he began to growl most angrily and to show his teeth, for he knew very well that I was going to take him away from his place by the King.

"Naughty dog," said His Majesty, "you must not growl at him."

But it was no good, and Cæsar would not let me touch him until the King had picked him up and put him into my arms.

A day or two later His Majesty paid a visit to Aldershot. We met him at Farnborough station, and he drove to and fro in the car all day, watching the manœuvres from various points of vantage. He was accompanied by Prince Fushimi, Lord Roberts, and General French. At one of the points, just as His Majesty was alighting, his sword caught in the legs of one of the auxiliary seats in the car. He stumbled and fell forward,

1907 but fortunately I was able to catch him and hold him until he recovered his balance.

When His Majesty was in Town at this time of the year he would often drive down to visit those of his friends who were living a few miles out of London. Amongst other houses, I have often brought him to Coombe Court in the course of an afternoon. This was the residence at Kingston of Earl de Grey, now Lord Ripon. Sometimes the King would decide to stay to dinner, and a telegram was then sent to his valet, who would come down in a car with His Majesty's dress clothes.

One such visit I remember the King paid to Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, at Claremont, close to Sheen Gate, Richmond Park. On this occasion His Majesty's dress clothes were brought by the brusher, who came down in a dogcart from the Royal Mews. As soon as the man had dressed His Majesty, he prepared to return to the Palace, but, just as he was climbing into the dog-cart, the horse shied, and he fell to the ground and broke his leg. He was taken straight to St. George's Hospital in Her Grace's car.

On occasions such as this, when His Majesty dined out of town, it was usually midnight or later before we reached Buckingham Palace, and we almost invariably set His Majesty down at the Privy Purse Entrance. This is in the front of the Palace, facing the Mall.

On this side there are two entrances, the Privy Purse on the right, and the Visitors' on the left, as you face the Palace. The three archways on this side lead, of course, to the Quadrangle, on the west side of which is the Grand Entrance, while what is known as the King's Entrance is on the north side. The latter His Majesty some-

times used, but not often. These are the only entrances from the Quadrangle. The Garden and Terrace Entrances I have mentioned before. These can be approached through lodge-gates leading out of the Forecourt at the north-east corner of the Palace, as well as by the Garden Gate. The Entrance on the south side of the building is used chiefly when levées are held, and has a drive of its own, leading from Buckingham Palace Road. 1907

One summer night we were bringing the King back from Pembroke Lodge, and, as we were coming down Hobart Place out of Eaton Square, the police on duty at the Garden Gate caught sight of the car coming and opened the gates. Accordingly we came in this way and took His Majesty to the Garden Entrance. There I got down and rang the bell. No one came, and I rang a second time. Then the Equerry got out of the car and rang. After that we began to hammer on the door, and meanwhile His Majesty left the car and stood on the steps watching us. At last we heard somebody coming, and a moment later the page on duty opened the door.

"Why is there nobody here?" said the King.

The page said he was very sorry, but that they had been expecting His Majesty to alight at the Privy Purse Entrance, and had been there awaiting him.

The pages at the Palace are not boys. A royal servant may rise from being a footman to the degree of a sergeant-footman, and the pages are chosen from these.

On occasions such as this, when His Majesty was late, the servants only would await his coming, but at other times certain of the lords and gentlemen-in-waiting always came to the Entrance to receive the King. No one ever knew before-

1907 hand to which door he was coming. Almost invariably His Majesty would tell me to which Entrance to take him, just as we were nearing the Palace, and if he omitted to tell me, he always liked me to ask him, and I never failed to do so. Often, when we have been at Newmarket or elsewhere, I have received telegrams from the Palace, asking me at which door the King would alight on his return, but again and again I have had to reply that I could not possibly say, for it was usually impossible to ask him so long beforehand; and though I have been able to do so once or twice, the opportunity very seldom presented itself. The consequence was that, just before our arrival, everyone on duty at the Palace was on the *qui vive* and ready to dash to any Entrance, the moment the signal was given by the police or by someone else who was on the look-out. If we came down Constitution Hill, the police would telephone through from the Arch, and if we came to the Garden Gate, they would do so from there; but of course we were at the Palace almost as soon as the message. If we entered the grounds by the Garden Gate, it was almost certain that we should set His Majesty down at the Garden Entrance. But if we entered the Forecourt from the Mall, it was by no means so certain that we should stop at the Privy Purse, for we might drive into the Quadrangle, or else into the garden by the lodge-gates. Under such circumstances chances had to be taken, and mistakes were bound to be made. Lords, gentlemen, and servants would perhaps assemble at the Privy Purse Entrance, only to see us sweep away to their left. Then there began a race between the servants and the car. The more sprightly would reach the Garden Entrance as we did, but the rest would come

harking after them and arrive just in time to see His Majesty alight. Often, as I have jumped down to open the door of the car, I have glanced into the hall to see the rout swinging round a corner out of the passage. Behind them came the lords and gentlemen, making what dignified haste they could, and sometimes they too had to run, if they were to be in time. 1907

When His Majesty alighted at the Garden Entrance, he passed straight through the hall into a lift, which took him to his apartments upon the first floor. It was an electric lift, which he manipulated himself if there was no gentleman with him. Often I have known him descend alone in the lift to the hall, where the Equerries were awaiting him.

In the first week in June the King and Queen of Denmark visited Their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. During their visit His Majesty took them down to Windsor for the day to see the Castle. In the first car were the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Denmark. Princess Victoria followed us, and behind her came two more cars bringing the suite. Luncheon was sent down from the Palace beforehand, as there was no kitchen staff to prepare it at Windsor.

On June 10th His Majesty ordered the Renault, and went for a drive in Hyde Park before dinner. We were out for about half an hour. The King was by himself in the car. This was unusual, for he always liked to have someone to talk to. Indeed, upon this occasion he talked to me nearly all the time, and for almost the whole of the drive I was kneeling on the front seat speaking with His Majesty through the window. All sorts of subjects he discussed, often asking me to express my opinion, and, whether I had

1907 a special knowledge of them or not, he liked me to say what I thought. I remember he asked me much about the Renault cabs, which had just been placed on the London streets, and generally as to the advent of the taxi, discussing its merits and drawbacks and the probable durability of the various makes of cars, as far as motor-cabs were concerned.

One day about this time His Majesty wished to pay a call a few miles out of London. He sent for me, told me where he wanted to go, and suggested I should map out the way for him. When we brought the car round to the door, one of the Equerries told me that the King would be unattended.

"You're going to take the King alone," he said. "You'll have him all to yourself. He is in your charge, and you are responsible. Take great care of him."

On June 29th His Majesty left for Nuneham Court, where he stayed for the week-end with Mr. Harcourt.

It was, I believe, during this visit to Nuneham that the King was told of an old man, yet alive, who had helped to ring the church bells on the day on which Queen Victoria was crowned. Now he dwelt in a cottage on the estate, but, although he was not bed-ridden, he was very feeble and could not go abroad. So to be prevented from setting eyes upon the King had greatly depressed the old fellow, which when His Majesty learned, he at once inquired as to the whereabouts of the cottage, and desired to be taken there next time he walked out. The King was as good as his word, and on the following day he visited the old man and spoke with him of the old days and of times when he was a boy.

One day early in July we brought His Majesty back from Newmarket to London. When we were about half way one of the hind tyres burst. I had noticed during the run that one of the brakes did not seem to be acting quite satisfactorily, so I thought I would take this opportunity of examining it. Accordingly I told the chauffeur to change the tyre while I proceeded to see what was wrong. The Equerry in attendance got out of the car, but His Majesty sat where he was, smoking and reading the paper. I opened the opposite door, and, without disturbing him, I was able to turn back the carpet and take up the footboards close to his feet. It was a tremendously hot day and we had come very fast, with the result that the engine was fearfully hot, and I could hardly hold my head anywhere near it. The heat that rose up from where the boards had been displaced was positively fierce, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I made the necessary adjustment. His Majesty was quite unconscious of what I was doing, and supposed me to be helping the chauffeur with the tyre, for I was completely hidden from him by the paper which he was reading and he had not heard me take up the boards. But, if he was unaware of what was going on, it was not long before the fiery fumes from the engine, so suddenly exposed, began to assert themselves. 1907

"By Jove," I heard His Majesty say. "By Jove, it's hot. I'd no idea it was so hot as this. You begin to feel it when you're not moving."

The Equerry, who was standing on the other side of the car and was equally ignorant of what I was doing, agreed that it was a warm day.

1907 "Warm?" said His Majesty. "Warm? By Jove."

I said nothing, and when I had finished what I had to do, I quietly replaced the footboards, and he never knew anything about it.

In July Their Majesties paid an official visit to Wales. At Bangor I met the King with the car, and we then brought him on a short tour by way of Capel Curig, Llanberis, and Carnarvon. At each of the little towns through which we passed His Majesty was to receive an address, but at one of them, at the critical moment, the local dignitaries discovered to their chagrin that they had left the address behind. When His Majesty arrived, the mayor, who was covered with confusion, could only apologise for its absence.

"That's quite all right. Never mind, never mind," said the King, with a smile. "You'll have it sent on, won't you?"

As we drove off again, I heard him say,

"How awkward for the poor man!"

Later in the afternoon His Majesty proceeded to Beaumaris, whither the Queen had preceded him.

This was the first official tour which His Majesty ever made in England by car.

A day or two later Their Majesties visited Ireland, but took no cars with them.

On their return the King and Queen paid an official visit to Cardiff. After lunching with the Marquess of Bute, they motored to Caerphilly Castle, and returned to Cardiff later in the afternoon. The place was swarming with people, and special barricades had been set up in the streets to control the crowds.

On July 18th we were bringing His Majesty

back to London from Newmarket, when the off hind tyre went. The King got out and stood in the road, smoking a cigar and watching us change the tyre. There were a great number of cars coming back from Newmarket that afternoon, and several times, as one was approaching, His Majesty cried, 1907

"Look out, Stamper. Don't get run over."

Among those who passed us were several of his friends. These, of course, slowed down when they saw us, and asked if they could be of any assistance, and some of them begged to be allowed to place their cars at the King's disposal. But each time His Majesty said,

"Oh no, thanks. We shall soon catch you up." After a few minutes' delay we resumed our journey.

Sometimes, when we were delayed by tyre trouble and the car was drawn up by the side of the road, strange motorists who were passing would slow down and ask if they could be of any service. In some cases it was clear that this solicitude was inspired by the recognition of His Majesty, but often enough it was out of pure courtesy and fellow-feeling that they pulled up, all unaware that it was the King. Of course the offers were never accepted. I would simply thank them and say that we were not in need of any assistance. If they had not realised who it was before they stopped, they almost always recognised His Majesty before they went on again, and it was very entertaining to witness the struggle between their good manners, which forbade them to stare, and their excited curiosity, which clamoured for gratification.

Next day I brought Their Majesties and Princess Victoria to Sandown Park. Just as we were

1907 entering the gates at Sandown, one of our hind tyres went. I told the chauffeur to take no notice, and we drove up to the royal stand as if nothing had happened. Whilst we were there we changed the tyre, and the King never knew anything about it. I do not remember another occasion when a tyre burst and His Majesty did not notice it. As a rule he would cry,

"Another tyre, Stamper."

On July 21st Their Majesties, who were paying a visit to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood Park, Calne, drove over, accompanied by their host and Lady Dudley, to Weston Birt, Tetbury, the residence of Colonel Holford. On the way we were overtaken by a terrible thunderstorm, which broke just over our heads. The noise was deafening and the lightning dreadful to see. It was all round the car, and we could see it running along the road in front of us. Her Majesty was very much upset, and cried out with fear, but the King did all he could to reassure her, saying,

"It's quite all right. Don't be afraid."

All the time the rain was coming down in sheets, and His Majesty insisted on our stopping and putting on our mackintoshes. When we arrived at Weston Birt, we found that a great tree had been struck and had fallen close to the entrance gates.

One Saturday at the end of the month His Majesty travelled to Newbury. This was the first and, I believe, the only time His Majesty attended the Newbury races. A jockey, I remember, was thrown. The King saw the accident happen and was very concerned. He at once sent to see if the boy was seriously injured, and the last thing he did before leaving was to make further inquiries about him.

From Newbury we brought His Majesty to Taplow Court, Lord Desborough's place at Maidenhead, where he stayed for the week-end. On Sunday he spent some hours on the river. The following morning the King returned to London by road. An hour or two after our arrival at the Palace I left again for Goodwood, where I arrived in time to meet him at Drayton station the same evening. He attended the races every day, but this was the first year that he used the car to bring him to the course. Hitherto he had always driven from Goodwood House in a carriage in state with postilions and outriders. The carriages and the horses and grooms all used to be sent down from the Palace for the occasion. 1907

After Goodwood came Cowes, and on August 9th I started for Marienbad, as before accompanied only by the chauffeur. The car was terribly dirty when we arrived, and, mindful of what had happened the year before, I did not leave the garage until the cleaners had set to work and what I saw had satisfied me that they knew their business.

It was not easy to forget the lesson of 1906. The car we took then to Marienbad was a brand new Mercédès. When we arrived, I told the people at the garage that I must have a good, careful cleaner provided. They protested that they knew the very man, and sent for him forthwith. Presently the fellow appeared. I showed him the car and told him to wash it very carefully, and to put a few drops of paraffin in the water he used, but on no account to put any of the oil on the car itself. He promised faithfully to do as I told him, and assured me that he already looked upon the car as the apple of his eye. I went away to the hotel. After dinner I returned

1907 comfortably to the garage to see how he had done his work. I found the car smothered in paraffin from top to bottom. Not a square inch had escaped. All the lustre had gone, and the car looked dull and lifeless. Those whom my ejaculations of dismay did not bring upon the scene, came running in answer to my cries of anger. Of these the cleaner was not one. Neither could he be found when searched for. Balked of my lawful prey, I turned upon those who had commended him to me. Never was there such a scene. Heaven was called to witness, hair was torn out, breasts were beaten, hideous threatenings were breathed forth. And all the time there was the brand new car looking flat and altogether 'impossible.'

Even if there had been a coachbuilder in Marienbad to do it, the idea of having the body revarnished was out of the question, as His Majesty was due to arrive five days later. For the same reason it was too late to send for another car. There was nothing to be done but to polish the car ourselves, so I mixed some polish that night and the next morning the chauffeur and I set to work. It took us about a day and a half, but we were able to meet the King, when he arrived at the station, with the car looking almost as well as it did when it left London. I never saw the cleaner again, but I afterwards learned that he knew nothing whatever about cars, but was really a greengrocer.

All the King's cars were painted the same colour. This was a rich claret. It was a distinctive shade and very difficult to match. I have seldom seen any other car of exactly the same hue. They were all trimmed with plain blue morocco, and there was no decoration of any kind.

For the sake of convenience they were fitted with electric light inside, but this the King seldom used, and if I had turned it on, he always switched it off as soon as he had entered the car. 1907

His Majesty invariably sat in the same place when he went out for a drive. This was the off-side corner, and I have never known him occupy any other seat in any car. There was plenty of room in the cars, which were always built to seat two at the back, with two auxiliary folding seats. At one time the extra seats took the form of two revolving arm-chairs. These, however, proved so awkward and cumbersome, that by His Majesty's orders I had them removed soon after I entered his service, and the folding seats were fitted in their stead.

One day the King said to me,

"There ought to be one or two things in the car, such as a brush."

Accordingly, I designed a companion to hold hat, clothes, and hair brushes, a looking-glass, a note-book, smelling salts, and one or two other things. Each car was fitted with a tray to hold this companion, and it was transferred from car to car as His Majesty used them in turn. On one of his birthdays the King was presented with a silver-plated 'first aid' case, to be carried in the car. It was wonderfully compact, and contained everything imaginable in the way of scissors, bandages, lint, etc., to say nothing of a little sealed flask of brandy. It was originally in a red leather case, but when this began to show signs of wear, I had a small blue footstool made, into which it exactly fitted.

A day or two after his arrival at Marienbad, His Majesty arranged to motor to Karlsbad for lunch. The road which we had taken on this

1907 trip the year before enters the town at a very busy quarter, where the streets are unusually narrow and the traffic is very heavy, especially at this time of year. Accordingly, before we left the Weimar, Sir Stanley Clarke told me that he had heard of another way into Karlsbad, and that I had better look this out on the map. I found that there was a turning to the left, leaving the main road a few miles this side of the town, and that, if we took this road, we should enter Karlsbad from another side.

When we had started, Sir Stanley Clarke asked me where we should turn off, and when I told him, he asked for the map that he might see the road for himself. Presently he gave it back to me, but he did not seem altogether satisfied that the turning I indicated was the one of which he had been told, and by and by he asked for the map again. Several times it passed to and fro between us, but the last time that I gave it to him, I did so with some reluctance, as I was sure that my turning could not be far off, and I did not want to make any mistake. However, there was nothing else to be done, so I handed it over. He was still poring over its sections, when we came to a turning on the left hand side of the road. I was afraid to take it, in case it was not the one we wanted, but I was equally afraid to go on, lest it should turn out after all to be right and we should have to retrace our steps. There was no sign-post, but I risked it and told the chauffeur to turn to the left. Then I asked for the map, for I felt I must know one way or the other. From the way in which I asked for the map the moment after we had taken the turning, His Majesty must have thought I was rather uneasy, for he said almost at once,

"You're wrong, Stamper. I'm sure you're wrong. You'll land me in a farmyard." 1907

He was right. I was wrong, as the map showed me a moment later. Frantically I looked to see if we could get on and round without turning back. To my relief there was a road marked, which would eventually bring us into that which we ought to have taken, but it was a by-road, which looked suspicious. Still, anything was better than turning back. All the time there was the other road marked as plainly as possible.

The surface began to get worse, and we came to a steep hill. As we began to climb,

"You're wrong," said the King. "You'll land me in a farmyard, I know you will."

"I don't think so, Your Majesty," I said, rather half-heartedly, but pinning my faith to the way out which the map showed. On we went, uphill all the way, with the road getting steeper and steeper every minute. The chauffeur was forced to come down to his first speed, and all the time His Majesty kept crying,

"You're wrong. You're wrong. I know you're wrong."

It was a terrible business. The King was getting very angry and the road was awful. Suddenly I saw some cottages standing a little farther up the hill, and, before we turned a corner, I caught sight of a man looking out of one of their windows. The next moment the car ground round the bend, and there, right in front of us, lay a tiny Austrian village. Its solitary street was little better than a farmyard. There were no pavements and there was no made road. Indeed, it was nothing more than an open space, which for the sake of convenience separated the two straggling rows of cottages from one another,

1907 Here and there lay heaps of refuse, while chickens wandered at will from side to side and an empty wagon stood on the crest of the hill above us. Over all there hung the strong smell of the farmyard. The place seemed deserted, and, except for the chickens strutting and scuffling in the hot sun, there was no sign of life. This was too much, and His Majesty was simply furious.

"I said you'd land me in a farmyard," he cried. "I said you would."

I told the chauffeur to stop, and myself jumped down and ran round to the back of the nearest cottage, to find the man I had seen looking out of a window, for, although according to the map, if we passed through the village, we should eventually descend into the road we ought to have taken, I did not like the look of things, and thought I had better see what the fellow said. I was gone two or three minutes, and this made His Majesty more angry than ever. He must have noticed the man when I did, for while I was away he cried to the chauffeur,

"Where has the fool gone? He thinks he can speak German, but he can't speak a word. Why doesn't he bring the man to me? Go and fetch him."

"I daren't leave the car, Your Majesty," said the chauffeur, for it was standing at a nasty angle on the crest of the hill.

"Never mind the car. Go and fetch him I tell you."

"I daren't, Your Majesty. It's not safe."

"Do you refuse to do as I tell you?" roared the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty. I daren't leave the car."

At that moment the King caught sight of Superintendent Quin, who had been following us in

another car with one of the Chiefs of the Austrian Police, standing behind the empty wagon, and I returned, to hear him crying, 1907

"What's the use of hiding behind that cart there? Why don't you come out and help?"

Then he saw me coming.

"Well, what are we going to do?" he demanded.

It was already past the hour at which he had intended to lunch at Karlsbad, and, to make matters worse, there was, I knew, to be a luncheon-party, and several people had been invited. Consequently, I knew my report would upset His Majesty more than ever, but there was nothing else to be done but to tell him that I had found out that we had better go back. At this His Majesty's wrath knew no bounds, and he began to upbraid me fiercely,

"You're always going wrong," he thundered. "You're always going wrong. Everybody else can get to Karlsbad in fifty minutes, but I—I can't get there under two hours."

I have never seen his Majesty so moved as he was that day. However, when we had turned round and I had once more taken my seat on the car, Sir Stanley Clarke said that it was not my fault, and very generously took the whole of the blame, because, he said, he had taken away the map. As quickly as possible we regained the main road, and, presently taking the turning which I had always had in my mind, we ran into Karlsbad half an hour later.[1]

His Majesty was often quick to show his displeasure, and at times he would fall into a great passion. But, as I have said, it was wonderful how soon and suddenly his anger would pass. It passed clean away always, leaving never a trace

[1] See page 209.

1907 of resentment behind it. Surly or sullen he never was—his nature was far too handsome. And all the time I was with him, I never saw the King lose his temper with any but those who knew him and whom he knew well. Though inwardly he might be chafing at some rank carelessness or neglect, yet, if the delinquent was not of those about him, His Majesty would wholly curb his anger, and while we who knew him were well aware that he was furious, it was more because we knew the misconduct to be peculiarly such as must rile him, than because we could discern any sign of asperity.

Every time he stayed at Marienbad the King used to arrange for the hire of a victoria and a pair of beautiful black horses. This carriage he always used when he was dining out, unless the house at which he was dining was some distance from the hotel. He invariably drove in it to church and to the theatre. The coachman was immensely proud of driving the King, and at the end of each visit His Majesty presented him with a medal or some other token to show his appreciation of the way he had been driven and of the smart appearance of the carriage and pair. The man's delight at this recognition of his efforts was almost pathetic, and when he was given his medal, he nearly burst into tears.

There were some very fine horses in Marienbad. Dr. Ott, the physician attending His Majesty, had some beautiful animals, and so had the British Ambassador, Sir William Goschen. I have often heard the King remark upon them and say how handsome they were. They looked all the finer, because they were driven without collars and their tails were kept long. Instead of the collars, were used breast-straps, while the coachmen always

applied their brakes for the slightest descent of any kind. 1907

I think it was one day during this visit that we took His Majesty to Bischofteinitz. We had none too much time, and, as we were going down a steep hill, we came upon two wagons laden with timber. These were on their way up the hill, and the wagoners had pulled the horses across the road to give them a rest half way up. As it was, there was no room for us to get by, so I got off the car and asked the men to move their horses out of the way, so that we could pass. They replied that we could wait until they were ready to go on. When I told His Majesty what they said, he cried,

"Go and get hold of their heads, Stamper."

This I proceeded to do, but the carters guessed my intention, and threatened to knock me down if I laid hands on their horses. When I got back to the car, the King turned to one of the Equerries.

"You go and get hold of them," he said.

Hearing that they had threatened me with violence if I touched their animals, the Equerry alighted with some reluctance. Finding that they meant what they had said, he elected to argue the point with the men, but it was no good, and we had to wait another minute or two, until the fellows chose to get the horses moving again and so make room for us to go on our way.

During this visit to Marienbad His Majesty went several times to the golf-course. He did not play himself, but he gave a cup to be played for, and on one occasion he presented the prizes which had been won. It was he, I believe, who suggested that a croquet lawn should be laid out close to the clubhouse. When he came to Marienbad the following year, the croquet lawn had been made, and His Majesty was asked to declare it

1907 open. This he did, and we often brought him there in the afternoon, so that he might play croquet upon it.

During this visit M. Clemenceau, who was staying at Karlsbad, motored over to Marienbad one morning and lunched with the King. Another day His Majesty invited Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Herbert (then Mr.) Tree, and Mr. Hawtrey to lunch with him. One evening a dinner-party was given at the Kurhaus in the King's honour, and afterwards Miss Maud Allan danced before the company.

One year at Rufford Abbey Harry Lauder sang before His Majesty. The whole of the house-party and some of the staff were present at the entertainment, which was given after dinner in the refectory. The King was much amused at the comedian and laughed a great deal.

One evening during this His Majesty's visit to Marienbad he was so kind as to take seats for one or two of the staff and myself at the theatre. He went himself the same evening. The next day I was sitting on a seat opposite the hotel, when I saw His Majesty come down the steps and cross the road in my direction. As soon as he saw me, he came up to where I was standing.

"Put your hat on, Stamper; put your hat on," he said. Then, "Did you like the play last night?"

"Very much indeed, Your Majesty."

"Yes, I thought you would, because you would understand it. It was really very good, very funny."

He laughed at the recollection of some jest, nodded to me and passed on down to the wells.

As I have said, the King had a keen sense of humour.

His Majesty was once witnessing a certain

manœuvre—I believe it was the berthing of a large ship. The circumstances were such that the operation presented great difficulty. Fine seamanship, however, prevailed, and the manœuvre was carried out with complete success. His Majesty fully appreciated the skill shown by the officer in command, and, turning to those about him, 1907

"That was good," he said. "I'll make him M.V.O."

"Serve him right, Sir," said one who was standing by His Majesty's side. The King wheeled on the speaker, looked at him for a moment, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

His Majesty was a great smoker. As a matter of fact I think he smoked rather less at Marienbad than elsewhere. Probably this was by the advice of Dr. Ott. He nearly always smoked cigars. Occasionally he would smoke a cigarette. In his case he always carried cigars of two or three different brands. These he selected in the morning from a box of the kind used in clubs, divided into several compartments and fitted with a glass lid. I have seen him day after day with a cigar hardly ever out of his mouth. In the car he smoked all the time, and after one of our runs from London to Newmarket the ash-tray attached to the car by his side was nearly always full.

His Majesty would often ask me for a match, and many a time I have lighted his cigar. Once, I remember, when he had taken his seat in the car and I was putting the rug about his knees, I knocked his cigar against his hand.

"Be careful, Stamper," he cried. "You've burned me."

A few days later we brought His Majesty to

1907 Tepl to see the Abbot. On the road we passed a sign-post pointing in the direction in which we were going. 'Nach Neumarkt' was its superscription. The King saw it too, and cried to me,

"We shall soon be in Newmarket, Stamper. I hope we shall be in time for the first race."

As I have said, three days a week came the King's Messenger to Marienbad, and when he left again for London, as often as not the King's car took him to the station. On September 2nd he left in the afternoon, and the car had hardly got back to the Weimar when it was discovered that a most important letter, that should have been handed to him, had been forgotten. Down came word from His Majesty that the car must at all costs catch the train at Eger, which lies twenty miles away from Marienbad, and where it was sure to stop. The letter was given to a footman, who jumped on the car with the chauffeur, and the next minute they were tearing out of Marienbad and into the open country at a pace which was terrible to see. It was touch and go. At first luck was with them as they flew along, for they had a clear road, but just as they reached the outskirts of Eger they were brought to a standstill. So far they had beaten the train, but here the road was blocked by the gates of a level crossing, which were closed for the passage of the very train they had to catch. It was hopeless to try and get the railway men to open them, and, as the station was still some distance away by road, they dared not wait till the train had gone by. So the footman jumped down with the letter, stepped on to the metals and ran along the line towards the station as hard as ever he could. It was a run of half a

mile, but he just got there in time to deliver the letter into the Messenger's hands. 1907

Early in September His Majesty left Marienbad and returned to England. When we set him down at the Weimar on his return from the last run, he turned and spoke to me.

"So you start back to-morrow?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"What time will you get off?"

"Six o'clock in the morning, Your Majesty."

"I suppose you will go on all day, sleep for a few hours, and then go on again till you get to Antwerp."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The King then asked me several questions about the arrangements which had been made for shipping the car.

"Well," he said at last, "I shall expect to see you at Rufford Abbey, and I hope you'll have a good trip."

As I had said, we left Marienbad at six the following morning, and when night fell we were at Coblenz, four hundred miles away. Except to fill up the tank with petrol, we did not stop once, but ate our breakfast, lunch, and tea on the car as we went along. The chauffeur and I took it in turns to drive, and changed seats every now and again without stopping. From Coblenz we came to Antwerp and so to Flushing, where we got the car on board, and a few hours later we were in London. Next day we met His Majesty at Rufford Abbey. There he stayed as usual for the Doncaster Week before going on to Tulchan Lodge.

At Rufford Abbey there is a fine Italian garden and a great variety of rare and beautiful flowers. In these the King took great pleasure, and I have

1907 seen him strolling about there quite early in the morning, with Cæsar at his heels, looking at the various beds and stopping now and again to examine a fine specimen. Indeed, wherever he stayed, he would always walk through the gardens, though it were winter time, and if there were any green-houses, he never failed to visit them.

Of flowers His Majesty was very fond, and he took a keen interest in horticulture generally. In this he was learned, and both at the Palace and at Windsor, Balmoral, and, of course, Sandringham, he paid much personal attention to the upkeep and improvement of the grounds and gardens. Often I have seen him walking in the garden at Buckingham Palace, inspecting the flowers, or arranging for such and such a tree to be transplanted. Immediately in front of the Garden Entrance, and between the drive which leads from the Forecourt and the wall which runs by the side of Constitution Hill, there is a lawn with flower-beds set in it. This piece of the garden the King especially cherished, perhaps because it lay before the Entrance he used so much, and close to his own apartments. Often in the summer time, when the car has been ordered to come to this door, we have driven round from the Mews to find His Majesty sitting there, smoking, under the trees on the lawn.

As most people know, the King took a great interest in the improvements which were carried out in the Mall during his reign, and in the making and arrangement of the flower-beds there planted. While the Memorial to Queen Victoria was being built, sometimes he used to walk out of the Palace and stroll round the monument to see how the work was progressing. This he would

do perhaps a little before ten in the morning, 1907
when there were not many people about.

Every year during His Majesty's stay at Tulchan Lodge, goods were one day brought to the house from a weaver's in Grantown. They were displayed in the billiard-room, and when all was ready, the King, with his host and hostess and the other members of the house-party, came and examined them. All manner of stuffs were there —tartans and tweeds and homespuns, while rugs and shawls and stockings, ready made, were set out by their side. The King always made several purchases. Some things he bought for himself, but most of the goods he selected he gave as presents—some to his hostess and those staying at Tulchan, and others to other of his friends, as well as to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family.

A like little exhibition was held at Glenquoich in 1905, and in the same way Scotch goods were brought to the Castle every year, when the King was at Balmoral.

On September 18th His Majesty motored from Tulchan to Loch an Eilein, some fifty odd miles away. There he had lunch, and in the afternoon we drove back to Tulchan by way of Abernethy Forest. On the return journey both our back tyres burst one after another. However, we were not far from Tulchan when the second one went, and we managed to patch it up sufficiently well to carry us home.

Mr. Sassoon always gave a brace of grouse to each one of his guests' servants, and anyone who liked to send a hare to their friends was allowed to do so. One Sunday morning at Tulchan I was in the garden at the back of the house close to the game-larder, when I saw His

1907 Majesty approaching alone. Suddenly he noticed a row of hares laid out on the grass, each with a label attached and ready to be sent away. He stood looking at them for a moment. Then he went up and began to read the labels, turning them over with the point of his stick and smiling as he came upon names which he recognised.

From Tulchan, as before, we brought His Majesty to Balmoral by road. On the way we had just passed Ballindalloch Castle, where we had stopped the year before, when a great brood-mare came suddenly out of a gateway and lumbered down the road in front of us. The chauffeur endeavoured to pass by edging her to the side of the way, but she only galloped the faster, refusing to budge from the crown of the road. I told the chauffeur to slow down and was wondering what to do, when the King said,

"I think we'd better stop, Stamper. We might injure her; and besides, it's taking her such a long way from her home. See if you can get hold of her, so that we can get by."

When we stopped, the mare stopped too and turned round to survey us. As usual, I had the map in one hand and the horn in the other. The latter I laid hurriedly down, intending to stuff the former into my pocket as I approached the great animal, but it would not go in easily and I reached my suspecting quarry with it still in my left hand. She was breathing hard and looked ready for anything, but with a little coaxing she let me take hold of her forelock and lead her to the side of the road. By reason of her great size and my small stature, I could only just reach the top of her head, but I turned as well as I could and beckoned to the chauffeur to bring on the car.

The moment he let in the clutch, however, my 1907
victim started and pricked up her ears. The next second, with a snort that shook the map out of my hand, she plunged forward, but, finding that I still hung on to her head, she reared upright. The first time that she did so I soared with her into the air, but when she made ready to repeat the performance, I relinquished my hold, and a moment later she had resumed her old place on the crown of the road. I returned to the car to find His Majesty quite weak with laughter, which with the assistance of my 'famous performing mare' I had evoked. I told him that I thought the only thing to do was for us to make a dash for it. To this he assented, and when the mare found the car actually by her side, she made for the bank and we left her behind.

Where animals were concerned His Majesty was always most considerate. If a horse showed signs of alarm at the approach of the car, he always cried to us to slow down. Sometimes near Newmarket we would come upon race-horses returning from exercise. Directly he saw them he would call to me to 'go very slowly,' and if any one animal became at all restive, he would say instantly,

"You had better stop."

Flocks of sheep and herds of bullocks and cows we often encountered. These, of course, we would pass very slowly, but His Majesty always called to us to take care.

"Go very carefully, Stamper," he would cry. "Don't hurt any of them."

Before we came to Dufftown we stopped at Aberlour. The Orphanage there lies on the main road, and the King had promised to stop there as he went by. Canon Jupp, the founder of the

1907 Institution, was presented to him as he sat in the car, and the children sang a verse of the National Anthem. After this His Majesty drove about the buildings before resuming his journey.

From Aberlour we passed on through Dufftown and up into the mountains. We stopped for lunch at the same spot at which we had lunched the year before, high up on the moors. Mindful of Cæsar's exploit, when Mr. Hiley had made bold to give chase over the treacherous ground, the King bade me tie Cæsar to the rough wire fence before I did anything else. Just as we were finishing lunch, along came the same old man that we had met at the very same spot the previous year. He was very pleased to see His Majesty again, for he had found out that it was the King who had offered him lunch the year before. One of the Equerries poured him out some whisky, and he drank His Majesty's health, and when the King asked him if he would have some chicken, he accepted it readily.

I think it was this year that one afternoon His Majesty was just leaving the Castle on the way to a shoot, when a Minister came rushing down the steps with a paper in his hand. The car was just moving, but I told the chauffeur to stop, and the Minister came up to the car and asked His Majesty if he would sign the document. The King was very angry and cried,

"Haven't I worked hard enough? Can't I even go out for a few hours' fresh air, but you must come after me with papers for me to sign?"

His Majesty would not sign the document, saying that it must wait until he got back.

The cars had been running very well for a long time now and giving no trouble whatever. I was thus more available than usual, and of late I had

had the honour to attend quite a lot upon the King in various ways. Consequently he came gradually to look upon me in the light of a personal attendant quite as much as his motor expert. This was brought home to me one day at Balmoral, when the valet had sent down a heavier coat than His Majesty wished to wear. 1907

"Stamper," he said, "you ought to know that this is the wrong coat. You should have sent it back and told them to bring a lighter one."

I said I was very sorry, but that I had never given the matter a thought, assuming that he had told the valet what coat he wished to wear.

"You must see," he said, "that they bring out coats and rugs in keeping with the weather."

In future I always did so.

His Majesty always refused—indeed, he never needed—any assistance to enter the car, but when he was alighting, he always expected me to be there, and for a long time now I had always assisted him out. The assistance was slight, or he would not have liked it. Yet he came to depend on it, and though it was not very noticeable, I know it was of value. As His Majesty left the car, I would face it by the side of the door. As he stepped down, he would drop his fore-arm into my hand, where it rested till he was on the ground. In this way he was able to leave any car, however high from the ground, much more boldly than anyone else, which was just what he liked, for he hated to have to remember his years and be careful accordingly.

Once, I remember, I stood at the door with my left foot thrown too far forward, and His Majesty came down heavily on to my instep. It was my own fault, but the King turned to me instantly and spoke most kindly before everyone.

1907 "Oh, I am sorry, Stamper. I hope I didn't hurt you much."

"No, no, thank you, Your Majesty."

"I'm afraid I must have. I am sorry."

That was always his way. If ever I slipped on the wet rubber of the foot-board, he would immediately cry,

"Have you hurt yourself, Stamper?"

If I told him "No," he would say,

"That's all right."

But if I said, as sometimes,

"Not very much, Your Majesty, thank you," he would nearly always remember and ask me at the end of the run how I was and whether the pain was gone.

Amongst other visitors to the Castle both Lord Rosebery and Dr. Nansen had the honour of staying with His Majesty at Balmoral this year.

After leaving Scotland the King spent a few days at Newmarket, as was his custom in October. During these visits, although he stayed at the Jockey Club Rooms, he nearly always dined abroad. One night he would dine with Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, another with Lord Wolverton, and another with Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks. Sir Daniel Cooper, too, at Warren Tower, often entertained the King. In the summer time His Majesty would sometimes drive to one of these gentlemen's houses direct from the Course.

Upon one such occasion I remember taking him straight to Moulton Paddocks, whither he had been preceded by his valet with a change of clothes, as the King was intending to play croquet during the afternoon. I had hardly got back to the garage when there was a furious ring at the telephone. I picked up the receiver to hear the

valet frantically asking me to get the King's shoes and bring them up in the car. He explained that they were wanted for croquet, and that by accident he had brought up the right of one pair and the left of another. They were both white shoes, but only one had a rubber sole. I ran to His Majesty's suite at the Jockey Club Rooms, and told the sergeant-footman what was the matter. A few minutes later I was on the way to Moulton Paddocks with the fellows in my hand. 1907

The sergeant-footman, whose name was Hawkins, was always in attendance upon the King. For years he waited upon the King both at home and abroad, and when His Majesty was paying visits or travelling from one place to another, the King's personal baggage was always in his care.

As often as not, when His Majesty dined out at Newmarket, more particularly when he dined at Palace House with Mr. Rothschild, people would gather to watch his arrival, and again to see him depart later on in the evening. One evening in July, although he did not leave till past midnight, an unusually large crowd had collected, and I remember that, as he came down the steps, he laughed and turned to his host saying,

"Quite a private visit, I see. Quite a private visit."

After a while so very many people used to come, and the crowds began to grow so large, that the police felt some steps must be taken in the matter. Consequently the Chief Constable would sometimes station men outside Palace House on evenings when the King was not dining there at all. The first time that he did this, a large crowd gathered and waited expectantly outside Mr. Rothschild's, while all the time His Majesty was dining with Lord Wolverton. After

1907 this sort of thing had happened two or three times, people began to realise that, because a particular residence was policed, it did not follow that that was where the King was dining, and His Majesty was able to come and go without any undue attention.

One evening during this visit to Newmarket the King wished a note to be delivered to Lord Knollys at St. James's Palace as quickly as possible. The last up train had just left, so I sent two men with the note up to London on the second car. Unfortunately at Barnet they ran into a fog so dense that one of them had to walk with a lamp in front of the car nearly all the rest of the way, and they did not reach the Palace until a quarter-past one the next morning. Lord Knollys was awaked and His Majesty's note given to him.

One winter evening, I remember, when the King was in London, a dense fog came on with great rapidity. As Master of the Household, Lord Farquhar was at the Palace. When his duties for the day were over, his lordship made ready to repair to his home for the night, but, greatly mistrusting the fog and the facilities for digression and collision which it afforded, he declined to enter a taxi, and bade the servants summon a four-wheeler. Presently one stood creaking in the Forecourt. Lord Farquhar descended the steps.

"Can you find your way to Grosvenor Square?" he said to the driver.

"Grosvenor Square? Every time. Jump in, guv'nor."

"Not I," cried the Master of the Household. "You walk your horse there, and I'll walk behind you."

Swallowing the demurs his pride dictated, the

cabman, in some dudgeon, belaboured his horse into action, his lordship turned in behind the vehicle, and so, in this strange order of precedence, the three came surely, if slowly, through the dark streets to Grosvenor Square. 1907

On November 1st His Majesty returned to London and the following afternoon he left for Sandringham.

I had gone on in advance with the cars so as to be ready to meet him on his arrival, but I had left one chauffeur in Town to bring His Majesty to the station in the Renault. The man had been in the royal establishment for some time, but he had never driven the King before. His Majesty drove out to lunch and then straight to Liverpool Street, where the royal coach was attached to the ordinary train. As a rule, when the special was used, it went from St. Pancras, but if the King was going to travel by an ordinary train, he would usually go from Liverpool Street. The chauffeur was rather nervous at driving His Majesty for the first time, and exercised great caution as he passed through the streets, so that the King, who had a fine eye for distance and was a good judge of speed, cried more than once,

"Yes, yes, go on. You can get through there."

All the same, he was very pleased with the man, and as they reached the foot of the slope which leads to the departure platform, he said,

"You drove very well, very well ind—— *Now what's he doing?*"

The chauffeur had not been able to get the car round what is a very difficult turn, and was proceeding to reverse. From where he sat the King could not see the kerb, and cut short his commendation with a cry of disapproval of what he believed to be an unnecessary manœuvre. The next

1907 moment he saw what it was, and began to laugh to think that he had praised and protested in the same breath.

On His Majesty's birthday, as was usual, the Horse-shoe shoot was held. It was one of the most important shoots of the year, and the tenants of the estate and others were allowed to stand behind the various guns. The King of Spain, who was staying at Sandringham, made one of the shooting party, and I happened to be standing behind him. The weather was bitterly cold and at times snow was falling, but the corner was a hot one, and after a while the King of Spain took off his coat and flung it on the ground, saying,

"This is warm work."

For the rest of the afternoon he shot in his shirt-sleeves.

His Majesty (King Edward) was a fine shot and a thorough sportsman. Many a time, when the birds were coming over low and straight into the guns, I have heard him say, "Give the birds a chance. Give the birds a chance," and then seen him wait till they had risen and were past him before letting fly over his shoulder.

As everyone knows, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has always been one of the finest shots in England, and I have often stood behind him at a shoot and watched him at work. Frequently I have seen four birds come over all together, and watched him bring them down one at a time, two with one gun and two with another.

In all that I did with him or for him, The Prince of Wales treated me with great consideration. One of the fairest men I ever encountered, he used everyone well. On an offender he could come heavily down, but his nature was most forgiving. He corrected a fault when he saw it—and that was

when it was there—but with his correction the matter ended. Always rather reserved, he did not often talk very much, but the moment he began to discuss a question, it was clear that he knew his subject thoroughly. He was most observant. 1907

One day at Windsor, when His Royal Highness was shooting, he asked me a question as to one of his cars. To answer him properly, I could not avoid highly technical terms. These I was about to explain, when with a word he showed me that he had perfectly followed my meaning. He spoke with me for a long time, discussing in detail the construction of various chassis, and I was much astonished to find his technical knowledge so profound, while the rapidity with which he grasped points, most difficult even to express, greatly impressed me.

Everyone knows that the Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor to the Houses of Parliament. "I was down there the other night," I have heard him say many a time. He was patently very well read and thought much, seldom speaking on things of moment without reflection. All the same, he enjoyed a joke thoroughly, and at the Christmas revels at Sandringham he was always in great form.

The admiration he felt for His Majesty was plainly intense. To him he looked up, and by his judgment he set great store. His keen affection for the King was obvious, and he always treated him with the utmost veneration.

On November 11th we brought the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Spain to Wolferton station in the same car, *en route* for Windsor.

The next the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited His

1907 Majesty in State at Windsor Castle. Several times during their visit I took His Imperial Majesty out in the car, but beyond a word of thanks on my assisting him to alight he never spoke to me.

It was two years and a half before I saw him again. In May 1910 he came to England to be present at His Majesty's funeral. He stayed at the Palace, and I think it was the day after the ceremony that word came through to the garage that the Kaiser wished to drive down to Fulmer, Colonel Legge's residence close to Stoke Poges. I was told that His Imperial Majesty would appreciate the attention if I were to go with the car, so I took my accustomed place on the front seat for the last time. We went, I remember, by way of Bushey Park, for the chestnuts were in full bloom and Chestnut Sunday itself was at hand. When we returned to the Palace and had set His Imperial Majesty down, he turned to the chauffeur, shook hands with him and said how beautifully he had driven. Then he turned to me and said,

"This is one of the pleasantest drives I have ever had. What is the make of the car?"

I told him that it was a Mercédès—a German car. At this he seemed very surprised.

"Why," he said, "I haven't a car in the whole of my stud that rides so easily and travels so quietly. Now why is that?"

I mentioned one or two special points about the car he had just left, and explained one or two details, adding how vital it was for the body to be properly put upon the chassis. At that he called his Ober-Hofmarschall (equivalent, I believe, to our Master of the Horse), and told him to make a note of what I said.

"But surely this is a gear-driven car?" said the Kaiser. 1907

"No, Your Imperial Majesty," said I. "It is driven by chains," and I showed him the chain-cases.

"Well," he said, "it is astonishing. I have several chain-driven cars and I cannot hear myself speak in them."

With that he thanked me very much for the drive and walked into the Palace.

Just before he left Windsor, after the visit of the King of Greece in 1905, His Majesty was so unfortunate as to put his foot into a rabbit-hole and strain the tendon Achilles very badly. Painful and inconvenient for him as this proved, he made as light of it as possible. He allowed it to interfere with nothing, if he could possibly help it. He shot just the same at Sandringham, but as the doctors would not allow him to put the injured foot to the ground, he drove from the car in a pony-carriage to where he would ordinarily have stood. The pony was then unharnessed and taken away, and the King shot all the time from where he was sitting. I remember helping him out of the car a day or two after the accident.

"It's very awkward now, Stamper," he said, "and you will have to help me as much as possible."

It was a long time before the tendon had completely recovered. He used to come out of the house on the arm of an Equerry, and I used to assist him to enter the car. It was difficult for him to rise from his seat at the end of the journey, and for weeks I always got right into the car to help him up. It was not until we were at Biarritz in the following spring that he began to stroll a little, to accustom his foot to bearing his weight again. That was some months from the time of the acci-

1907 dent. For all this he never wore anything but his ordinary boots, and never once appeared with his foot visibly bandaged or slippered.

His Majesty was always very particular about his dress. I seldom saw him in a new suit, but his clothes were, of course, beautifully kept and he was always smart and what is called 'well turned out.' Indeed, his whole appearance was always faultless. He was getting grey, of course, but he was never an old man. Motor-goggles were the only glasses he ever wore—spectacles or pince-nez never. 'His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.' There was a wonderful vitality and spring about him, which fitted exactly his keen intellect and the swift charm that was his, and which seemed to declare that energy and force of character which so distinguished him.

I cannot agree with Sir Sidney Lee's statement that His Majesty's 'movements were slow.'[1] I am not clear as to whether the learned biographer means that the King's movements were slow generally, or that they were slow only when he was shooting. But I have been with His Majesty in the shooting-field, and, comparatively, he moved no more slowly there than anywhere else. The King was sprightly—noticeably so. His walk was never leisurely, unless he was out for a stroll pure and simple. If he had a destination of any kind, his pace was invariably brisk. He entered and left the house swiftly, and he was in and out of the car or a train in a moment. All his movements were smart, and all he did he did quickly. He spoke rapidly, ate very fast, thought apace. He even smoked hard. Speed was of the essence of his nature. Moreover he expected it of others,

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography* (Second Supplement), vol. i., p. 604.

and, as I have said elsewhere, of tardiness under any circumstances he was impatient. His physical energy was on a par with the activity of his mind, though it was sometimes apparent to those who knew him, that it was only by sheer force of will that the one sustained the pace which the other set. 1907

At the end of the month Their Majesties returned to Sandringham, where Her Majesty's birthday was celebrated on December 1st.

All the clocks at Sandringham were always kept half an hour ahead of Greenwich time by His Majesty's orders. The King deplored the way in which the first hours of daylight are wasted, and in the last two years of his life he caused the same rule to be observed at Windsor and Balmoral. It was a little confusing at first, especially when we had to leave at two-thirty to catch the two-fifteen at Wolferton station, but I very soon became accustomed to make my reckonings mechanically, and the idea was obviously most wise and beneficial.

Every year at Sandringham, Christmas was kept in the traditional way. In the ballroom a great Christmas-tree was set up, on which hung a present for everyone at the House. Each of the presents was numbered, and a ticket was given to everybody, from His Majesty downwards. When the evening came, we were all summoned and the distribution began. Round the foot of the tree ran a large counter, behind which stood Their Majesties and all the members of the Royal Family then at Sandringham. At this counter Equerries, staff, and tenants alike presented their tickets and received their presents in exchange. The King used to throw himself into it and take the tickets and find and hand over the presents

1907 right and left, while Her Majesty delighted in flinging packets of sweets and crackers. One year she was persuaded to put on a pair of distorting glasses, with the result that every packet that left her hand went in a direction different from that she intended, which made Her Majesty and everyone else shriek with laughter.

1908

On New Year's Day the car was ordered to take His Majesty for a run. There had been a fall of snow overnight and it was freezing hard. When we came round to the front door, Prince Edward and his brothers and Princess Mary were playing hockey on the snow-covered lawn, and Princess Victoria, Princess Alexander of Teck, Lord Farquhar, Lord Charles Beresford, and an Equerry were playing with them. Whilst we were there, Her Majesty came out to watch the game.

Next day we brought His Majesty and the Marquis de Soveral to Elveden Hall, where the King spent a few days as the guest of Lord Iveagh. At Swaffham and Brandon the villagers turned out to watch us go by, and His Majesty told us to drive very slowly, as he knew they wanted to see him. Lord Iveagh had arranged for a torch-light procession to welcome the King, but unfortunately they were not able to telegraph quickly enough from Brandon to say we were coming, and we entered the grounds to find all the torch-bearers standing about, waiting for the order to light up. However, as we passed up the drive, a great bonfire was lighted, and the torch-bearers formed a procession in our wake.

A week later His Majesty left for London. We were ordered to bring him as far as Cambridge by road, where the special was awaiting him. I was ready to start in plenty of time, but he did not

1908 appear. After a while I began to get anxious, and was just thinking of sending word to the Equerry, when the latter came down the steps.

"Getting anxious, Stamper?"

I said I was.

"Well, I can't get the King out. I've tried all I can, but he simply won't come."

The car had simply been ordered to catch the special, and not at any particular time, or His Majesty would have been there to the minute. But the King always knew how fine he could run it and he was always right. A few minutes later out he came, and we started.

Next week he returned from Town to Sandringham. I went with him to St. Pancras, where I boarded the special and travelled with him to Wolferton. There I took my seat on the front of the car that came to meet him, and drove to Sandringham. And as a rule, ever afterwards, when the King travelled by train from one place to another, the same practice was followed. Before he left, I would arrange for a car to be ready to meet him at the other end, drive with him to the station, board the special with the companion under one arm and the horn under the other, and drive with him from the station at the end of the journey. Meanwhile the car we had left would either return to the Palace or follow by road. On occasions such as this, when the special steamed in at the end of its journey, I had to be quick if I was to get to the car before His Majesty, for he was always out of the train in a moment. Often I have barely had time to slip the companion into its tray before he was at the door of the car. Sometimes the railway officials would try and stop me, as I dashed out of the station, and would tell me to wait for the King.

On January 18th we brought His Majesty, 1908
who was accompanied by Sir Schomberg McDonnell and Mr. Montague Guest, to Holkham Hall to see the old Earl of Leicester. Though the King had intended to come back to Sandringham for luncheon, he did not do so, but lunched at Holkham instead.

On January 23rd we took His Majesty, who was now at Windsor, and the Prince of Wales to shoot at Hall Barn, Beaconsfield, the residence of Lord Burnham. Mr. Harry Lawson, who made one of the party, was very anxious for His Majesty to try his new Itala car, and persuaded the King to let him drive him from one shoot to another. Unfortunately, as they were going through a farmyard, the wheels sank into the mire and the car came to a stop. Do what they would, they could not drive her out, and, to His Majesty's amusement and Mr. Lawson's mortification, the King had to use his pony after all, while the chauffeur was despatched for a cart-horse to pull the car out of the mud.

Whenever His Majesty went shooting, the carpet was always taken out of the car beforehand because of the mud. Very often, when the ground was wet and the King was shooting away from where he was staying, he would have a spare pair of shoes and stockings brought down to the car before we started.

"Take charge of these, Stamper," he would say, "and bring them to the house in case I want to change before we get back."

On February 10th His Majesty motored from Buckingham Palace to Brighton, where he stayed at the late Duke of Fife's house in Lewes Crescent, Kemp Town. We had a good run, and the King said that he had enjoyed it. The car was ordered

1908 the same afternoon, and when we came round to take up His Majesty, we found that he was walking on the private terrace under the cliff and that crowds of people had gathered and were waiting to catch sight of him. Presently he entered the car and we went for a run to Shoreham. As we were on the way back, a policeman stepped off the pavement and held up his hand for us to stop. I told the chauffeur to slow down, and, as we came alongside of the constable, I said that it was the King's car. Either he would not listen or else he did not understand me, for he began to ask, as usual, why we had no number-plate. Again I told him that it was the King's car and that we did not have a number.

"Whose car?" said the constable.

"The King's," said I.

"Whose?" said he.

"The King's. The King of England's," said I, and glanced to where His Majesty was sitting. He looked inside the car, and then it dawned upon him. The poor man went as white as a sheet, sprang to one side and saluted. We passed on our way. The next moment the King tapped at the window and asked me what had been going on. When I told him, he said,

"Poor man, poor man!"

While His Majesty was staying at Kemp Town, the parade in the vicinity of Lewes Crescent, usually more or less deserted, was swarming with people all the day long. Persons who had resided in Brighton for years and had never before dreamed of patronising the Kemp Town Esplanade, began to spend all their spare time strolling about there. Those whose joy it had been to ruffle it with the smartest under the shadow of the Metropole, amid the rush of the King's Road and the

bustle of the Brighton promenade, haunted instead the dull, quiet lees of Kemp Town. In short, the place became a fashionable *rendezvous*. As long as the people walked ordinarily up and down, there was nothing to complain of, but the police had great trouble with those who simply loitered about in the hope of seeing the King. Of these there were a great many, and the seats, which were usually empty, were crowded from morning till night. Here elderly ladies would sit unblushingly for hours at a time, waiting for His Majesty to leave or return to the house, and the Chief Constable of Brighton was really at a loss to know how to deal with this abuse of the benches. Suddenly he hit upon the idea of having them freshly painted every morning, and the discomfiture of their *habituées*, when they arrived in good time to find their particular quarters unavailable, was most entertaining. 1908

Two days later we brought His Majesty to The Devil's Dyke. Just before we got there, one of the hind tyres went, but we managed to go on as we were till we reached the spot at which the King wished to alight. This was close to the little hotel, and while His Majesty was walking about, we set to work to change the tyre. As we were doing so, out came one, whom I took to be the manageress of the inn, and asked us if it were true that His Majesty was close at hand. I told her "Yes," and that this was his car. At that she became very excited, and said that she must do something, however small, to something that belonged to the King. I asked her what she wanted to do, and after some consideration she said that she would like to clean the crest with her pocket-handkerchief. I said that she might do so, if she pleased, and she thereupon dusted it delightedly.

1908 When His Majesty had returned and we were moving away, she threw the handkerchief down for a wheel to pass over it.

There was there another lady, whose dress was as elaborate as her proportions, in whom the fact that His Majesty was in the vicinity aroused the greatest interest. She had driven up to the Dyke in a fly, and when she heard that the King would shortly return to the car and drive back to Brighton, she immediately climbed into her conveyance and instructed the coachman to drive to a position which would command a fine view of the car as it moved away. Soon afterwards His Majesty returned and re-entered the car. As we drove by the carriage, she made a very nice bow, but when the King responded by raising his hat, she was quite overcome, and struggled nobly to rise to the occasion with a gesture, which was something between a salute and pulling her forelock, by way of obeisance. His Majesty laughed very much.

At Brighton, as at other places, people used often to come to the garage and ask to be allowed to touch the King's car. They derived the utmost pleasure from just laying their hands upon it, and if we opened the door and let them look inside, they were delighted beyond words. Persons of all sorts and conditions arrived, and there were times when the car was a kind of exhibition in itself. I would tell the chauffeur to set the doors open and form the people up into a queue, so that they could move gradually round the car in order and scrutinise it one at a time. It was a strange spectacle. There would be old ladies trembling with excitement, young men hovering round, reluctant to display curiosity, but much too curious to go away, old clergymen peering through eye-glasses, school-girls hanging on every answer I made, fathers

holding up children to look through the windows, 1908
mothers trying to inspire unwilling small boys with the awful interest they took themselves, and often the superior volunteer of information, who loudly recognised in the trimming, companion, ash-tray etc., indisputable evidence of those characteristics he had long known His Majesty to possess. And the questions we were asked. "How long have you been with the King?" "Where does he sit?" "I'm sure you must love him?" "Is that his cigar?" "Is that his hat?" "Does he ever drive?" etc., etc. But sometimes people took to coming so often and in such numbers that we were forced to lock the car up.

On February 13th Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales motored down to Brighton for the day. With the King we brought them from Lewes Crescent to lunch with Mr. Sassoon at Hove. Shortly before Her Majesty left for Town, a large crowd collected, and when she drove away, she was loudly cheered. Steadily increasing in numbers, the crowd continued to wait for His Majesty to take his departure, and by the time he was ready to leave there must have been thousands of people. Presently an Equerry came down and said I had better drive off and come back in a few minutes' time. Accordingly we drove away, as if we were going home, and presently turned into a side street and waited. This ruse had the desired effect of sending the people away, but as we were returning a few minutes later, we met a large portion of the crowd. They recognised us instantly, and realising that they had been hoodwinked, turned and started to run back in the direction from which they had come. However, we soon outdistanced them, and had picked up His Majesty

1908 and driven away, before they had time to reach the house.

Next day we took the King for a drive through Lewes, and so to Glynde Place, the seat of Lord Hampden, the grandson of the famous Speaker of the House of Commons. Cæsar was with us, of course, and, as we were going along, His Majesty said,

"Cæsar, you shall have a run and chase the cats. Cats, cats, cats! Miaow, miaow!"

Cæsar became very excited and barked.

That evening the car was ordered at eight o'clock to take the King to dine with Mr. Sassoon. According to my rule, we drove up to the door five minutes before our time, but to my surprise His Majesty and the Equerry were standing on the steps.

"You're late, Stamper," said the King, as I got down.

"I don't think so, Your Majesty."

"Yes, you are. It's five past eight."

"I'm very sorry, Your Majesty, but I think there must be some mistake somewhere."

"Never mind," said the King. "Get up and be as quick as you can."

We went along the front at Kemp Town as hard as ever we could, and, as we passed the Aquarium, I glanced at the clock there. The hands pointed to three minutes to the hour. This when His Majesty saw, he cried,

"Go easy, Stamper. We shall be too soon. All the clocks in the house must be wrong up there."

We at once slowed down, and from there to Mr. Sassoon's house at Hove we crawled at a snail's pace, lest we should be too early.

On February 16th His Majesty motored to Seaford. We stopped at the western end of the

parade, and the King got out of the car and strolled along the front with Cæsar behind him. While he was walking to and fro, Cæsar made friends with another little dog belonging to a small boy and girl, who were by themselves on the parade. The two dogs scampered about together and played for a long time, to the delight of the children, while the King stood watching them with amusement. After a little he went up to the children and spoke to them. As children will, they chatted quite easily to His Majesty, and were naturally pleased to tell him all about their dog, so that the King and they stood talking and watching the two terriers at play for several minutes. I am sure they did not know who His Majesty was at the time, but somebody must have witnessed the incident, for a day or two later there were photographs of the children in the papers and accounts of how the King had talked to them. 1908

One afternoon I took His Majesty to the late Mr. Montague Guest's house in Brunswick Square. The King was alone in the car. Mr. Guest was not in Brighton, and no one was there except the servants, but His Majesty went to see the beautiful collection of antiques which his friend had made. Just before he left, I remember, the King called me indoors and asked me if I had some money, as he had come out without any, and wanted a sovereign for the footman. His Majesty knew that I never went out on the car without two or three pounds, as I never could tell what might happen or what expense might suddenly arise during the run. Much the same thing happened one year at Biarritz. It was at Cambo, and His Majesty asked me to give him some money to pay the hotel bill.

A day or two later we brought the King back to London.

1908 On February 26th His Majesty travelled to Cambridge by train. We left with the car by road at six in the morning, and met the King on his arrival at Cambridge station. From there we went to Newmarket, where His Majesty saw Perrier run in a trial. The horse looked splendid, and we all thought he stood a fine chance of winning the Derby. Afterwards we brought His Majesty back to Cambridge, whence he came by train again to London.

Perrier's sire, Persimmon, was always kept at Sandringham, where he had a special box of his own and a man to look after him all to himself. Whenever he went to Sandringham, the King never failed to visit the horse, while he took great pride in showing him to his friends. Many a time, as we have been driving past the paddock, there has been Persimmon out at exercise. Always His Majesty would cry, "Go easy, Stamper. Don't frighten him"; and I would tell the chauffeur to slow down till we had left the horse well behind. Meanwhile the King would watch him with great pleasure and,

"Isn't he beautiful?" he would say. "Isn't he beautiful?"

If His Majesty had a guest in the car who had never seen Persimmon before, he would tell me to pull up and call to the groom to bring the horse towards us. I would stop the engine, so that he might not be frightened by its noise, and the groom would then bring him quite close to the car, so that the King and his guest might have a good view of him.

As a matter of fact, it was only a day or two before this visit to Perrier that his famous sire met with his untimely end. Quite unaccountably he seems to have slipped and fallen in his box,

with the result that his pelvis was broken, and, 1908
although he was hung in slings and every effort was made to save his life, he had to be destroyed. His death was a great blow to His Majesty, who had the keenest affection for the beautiful animal. After Persimmon's death a life-size bronze statue of the favourite was set up at the entrance to the stud farm at Sandringham.

I think it was next month, while the King was at Biarritz, that Her Majesty went to see Perrier on her way from London to Sandringham. With Sir Dighton Probyn in attendance, she travelled to Cambridge by train and motored from there to the stables. Thence it had been arranged that the Queen should drive through Newmarket to Fordham Junction, and that there the special should be in waiting to bring her to Wolferton. On my return from Biarritz I was told what had happened. Neither of the chauffeurs on Her Majesty's car knew which was the way to Fordham, and the duty of finding a road from a map had never before devolved upon the one who was not driving. The result was that, in spite of much speculation and silent poring over its coloured squares, the map refused to give up its secret, and an important turning, to which they came on leaving Newmarket, was never taken. Shortly after they should have been at Fordham, they reached Mildenhall, where they were confronted with a large and varied selection of possible roads. With the boldness of despair the guide made his choice so unhesitatingly as to allay for the moment the suspicions which Sir Dighton Probyn, who knew Fordham Junction to be but three or four miles from Newmarket, must have begun to harbour. As soon, however, as it was clear that the new road but led into the

1908 open country, the Equerry's suspicions returned in great force, and a glance at his watch settled the matter.

"You must be miles out," he cried. "We've been going half an hour already."

The bearer of the map at once admitted that he did not know where he was, and, as the only service he could wrest from the map was a confirmation of his belief that they were not directly between Fordham and Newmarket, Sir Dighton said they must ask the first person they met. So shattered, however, was his confidence in the chauffeur's power of direction and so great was his anxiety, that even when they had been set right by a passing wayfarer and were proceeding with all speed to the junction they sought, he himself interrogated with shouts every pedestrian they encountered. As they neared Fordham, these, I was told, became so frequent that the doubting Equerry found it convenient to remain with his head out of the window, while to his repeated utterances of the word 'Fordham' he lent an inflection so pregnant, that they elicited not only affirmative answers, but many expressions of encouragement.

Eventually the station was reached some three-quarters of an hour after the time at which the special should have left. Her Majesty was greatly annoyed at what had happened, for, in addition to her own inconvenience, the delay occasioned considerable dislocation of the ordinary train-service.

Early in March His Majesty left for Biarritz, where we met him on March 7th. The next day was Sunday, and the King broke his rule of going in a carriage to Church, but used the car instead. His object in doing this was that,

after the service was over, he could get quickly to the sea-shore in time for a walk before luncheon. 1908

Never once, while I was with him, did His Majesty fail to go to Church on Sunday. Wet or fine, summer or winter, he always went, wherever he might be staying, and whether he was at home or abroad. And on Christmas Day and Good Friday, too. Distance he never suffered to interfere with this practice, although from some of the country-houses at which he has stayed for a week-end, the nearest church stands two or three miles away. Nor did the fact that he had had a heavy, tiring week deter him. It was a rule which he never broke. The result was that, when he was staying away, the church he attended was sure to be packed. There never were so great assemblings in so small areas, and I have seen the congregation protruding from every door of the edifice. A large crowd always gathered to see the King arrive at the church at Advie—three miles from Tulchan—and people used to stand three and four deep on each side of the path which led to the church door. I shall never forget the picture which greeted us as we entered the little village of Nuneham on the morning of a Sunday which His Majesty spent with Mr. Harcourt at Nuneham Court. The place was swarming. People had driven in from all sides, and there were bicycles by the hundred. The church itself was crammed. The nearest church to Glenquoich —where His Majesty stayed with Lord Burton in 1905 [1]—is twenty-five miles away, and as there is no chapel attached to the mansion, a service was always held in the drawing-room on Sunday morning. This His Majesty attended, as did the

[1] See page 20.

1908 whole household, while the service was read by Lord Burton himself.

Every Sunday, when Church was over, the clergyman who had officiated, and his wife, if he had one, were always invited to lunch with the King. After one such occasion we were taking His Majesty for a run in the afternoon, when I heard him say to his host,

"How confused the poor lady was, but what a nice woman!"

Save only at Balmoral, where he wore a kilt, the King always wore a top-hat and frock-coat to Church. Sometimes he drove to Church in a carriage, as I have said; and on the whole, Sundays excepted, it was not so very often that he wore a top-hat when he drove in the car. The consequence was that, when he did wear one, he was always striking it against the top of the car as he got in. After a while I took to reminding him just before he set his foot on the step, but he was often too quick for me, and, before I could warn him, the damage was done. When this happened, His Majesty always said, "Oh, damn." I had hat-cords placed in every car for his silk or felt hats to hang from, as he often preferred to wear a cap when motoring in the country. Whenever, for instance, we drove to Newmarket, he would remove his felt hat as soon as we were out of London, and, hanging it up, wear a cap or soft hat for the rest of the journey.

On March 12th His Majesty drove to see a monument newly, and, I believe, at his suggestion, erected, in memory of the Defence of Bayonne, 1814. This stands on the top of a hill, a little way out of the town. When we got there, the King did not alight, but viewed the monument from where he sat in the car. However, he told

me to go and see what were the names inscribed upon the tablet. These were too many for me to remember them all, but I made a note of the names of the leaders, and came back and told him what they were. 1908

Next day His Majesty paid a visit to the race-course, which lies close to the Bar of the River Adour. It is called l'Hippodrome de la Barre. The race-meeting was attended by almost all the visitors at Biarritz. Compared with English race-horses, the animals were fat, and in most cases anything but thoroughbred. However, the sport was keen, and I think His Majesty enjoyed it.

Every time the King went to Biarritz, he motored to Pau. This year it had been arranged that he should be present at the Horse Show there, and as the distance is some seventy-five miles, we left Biarritz soon after ten in the morning, so as to reach Pau in time for lunch. I had been at the door of the Hôtel du Palais in plenty of time, but the members of the party had not all assembled when His Majesty appeared—a little earlier than he was expected. The King had invited Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, to drive in his car, but the Equerry who was to have accompanied him was not yet upon the scene. Anxious to get off, the King refused to wait, and cried to one of the ladies of the party to take the Equerry's place, adding that the latter must come on in the second car with two other gentlemen. Just as we had started, I looked back to see the Equerry arrive, and a moment later the second car was at our heels. Behind this, as usual, came a third car with the police.

Whenever we were accompanied by another car, it was my invariable practice to lean out and look behind every few miles to see that it was

1908 behind us. If it was not to be seen, I would report the matter to His Majesty, in case he desired to stop, or even to return to see what had happened. If the way abounded in bends and turnings, it was often difficult to know whether the following car was there or not, but from Biarritz to Pau the road is an open one, and in places runs dead straight for miles at a stretch.

We had gone about twenty miles out of Biarritz, when I missed the second car. It was clear that something had happened, for I could see the third. I waited a little in the hope that it would reappear, but there were no signs of it, so I told His Majesty and asked if he would like us to wait.

"No," said the King. "We had better go on."

Accordingly on we went. Just as we were entering Pau I happened to look back, and to my dismay the third car was gone. There was nothing to be done, so we entered the town and set His Majesty down at the hotel. He proceeded at once to a private room, where luncheon was served, and a quarter of an hour later the third car arrived. It appeared that they had met with a puncture a few miles from Pau. I at once asked the police if they could tell me anything of the second car, for time was getting on and there was no Equerry to accompany the King to the Horse Show. They told me that they had seen it slow down and assumed it had met with a puncture, but of course they did not stop, as it was not for them to lose sight of His Majesty's car. With this information I had to be content, but when half an hour had gone by and there was still no sign of the second car I began to get very uneasy.

Presently word came down that His Majesty wished to see me. When I entered the room, the King asked what on earth could have hap-

pened to the Equerry's car. I said I could not imagine, as the car was in perfect order when we started; and yet it did not seem possible that tyre trouble could be the sole cause of its non-appearance. I then suggested that I should drive a little way back towards Biarritz, in the hope of meeting it. His Majesty assented readily, and two minutes later I drove away as hard as ever I could. Mile after mile I covered at a tremendous pace, hoping to catch sight of the missing car at every turn of the road. But there was no sign of it, and when I had been gone about twenty minutes and covered almost as many miles, I turned back again to Pau, because I dared not be away too long. 1908

When I got back to the hotel I went straight to the room where the King was, and made my report. Not altogether to my surprise, the bad tidings greatly provoked His Majesty. He turned upon me and said that I was to blame. Of me, as his motor expert, he demanded the missing car. I assured him that to my knowledge the car was in perfect order when it started, and that there were a thousand and one things which might have happened, which no amount of forethought on my part could have prevented. But it was no good. He held me responsible and said so, and asked me what I proposed to do. I had nothing to suggest. His Majesty was furious, and the ladies were frantic. It was certainly a terrible dilemma. Quite apart from our apprehension as to the fate of the gentlemen, there was no one to accompany the King to the Horse Show; and, as luck would have it, his proposed visit had been announced and was to be semi-official in character. It was already past the hour at which he had been expected, and, if it

1908 annoyed him to be late, it upset him terribly to think that he might never get there at all.

Suddenly the King thought of The Visitors' List. This he immediately sent for, and, after running his eye rapidly down its columns, by great good fortune he lighted on the name of a gentleman who had once attended him. Superintendent Quin was despatched post-haste to the hotel at which this gentleman was staying, and by another stroke of luck there he found him. He was told that His Majesty desired his immediate attendance, and a few minutes later he had the honour of escorting the King to the Show.

On the way home the police again met with tyre trouble, and we reached Biarritz an hour and a half ahead of them. As we drove up to the Hôtel du Palais, there, to our surprise, were the gentlemen standing upon the steps. Knowing that his absence must have caused the King grave inconvenience and might possibly have prevented him from attending the Show, the Equerry was very anxious to know what had happened, and was beyond measure relieved to hear that somebody had been found to take his place. It appeared that, when they were about twenty miles out of Biarritz, their magneto had gone wrong. Do what he would, the chauffeur could not rectify the trouble, and it was well on into the afternoon before they were able to get going again. Recognising that it was then hopeless to proceed, as we should have left Pau on the return journey before they could possibly have got there, they simply returned to Biarritz and waited for His Majesty to arrive.

Three days later we brought the King to San Sebastian. The visit was an official one,

and, as His Majesty was going to entertain at luncheon the officers of the Spanish regiment, of which he was the Colonel-in-Chief, he wore a Spanish Colonel's uniform. As on the occasion of our visit in 1906, the crowds had got so out of hand, one of the English police officers who were with us at Biarritz was sent over the day before to see if he could be of some assistance. As before, the road from the frontier was lined with soldiers, but they were much smarter in their behaviour this time, and stood to the salute as we went by. We arrived in San Sebastian to find vast crowds of people all standing on the pavements of the streets through which we should pass, but the moment they saw us coming, they all swarmed into the road and the police could do nothing. We brought His Majesty to the hotel slowly perforce, and, as before, amid scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm. 1908

On March 23rd the King went for a run to La Barre de l'Adour. The weather was very rough and the seas were magnificent. After walking about for some time, His Majesty made his way on to a great groin and stood there, watching the tremendous waves. Suddenly, before he had time to get out of the way, a huge wave came up and, spending its force on the side of the groin, simply drenched His Majesty with spray. He came back to the car as quickly as possible.

"I'm wet through, Stamper," he cried. "Get me back to the hotel as quick as ever you can."

We made for Biarritz as hard as we could, and, when he had changed, he re-entered the car and went for another run.

A few days later almost the same thing happened. We had again taken His Majesty to La

1908 Barre, where the waves were bigger than ever, and the sea presented a wonderful picture. Mindful of the wetting he had received a day or two before, the King kept much farther from the edge of the groin, although he walked upon it. But, while he was there, there came a roller so gigantic that it swept right over the groin itself, and though he was never in danger of being washed into the sea (for the force of the wave was spent before it reached where he stood), he found himself standing in eighteen inches of water before he could possibly escape. When he got back to the car, I saw that His Majesty's trousers were soaked from the knees downwards, and that water was welling out of his boots.

"I've been in up to my knees this time, Stamper," he cried. "Get me home quick."

We simply tore back to the hotel. Most unfortunately, knowing that the King had gone out for a drive and was not expected back for some hours, all the royal servants had seized the opportunity to leave His Majesty's suite, and as the last to go had locked the hall-door, the King had to wait in the passage for several minutes, till his valet could be found. He was much annoyed that not one of the servants should have been at hand in case of emergencies. When he had changed his clothes, His Majesty, as before, returned to the car and went for another run.

Particularly when he was at Buckingham Palace, the King would often of necessity change his clothes several times during the day. I have been told of him changing from a lounge suit, which he had worn the first thing, into a frock-coat, etc., because he was receiving a Minister, and from that into two uniforms, one after

another for two separate inspections, one of them being that of a regiment of which he was the Colonel-in-Chief. Before lunch he would have changed again into a lounge suit. This he would wear perhaps to the house of a friend in the country, where he would discard it for flannels. And in the evening, of course, he would dress for dinner. 1908

Two days later His Majesty motored to Sare, where he lunched. Afterwards he listened to a song, and witnessed the dancing of twelve young Basques. He then proceeded to the ground where they play pelote, and watched a match between two teams. When it was over, he sent for Chiquito, who was then, I believe, the finest player of this remarkable game, and spoke with him for some minutes. We came home by way of Ascain and St. Jean-de-Luz.

On April 3rd His Majesty had ordered the cars to take him and a few friends for a run in the afternoon. I had not heard where we were going, and I was not altogether surprised, when the King came out of the hotel and asked me if I could suggest a route which we had not traversed, and a spot for tea which we had not already visited. Since it lies on the sea, Biarritz is not really a very good centre, and it was impossible to find fresh roads and new places for tea every day, when there was only the afternoon at His Majesty's disposal. But I told him that, if he did not mind taking an old road as far as Bayonne, I had heard of a pretty spot some miles to the north of that town, a lake lying in the midst of the woods, called Lac d'Yrieux.

"Very well," said His Majesty; "we'll find it and go and have tea there."

1908 It proved to be a beautiful place. Thick pine and cork woods surrounded it on every side, and here and there we had a fine view of the Pyrenees. The King was very pleased and said,

"What a delightful, quiet place!"

Everybody got out and walked about on the shores of the lake, and while they went for a stroll, I set out the tea, which we had brought with us. We had not quite enough hot water, and I went to a little house to ask for some. The people were not very willing to let me have any, though, of course, I was ready to pay for their trouble. This was because they were accustomed themselves to serve teas, and would have liked to provide ours. I said that it was for His Majesty, and that we always took our tea with us, but they still did not seem inclined to oblige me; but at last some of the party came to my assistance and persuaded them to let us have what we wanted. Just before we started home, His Majesty said,

"It's a beautiful place, Stamper. I don't know how you manage to find these places."

I told him that all I did was to make inquiries of people in Biarritz, and when I heard what they said, to look out any places they suggested on the map, and see if and how we could cover the distance.

After dinner that evening word came down that the King wanted to see me. I went at once to the hotel, and was shown into the room which he made his study. His Majesty was alone and sitting at the table, writing up his diary.

"Stamper," he said, "I want to ask you about this place we've been to to-day. How do you spell it?"

I told him. 1908

"Now," he said, "are you sure that's right?"

"I think so, Your Majesty. I've seen it in print like that."

He told me to come to the table and look at a contour book he had there. Then I took out my map and spread it on the table, and showed how the name was written there and which was the way we had been. He seemed very interested, and compared and checked the book and the map with one another. We were poring over them for quite a long time. Presently we came back to the spelling of Lac d'Yrieux. It seemed that there were at least two ways of spelling the name.

"Well," said His Majesty, "I'll put it down as you have it, Stamper. You're nearly always right."

Then he said "Good-night," and I left him.

A day or two later we had taken the King for a drive, and, as we were nearing Bayonne on the return journey, we ran into a terrible thunderstorm. Although we raised the screen, the downpour was so tremendous that it was impossible to see more than two or three paces ahead, and His Majesty cried,

"Don't try and go on, Stamper. We must wait till it's over."

We pulled up at the side of the road, where we had to wait between five and ten minutes before the rain showed any signs of abating in violence, and His Majesty kept saying,

"How awful! How awful!"

Early in April Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman resigned the Premiership, and His Majesty sent for Mr. Asquith. The latter arrived at Biarritz late at night on April 7th, and Colonel Ponsonby

1908 met him with one of the royal cars. The next morning he saw the King, with whom he presently had the honour to lunch. In the afternoon we took His Majesty for a drive, while Mr. Asquith, I believe, walked over the golf-links. He left Biarritz at noon the following day.

On April 10th His Majesty made a full-day excursion. We passed through St. Jean-de-Luz and so to the Spanish frontier. For some miles the actual boundary is marked by the river Bidassoa, and along the bank of the stream runs a road winding away into the Pyrenees. This road we took, and found it very beautiful. Every now and then we came upon soldiers, for, since it is really the frontier, they are posted all the way along it.

As we were passing through a small village, a farmer's dog rushed at the car and fastened its teeth in one of the back tyres. How it managed to do it I do not know, and, when I saw it fly round with the wheel, I made certain it would be killed. But after going round once it let go, and I saw it get up and run off as hard as it could.

Soon after passing through another little village, which is called Navarta, we came to an old mansion or castle at which His Majesty had arranged to lunch. It was still occupied by the family whose fathers had built it hundreds of years ago, but, since they had fallen upon evil days, they had dropped their title, and rather than leave it, had made a hostelry of their home. The house was curiously arranged. We entered through great double doors, and, after passing straight through the stables and coach-house, which took up the whole of the ground floor, found ourselves at the foot of a fine broad stairway leading to the first floor, where were the living

rooms. The staircase was well built of rough, unpolished, unplaned oak, just as it had come from the saw-mills. The doors and all the interior woodwork were just the same. There was a trout-stream hard by, and, as luncheon was not served directly we got there, the people of the house were able to catch some of the fish in time for them to be cooked and set before the King. 1908

On April 15th His Majesty left for Paris *en route* for London, and I with him. This year he was not met at Calais by the *Victoria and Albert*, but crossed to Dover on one of the ordinary cross-channel mail boats. A few minutes before we reached the Admiralty Pier, the King caught sight of me walking on deck. I was wearing a green hat and a grey overcoat. At once he called his valet, and (so I was afterwards told) said to him in German,

"Meidinger, who is that in the green hat?"

"That is Stamper, Your Majesty."

"Spencer?"

"No, Your Majesty, Stamper, the electrical engineer" (*sic*).

"Spencer? Spencer?"

"Stamper, Your Majesty. The motor car expert."

"I don't know him," said the King. "I don't know him."

His Majesty spoke with an air of finality and with a perfectly serious face, so there was no more to be said, and the valet retired in a state of utter bewilderment.

Meidinger was an Austrian. A fine linguist, he invariably accompanied His Majesty abroad. In England the King was usually waited upon by a valet whose name was Wrightson.

1908 On April 18th the King paid a flying visit to Sandringham, and a day or two later he left with Her Majesty on a State Visit to Denmark, and afterwards Norway.

Early in May he returned to London, and a few days later he motored to Richmond to see Sir Francis Laking. On the way there we were going along at a good pace, when suddenly the car began to slow down of its own accord. I stepped on to the foot-board and opened the bonnet to look at the carburettor. As I did so, I heard His Majesty say, "I hope we aren't going to get stuck here," but the next moment we were going again, as if nothing had happened.

Knowing how much the King disliked delays, I never would suffer the chauffeur to stop, or even slacken his pace, while I made an investigation or rectified something that was wrong, if I could possibly help it. I have stood on the foot-board, with the door open, talking to His Majesty, while we were travelling at forty miles an hour, and I have been lying stretched along the near front wing with the bonnet open, examining the carburettor, while we were going at the same pace. Another time I pulled myself from the wing on to the bonnet, to screw up the cap of the radiator, as we flew along, and more than once I have been on the top of the car, and the chauffeur never drew rein.

One afternoon we had taken His Majesty to a house in the country for tea, and before we left on the return journey I was given a brace of pheasants. Not knowing where else to put them, I stuffed the birds into a spare tyre that lay on the top of the car. From the first I was afraid the tail feathers might work out of their hiding-place, and after a while, as we were on the way

home, I climbed up to see if they were all right. 1908
To my dismay there were the two tails bravely fluttering in the wind, so without more ado I hoisted myself on to the top of the car and tucked them out of sight. Which reminds me that on another occasion we brought home a gift hare in the tool-box, and were in deadly fear the whole way, lest we should meet with tyre trouble and have to reveal it.

On May 16th we took the King to Kempton Park. Wherever His Majesty went, he was always accorded a great reception, but at Kempton his welcome was usually rather more boisterous than elsewhere. On this occasion, just as we drove up to the Course, we heard a great cheer, and then a man's voice crying,

"What ho, Teddy! Come down to see us again, good old sport? What have you done with the Ascot Cup?"

His Majesty was immensely amused and laughed very much.

The reference was to the theft of the Ascot Cup, which was stolen the year before under peculiar circumstances, and the mystery of whose disappearance has never been solved.

Two days later Their Majesties paid a visit to Aldershot. The chauffeur and I left the Palace at six in the morning and met the special at half-past eleven at Farnborough station. From there we brought His Majesty to Cæsar's Camp, and thence to other positions, from which he could watch the manœuvres. We were piloted by two officers on motor-bicycles, and Her Majesty followed in her own car. Afterwards His Majesty saw the new motor-tractor at work. This machine was invented for dragging guns across country, and it worked with great success, laying down

1908 its own track as it went along, and climbing banks and crossing ditches with ease. After lunch the King inspected the new field water-carts, and, as before, we drove through the sheds for him to inspect the reserve stores.

The following day His Majesty motored to Newmarket. As we were entering Stevenage, one of our hind tyres burst. We took just seven minutes to put on a fresh one, and His Majesty did not get out of the car. Next morning the papers reported the incident, and we learned from their columns that the King had been delayed an hour and a half, and that he had availed himself of the opportunity to visit Stevenage Church.

On June 5th Their Majesties and Princess Victoria left England to pay a short Official Visit to Russia, and four days later they met the Tsar and other members of the Russian Imperial Family at Reval. I do not know whether it was on the way out or when they were homeward bound, but at some period of the voyage, owing to fog, a mistake was made in the dead-reckoning, and the royal yacht was taken many miles out of her course.

On his return to England His Majesty went to Windsor, and from there, on the 17th of the month, I took him to Ascot. We returned by way of Sunningdale, and in the car with the King were two ladies and an Equerry. Before we started for the Castle, the latter desired me to go through The Rhododendron Drive, when we entered the Park, but I told him I was afraid the ground would be too wet. However, he said that it was His Majesty's wish and that I had better try, so no more was said at the time. When we came to the drive, I told the chauffeur to stop and turned to the King.

"I'm afraid the ground will be too soft for us, Your Majesty." 1908

"Go on as far as you can," he replied.

With that we entered the drive. We had not gone very far when we came to a bad dip, and again I stopped the car. The Equerry was sitting just at my back, and I showed him the hollow and said that if we went down into it, I very much doubted if we should be able to get out again. He only told me to go on. We slid down somehow, but, just as I had feared, we could not get out on the other side. I asked His Majesty to alight, and he and the others did so. Of course they were all dressed for Ascot, and it was terribly wet under foot, but there was nothing else to be done. With great difficulty we managed to turn the car, but when we tried to get out of the dip on the side on which we had entered it, we fared no better. The wheels sank into the thick, wet moss, and it began to look as if the car would have to remain where it was, till assistance arrived. Then the Equerry pushed on one side and I on the other, and we made a few inches, but the wheels started slipping and we had to desist. I asked His Majesty to wait while I plucked some bracken, and this I presently spread in front of the wheels, making a track on which they could get a grip. I then laid hold of the spokes of one front wheel, while the Equerry took those of the other, and—though I did not know it—the King and the ladies started pushing behind. The chauffeur let in the clutch. Round spun the hind wheels, flinging up mud and moss in great quantities. But the car began to move, and after a minute or two the wheels found the bracken and we scrambled up the side of the hollow. When he stood up, I saw that the Equerry was in a terrible state, with mud all over his gloves

1908 and his clothes, where the wheel had brushed them; but when His Majesty and the ladies appeared from behind the car, they were all in the most awful mess imaginable. They were simply covered from head to foot with the moss and mud which the hind wheels had thrown up, and their clothes were in a shocking condition. However, they all re-entered the car, and, after slipping and sliding about, we managed to struggle out of the drive and on to the road once more.

A few days later Their Majesties stayed for a week-end at Wilton House, near Salisbury, the residence of Lord Pembroke. On the Sunday they motored to see Lord Radnor at Longford Castle. Here in the garden, in front of the terrace, there had been set up a little switchback for the children. With this Her Majesty, who is absolutely devoted to children, was very pleased, and she at once set about giving the little ones rides. When they had climbed into the diminutive car, she gave it a push to set it going, and laughed delightedly to hear their shrieks of merriment as they went along. She was playing with them for quite a long time. On the way home we passed slowly through Salisbury Cathedral Close. It was a lovely, still evening, and His Majesty remarked how beautiful the great church looked.

On June 30th we took the King from London to Newmarket. It was a very hot day, and after passing Stevenage we came upon car after car held up with tyre trouble. Presently we picked up a puncture ourselves.

"We aren't the only people in trouble to-day, Stamper," said His Majesty.

Very often in the old days, before we had the detachable rims, the Equerries have helped to pump up the tyres while the chauffeur and I were put-

ting the tools away. To those gentlemen who were kind enough to lend a hand, the capacity of an ordinary tube was a constant source of amazed disgust. Sometimes an Equerry, who had begun to pump up a tyre, was reluctant to leave his labour undone, and, when perhaps I offered to take his place, declared that he might as well finish the business. However, when another five minutes had passed, much to His Majesty's amusement, the gentleman would desist exhausted, confident that the pump-gauge was out of order, and fully expecting the tyre to burst at each fresh addition to its contents. To his knowledge the neighbouring atmosphere had been so seriously depleted, that, as he straightened his back, I believe he half expected to notice a shortage of air. 1908

I think it was this summer that a little statuette of Cæsar was executed. The modelling was done in the Royal Mews by a French artist, whose fashioning of the clay was most interesting to watch. Cæsar had to be held all the time. Two or three sittings were necessary, and when the operation was over, a model was made of the King's charger.

On July 9th His Majesty opened a new dock at Avonmouth. The royal yacht steamed slowly in with Their Majesties on the bridge. They walked from one side to the other as she entered the dock, so that everybody might be able to see them, and each time they did so there was a great burst of cheering. When the ceremony was over, His Majesty took his seat in the car, and we brought him, with Lord Carrington in attendance, up to and over the Clifton Suspension Bridge. Had it been fine, Her Majesty would have accompanied the King. As it was, she remained on the yacht. After a short run in the country we came back to

1908 the river and passed under the bridge, and so came presently to where the royal yacht was now moored. Most unfortunately it poured with rain the whole way, and the Chief Constable of Bristol, who piloted us in an open car and was arrayed in his full-dress uniform, got drenched to the skin.

A few days later we brought His Majesty, who had returned to London, to Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard. There he spent the week-end as the guest of Lord Rosebery. On the way down we passed through Watford. At the cross-roads in the centre of the town we found that a huge crowd had assembled to see us go by. This was most unusual, as the visit to Mentmore had not been announced, but the Watford police, of course, had been notified that the King would pass through the town, and I suppose the news had leaked out. As we approached, the crowd set up a great roar and cheered tremendously.

Just as we went by, a lady stepped off the pavement a few paces ahead of the car and threw a nosegay. Her aim was accurate, for it cleared the screen and passed in at the front window, which was open behind me. I had put up my hand to catch it as it went over my head, but I failed, and the flowers fell into His Majesty's lap.

"That was a good shot," said the King.

Other people threw flowers, I remember, but this was the only posy that entered the car. The others hit the sides of the car and fell into the road.

Flowers were frequently thrown for His Majesty. It was very seldom that they entered the car, and when they seemed as if they were going to, of course I always intercepted them if I could.

Both at home and abroad His Majesty met with the same treatment at the hands of mischievous children as was meted out to any and every

motorist. Stones and other missiles were flung at us many a time, and once or twice they have passed into the car and narrowly missed the King. Other occupants of the car have been struck more than once. No glass was ever broken, but the panels were dented again and again. Sometimes a heavier pebble would strike the door with a resounding smack. Then, 1908

"What was that, Stamper?"

"A child throwing stones, Your Majesty."

"Ah! It's fearfully dangerous. It ought to be stopped."

But of course, for every reason, it was impossible for us to do anything.

On our way out to Marienbad in 1907 we came to a low-lying district in Bavaria, somewhere between Wurzburg and Bayreuth. We were going along at a high speed, when all of a sudden the chauffeur gave a cry and clapped his hand to his face. Then he applied the brakes, and we slowed down and stopped. A wasp had dashed, or been dashed, against him, and he was stung on the cheek just beneath the right eye. The following August, again on our way to Austria, he was stung by a wasp under precisely similar circumstances on the same cheek and within a few paces of the very spot at which the incident had happened in 1907.

It was on a Saturday that we motored to Mentmore, and early next Monday morning we brought His Majesty back to London. It poured with rain, I remember, all the way up, and so it did on the following day, when the King motored to Newmarket.

When His Majesty paid a visit, such as this one to Mentmore, by car, his host would always be on the steps of the house to welcome him as we drove up to the door. But if the King travelled to his

1908 destination by train, his host would meet him upon the station platform, as he alighted, and drive in His Majesty's car with him to the house.

The King returned from Newmarket to London on July 16th, and two days later we brought him to Taplow Court, where he spent the week-end as the guest of Lord Desborough. On Sunday afternoon he motored to Cliveden and from there to Hall Barn to see Lord Burnham. Early on Monday morning I took His Majesty back to London.

On July 23rd we brought him to the Exhibition at Earl's Court. On the way there, just as we had entered Kensington Gardens and were passing the Albert Memorial, a pony shied at the car, and its rider, a little girl some eight or nine years old, lost her balance and fell. We stopped, and I got down and ran to where she lay. The groom who was with her had dismounted, and the Equerry, Colonel Holford, left the car and followed me. She sat up when I reached her, but she would not get up, and though she did not seem to be badly hurt, she was crying bitterly. She had long golden hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in a dark blue habit, with a little velvet hunting-cap and patent-leather boots. We did all we could to comfort her, but when His Majesty saw that she remained on the ground, he got out of the car too, and walked to where she sat. He bent over her and talked to her, and after a while she stopped crying and got up. Her face was cut a little, but when the King asked her if she was hurt anywhere, she told him "No," so he said, "Good-bye," and re-entered the car. We set His Majesty down at the Warwick Road Entrance to the Exhibition, and then drove round to another gate and entered ourselves with the car. Meeting the King in one of the Courts, we

picked him up again, and he made a tour of the grounds in the car. When we came to the native village, he got out and inspected it, after which he saw a parade of Bostock's menagerie. 1908

Four days later Their Majesties left for Goodwood.

As in 1907, His Majesty used a car to bring him to the Course on the 'off' days, and even on the days on which he drove there in a carriage, he came back by car in the afternoon. I do not think any royal carriages were sent down from the Palace this year, but the Duke of Richmond and Gordon provided the necessary equipages.

We used to bring the Royal Party to the Course by way of The Birdless Avenue. It is, I believe, a fact that no birds inhabit or frequent the woods through which this avenue runs. Side by side with it, and separated therefrom only by a belt of trees, lies the main road from Chichester, and as we slipped silently down the long private track, we could hear all the hum and clamour of the stream of traffic making its dusty way towards the downs. Unseen, yet cheek by jowl with the light-hearted rout, we swung along, snatches of songs and shouts and laughter floating across to us all the way, till the avenue came to an end, and we drove straight out on to the road and found ourselves once more in the bright glare of the sun immediately opposite the Grand Stand.

On July 30th His Majesty drove in State to the Course, and I took Her Majesty for a run. She was accompanied by Lady Salisbury, the Marquis de Soveral, and Count Mensdorff. We went to Selsea Bill, and there they all got out of the car and sat for a while on the beach, watching some children at play. Before returning to the car, Her Majesty went and talked to the

1908 children, and again with some fishermen who were mending their nets. There were plenty of people about, but none of them noticed the Arms on the car or recognised the Queen.

The next day I took Her Majesty for another run. This time we went to Littlehampton. As we were passing down the front, she noticed an enclosure on the beach, where some entertainment was advertised to take place. She told me to stop and go and see what it was. I found that it was that of a troupe of pierrots, but that they were not billed to perform for another hour or two. This I told Her Majesty. She was disappointed that there was no performance to be seen, and said as much, and Lady Salisbury cried,

"Oh, Ma'am, even if it had been a fat woman, I believe you would have gone to see her."

Presently they all left the car and went for a walk along the front. Of all the people about, the only one sufficiently observant to recognise Her Majesty was Marie Lloyd, who happened to be sitting on a seat as they passed by. From Littlehampton we went on to Bognor, and there I was confused by the various turnings, and was forced in the end to ask the way.

The Ladies, Equerries, and others always addressed Her Majesty as 'Ma'am.'

Next day we brought Their Majesties and Princess Victoria to Portsmouth. On the way we passed a car which had pulled up at the side of the road. I did not see who was there, but the Marquis, who was with us, said it was Arthur Roberts.

This was the first year that I did not return to London directly after putting His Majesty on board. By the King's instructions I had the car taken over to the Isle of Wight, and for the next

week the chauffeur and I took up our quarters at Barton Manor, which is close to Osborne, so that the car might be at His Majesty's disposal whenever he cared to come ashore. 1908

On August 2nd we brought Their Majesties, Princess Victoria, and Prince Edward to Osborne House and on to Barton Manor. Whilst we were waiting there, Miss Knollys, who was in attendance upon Her Majesty, turned to me and said,

"This is a great improvement, isn't it, Stamper?"

I had never been there before in my life, but, I remember, it seemed so awkward to explain at the moment, that I assented and said it was much better.

The same sort of thing was always happening. I think it was that His Majesty and all the Royal Family grew so accustomed to seeing me about with them, that they forgot that perhaps I had not been with them on former occasions and under earlier circumstances. Again and again one or other of them has been so kind as to vouchsafe some remark, calling back people or places or situations of which I knew nothing—reminiscent and casual remarks, which required no reply on my part save an assent, yet demanded that. In such cases I always answered as I was obviously expected to answer, for it would have been plainly inconvenient if I had done anything else.

It was not until the following Saturday that we started for Marienbad. This year we went via Harwich to Antwerp, and thence by way of Julich and Darmstadt to the Austrian frontier. We reached Marienbad on the Tuesday afternoon.

On the third day of our journey we were nearing Darmstadt, where I had arranged to spend the night, when we met with one of the narrowest escapes

1908 from a serious accident that I have ever experienced. This was what happened. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and we were travelling at a high speed down the long stretch of road—it must be quite four miles long, and dead straight all the way—at the end of which we could see the lights of Darmstadt. It was a slight upgradient, and, as we approached the town, both the chauffeur and I remarked that the lights we saw ahead of us seemed to end very abruptly, instead of straggling down the hill towards us. We strained our eyes to find some explanation of the phenomenon, but we could see nothing in our way, and decided that it must be either fog or else some strange shadow effect. Then suddenly the lights disappeared. With a cry the chauffeur jammed on the brakes, and we pulled up within a few inches of a gigantic hoarding built across the whole width of the road. There were no lamps set to mark it and nothing whatever to show that it was there, while the night was as dark as pitch. We found that a little rough track for vehicles had been made on the grass by the side of the road at this point, and so we were able to get round the hoarding and on to the road again.

The name of the chauffeur with me was Payne. He was a fine driver, and from the summer of 1906 he always drove the King up to the time of His Majesty's death. He never travelled on the special with His Majesty, consequently there were occasions upon which he was not available, and I had to take another driver, but Payne was the King's head-chauffeur, and I always preferred to have him if possible. When His Majesty died he became head-chauffeur to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, in whose service he is to-day.

On August 13th we met the King at Marienbad station. 1908

On August 17th His Majesty motored to Glatzen, where he had tea. One way to Glatzen leads through a beautiful wood, which is private property. Carriages are allowed to use this road, but motor cars are forbidden. We, however, were given a special pass, and this was the way we always went. On this afternoon we had not long entered the wood when we saw a carriage coming towards us. The driver seemed rather uneasy as to how his horse would behave as we passed, and jumped down and ran to his head. I told the chauffeur to go very slowly, and beyond backing a little, as we came up, the horse gave no trouble. The fact that he moved at all, however, was quite enough for the occupants of the carriage. These were two ladies, and directly the poor animal backed they got up from their seats in a state of great apprehension. From her appearance it was clear that the elder of the two had not come to Marienbad in search of pleasure alone, and we were assailed with the gravest misgivings when we saw her take a flying leap out of the carriage. Mechanically the chauffeur stopped the car, and mechanically I got down and rushed round to the other side of the carriage, to find that she had fortunately missed the road and fallen heavily into the ditch, which was thick with bushes and undergrowth. To my relief she assured me that she was quite unhurt, and I went in search of assistance to help her to her feet. This was afforded by her driver, and, when we had extricated her, I returned to allay His Majesty's anxiety as to the result of her fall.

On August 24th the Duke and Duchess of

1908 Saxe-Coburg motored to Marienbad to see the King. After lunching with His Majesty at the Weimar, they entered his car and drove with him to the Golf Club. From there we went on to the Café Rübezahl, where tea was served. I think this was the first year in which we were able to bring His Majesty right up to this Café, which is set high up in the woods. Since our last visit, a new road had been completed, and though the climb was a stiff one, it was possible for a car to get right up to the house. When tea was over, we brought the King and his guests back to the Weimar, and it was late in the evening before they set out upon their return journey. I remember that the Duke's car had no number-plate, but, both in front and behind, it bore by way of arms a red and gold crown as large as a pumpkin.

A few days later we brought His Majesty to the Café Egerlander, which, like the Rübezahl, stands high up in the woods above Marienbad. There the King had tea, and when he left, the proprietor escorted His Majesty down the stairs, out of the café, and into the car, making a respectful harangue in German all the way, in which he assured His Majesty how sensible he was of the honour the King had done his house. His Majesty laughed and thanked him, and, as we drove away, I heard him say to the Equerry,

"Quite a pretty speech."

On August 27th we brought the King, with the Marquis de Soveral and Sir Stanley Clarke, to Karlsbad. As we drew near the turning which we had taken in error the year before, the memory of that terrible time [1] rose up before me, and I began to picture it all over again. A

[1] See page 137.

moment later and we were there. I glanced up the road as we swung by, and His Majesty tapped at the window. 1908

"Remember that road, Stamper?" he said with a smile.

There was cause to remember this, but the King had a fine memory for routes as for everything.

Unfortunately the weather was very wet almost all the time we were at Marienbad, and again and again it was not worth His Majesty's while to go out for more than a short run.

I think it was this year that he took a course of mud-baths. When it became known that he was visiting the Baths, people collected in great numbers outside the building and waited for him to leave. This attention His Majesty found so inconvenient that he was forced to give orders that we should be there with the car on purpose to bring him away, although the Weimar was only about two hundred yards from the Baths he was visiting.

On September 3rd we left Marienbad for England. We started at four o'clock in the morning, and by seven in the evening we had reached Andernach on the Rhine, a few miles below Coblenz and some four hundred miles from Marienbad. We reached Antwerp the next day, and on the evening of the day after that we were in London.

On September 7th the King left Buckingham Palace for Rufford Abbey, to stay with Lord Savile.

Hitherto during the Doncaster Week His Majesty had travelled from Ollerton to Doncaster by special train every day. And at Doncaster station there was a royal carriage in readiness

1908 to bring him to the Course. The carriage was sent down from the Palace beforehand and remained at Doncaster till the meeting was over. This year, however, the journey was made by road all the way. Each day that he attended the races we brought him straight from Rufford to Doncaster, and on up to the Course in the car, a distance of nearly forty miles. Lord and Lady Savile used to go in His Majesty's car, and the rest of the house-party motored as well. In the afternoon we brought him back to Rufford again. Whether he went by road or by rail, it meant a long day for the King, but I think he found that the journey by car was a great improvement, for next year (his last) he motored to and fro in the same way.

On September 9th we were bringing His Majesty back from Doncaster, when the car passed right over a rabbit. I leaned out just in time to see it bolt unhurt into the hedge, for the wheels had cleared it, but the wind caught my cap and carried it away. This, of course, necessitated a wait while I ran to get it, and when we got to the Abbey I heard His Majesty say to one of the party,

"Yes, we should have been a few minutes earlier, only Stamper lost his cap." Then the King looked at me and smiled. "I don't know what made it come off," he said.

But from His Majesty's manner I saw that he too had seen the rabbit, and that he knew very well that the loss of my cap was due to my curiosity as to the animal's fate.

A day or two later he motored to Welbeck Abbey. We left a note at Clumber House on our way, to say that His Majesty would come

on there from Welbeck and would like some tea. 1908
Accordingly, after walking through the gardens at Welbeck, he returned to Clumber.

There I was shown Cæsar's father. His Majesty came to see him while I was there, and Cæsar with him. So far from displaying any pious affection for the old dog, his unnatural son gave vent to a series of furious and seemingly derisive barks, to which his sire was only prevented from replying by a sudden attack of the asthma, to which in his old age he had become subject. This complaint, we were told, gave him a lot of trouble, but the sporting old dog never allowed it to interfere with his hunting expeditions, bent upon which he would periodically disappear for days at a time. These sporting proclivities Cæsar has inherited to the full. He would often go a-hunting, and I do not doubt that he would have remained away as long as his father, if he had been allowed to do so.

When the Doncaster Week was over, His Majesty left for Tulchan by train.

The day after his arrival in Scotland we brought him to a shoot. On occasions such as this we would bring him to the edge of the moor, where his pony and pony-boy were awaiting him. He would then mount the pony and ride to the butts. It was the pony-boy's duty to walk delicately before the pony, carefully picking his way, so that he stepped upon firm ground, the pony having been trained to follow exactly in his footsteps. On this particular afternoon His Majesty was riding back from the butts when, without any warning, the pony stepped upon a piece of treacherous ground, and the next moment the animal was in the bog up to his belly. His Majesty was as unprepared for this contingency

1908 as the pony, and the latter's sudden plunge very naturally unseated him. Fortunately he was thrown on to firm ground. Beyond a shaking he suffered no injury, but he was justly indignant at the pony-boy's carelessness, rated him fiercely, and laid his stick about the fellow's shoulders. Considering that the only thing he had to do was to pilot the King in this way, the pony-boy deserved a good deal more punishment than he got, for the accident was due to his negligence and nothing else. Incidentally, the pony-boy was not a boy at all, but a full-grown man with a wife and family.

The following day His Majesty motored to Cawdor Castle, where he lunched with the late Lord Cawdor. We did not drive over the drawbridge, but set the King down at the entrance thereto. He alighted and walked across, and his host met him on the other side of the moat. Before we left, Lord Cawdor came out and was so kind as to tell me something of the Castle, its history and its associations.

After luncheon we brought His Majesty to Moy Hall, the residence of The Mackintosh. On the way we crossed Culloden Moor. There is a rough road running across the battle-field, and down this we drove. The King alighted and spent some time on the moor, walking about and examining the inscriptions upon the rough tombstones. The visit was witnessed by two or three strangers, who quickly recognised the King. From their excited manner it was clear that they were very sensible of the unique interest with which His Majesty's presence in fact invested the memorable field.

Later in the evening we returned to Tulchan Lodge.

On September 20th we brought the King to Delfur Lodge, a house on the river Spey, some twenty-four miles from Tulchan, the residence of Colonel Vivian. As we were nearing our destination, somebody in the car spoke quietly to me, and I looked round to see His Majesty fast asleep. 1908

The next day he motored as usual from Tulchan to Balmoral, and we lunched in the same spot as we had lunched in 1906 and 1907. This time however, it was raining, so I served the King in the car. Just as we were finishing, along came the same old man, with his horse, cart, peat, and all. It was almost uncanny to see him again. As before, His Majesty sent him some whisky by the Equerry, and he drank the King's health, saying,

"Good health to the King, and long may he live."

This made the third time that we had seen the old man come along, at this self-same spot, at this self-same hour, and at the same time of the year almost to a day.

So we came to Balmoral.

On September 26th M. Poklewski-Koziell, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, arrived at the Castle, whither His Majesty had invited him. Somehow or other his luggage was lost on the way to Scotland, with the result that he had no dress clothes. M. Poklewski is a man of no mean proportions, and it happened that no one of the other guests or of the Equerries was sufficiently tall and broad to be of worthy assistance and come to the rescue by lending him a suit in which he could with decency appear. For all that, so soon as his predicament became known, offers of help in the shape of spare suits

1908 came pouring in. But all to no purpose. The trousers which met round his waist, fell only few inches below the diplomat's knee; while those which would have been sufficiently long in the leg, he was unable to enter. Suddenly somebody thought of Supt. Spencer, who was always in attendance upon His Majesty. The Superintendent is a man of unusual stature and broad in proportion. The facts of the case were laid before him, and he readily consented to lend his dress suit. This M. Poklewski hurriedly donned, and since the figure he cut in it was, if not actually dignified, at least not indecent, he was able to appear at dinner. From what I have been told, I gather that the King had word of what was toward a minute or so before the eminent Russian made his appearance, and consequently rallied him amusedly on his borrowed plumes.

On September 28th His Majesty journeyed from Balmoral to Dunblane, to open the Queen Victoria Memorial School. We brought him as far as Blairgowrie by car, which meant a drive of some fifty miles over the mountains, and there the special was waiting to take him on to Dunblane. We came to Blairgowrie by way of Braemar, down the famous Devil's Elbow and along the Spital of Glenshee to the Bridge of Cally.

His Majesty had never motored this way before, but I had been over the road a little while previously. On the way I had encountered several culverts, which were so arched that our long cars could not pass clean over them, and two or three times I felt the fly-wheel touch the road. The authorities were told of this, and we now found that the culverts had been banked

up on either side, so that His Majesty should come to no harm. 1908

Blairgowrie was nicely decorated to greet him, and, as most of the inhabitants had never before set eyes upon the King, they were all wild with excitement and gave him a great reception. When we had set His Majesty down at the station we returned to Balmoral. The King had intended to motor back from Blairgowrie in the evening, as the train journey from Dunblane to Ballater is a long and tedious one and can only be made via Dundee and Aberdeen. But the road we had traversed in the morning is dangerous by night, and His Majesty was persuaded to abandon the idea. For miles at a time this way is so narrow that two vehicles can barely pass, and in places it is no more than a shelf on the side of the mountains, with only a strip of grass between it and the great, deep glen hundreds of feet below.

On my return to Balmoral I found a telegram from Dunblane awaiting me. This had been sent by the sergeant-footman, who was with His Majesty as usual, and it ran,

"Have you got the King's rug?"

I knew it was in the car, and wired back to that effect. Later on I received another telegram, saying,

"Don't forget to bring rug to station."

In the evening we drove to Ballater to meet His Majesty, and, as he was getting into the car, he said to me,

"Why did you forget to put the rug in the train?"

"I'm very sorry, Your Majesty," said I. "The rug was there in the car, but, as the footman did not take it at Blairgowrie, I thought it was not wanted."

1908 "Always see that it is put in the train," said the King. "I always like to have it for my knees, and I felt cold to-day without it."

The rug in question was a thin brown one. There were two others which His Majesty used in colder weather: one a light grey one, lined with fur, and the other a fur-lined Scotch plaid.

On October 3rd we brought the King to the Glassalt Shiel, whence he set out for a deer-drive. The Shiel is a small house which was built by Queen Victoria on the shores of Loch Muich, and to which Her late Majesty used at times to repair from the Castle. The house is hidden away in the mountains, and His Majesty often used it (as upon this occasion) as a hunting-lodge. When the King arrived, he and the rest of the party mounted ponies and rode up into the mountains. As soon as he was gone, it occurred to me that with the help of the chauffeurs and grooms I might trawl the loch for trout. Accordingly I had the trawl-net set out in the orthodox way, and when we hauled it in, we had captured some twenty or thirty good-sized fish. These I took to the Glassalt Shiel and asked the chef to cook them for His Majesty's lunch. This was done, and on his return they were laid before him. I was not there when he sat down to lunch on the lawn, but I was afterwards told that His Majesty said,

"Fresh trout! This is a surprise. Who's been fishing?"

"Stamper caught these, Sir," said an Equerry.

"Stamper?" said the King. "Jolly good of him. An excellent idea."

Several times before this I had seen the loch trawled for trout. The gillies would set out the net in the form of a semi-circle, and all the royal party would help to haul it in. Her Majesty always

lent a hand if she were there. Sometimes the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward and one or two of his brothers would put on waders and help to pick the fish out of the net. These were then put into great pots full of water, so that they might be brought to Balmoral alive. 1908

Incidents such as this Her Majesty delighted to photograph. As is generally known, she was very fond of taking photographs, and in my time I must have seen her take hundreds. She has often left her camera in my charge, and once I remember her asking me to group the chauffeurs together, so that she might take a photograph of them. I think that perhaps she took more photographs when she was at Balmoral (in 1906) than she did anywhere else.

A few days later His Majesty returned to London, and on October 13th we brought him to Newmarket. As we were entering Hatfield, one of our hind tyres burst with a noise like a cannon. Whilst we were putting on a new one, the King got out of the car and strolled into a brewery yard, where some men were rebuilding premises which had been recently burned down. There he sat down on a little stool and watched the work going on till we were ready. We were not ten minutes altogether, but the next morning one of the papers, which reported the incident, said that we were delayed there for half an hour, and another that it was an hour and a half before we were able to proceed on our way.

Three days later His Majesty motored from Newmarket to Sandringham for the week-end, and on October 19th he left again for West Dean on a visit to Mr. Willie James.

On October 25th the King motored from West Dean to the Sanatorium at Midhurst. This stands

1908 a mile or so out of the town on the top of a very steep hill. When His Majesty's visit was over, we started on the return journey, and, just as we reached the beginning of the long steep descent, the chauffeur naturally took out his clutch and applied his foot-brake. It failed. Immediately he applied the other, for we had two foot-brakes. That failed too. He then jammed on the hand-brake, and to my horror that refused to act as it should have done. Check the car to a certain extent it did, but its power was slight compared with what it should have been, and every moment I feared the weight of the great body would begin to tell. The chauffeur changed into the first speed, which helped us a little, but even then we were barely holding the car, and I could feel that the pace was increasing. Of course neither His Majesty nor anyone else in the car had the faintest idea that anything was wrong, but for the chauffeur and me it was terrible. There I sat helpless, mechanically putting on imaginary brakes with my feet, and all the time the car was gathering speed. . . . I was on the point of jumping out on to the foot-board, getting hold of the wire, which ran along the side of the step, controlling the hand-brakes, and hauling on it as hard as ever I could, when I saw a turning a little way down on the right. Fortunately we were not going too fast to take it with safety, and we swung round and stopped. His Majesty asked what was the matter, and I told him that one of the brakes was not working satisfactorily.

"Quite right," said the King. "See that it's safe."

I could not there and then examine them all, but I took up the foot-boards on the front of the car and looked at the foot-brakes. I found that

a quantity of oil had worked out of the gear-box and on to them. This I wiped hurriedly off, and when I had made one or two other minor adjustments, we continued our journey and returned to West Dean by another road. Once back in the garage the chauffeur and I set to work. We cleaned the foot-brakes thoroughly and then took the hind wheels off to get at the hand-brakes. On these, too, we found oil, which had worked out of the chain-cases. Curiously enough, all three brakes had been in use on the way to Midhurst, and no one of them had given the slightest indication that there was anything wrong, to say nothing of the fact that I had tested them that afternoon, as always, before we drove round to pick up the King. All through the night we worked, but the car was in order again the next morning. No one ever knew what the chauffeur and I had been through on that hill, nor how terribly afraid we had been lest the car should get the upper hand. 1908

On October 26th His Majesty returned to London, and the next day he motored to Newmarket. Her Majesty, who had been abroad, was due to reach London on the following Saturday afternoon, and the King drove up from Newmarket in the morning, so as to be able to meet her at the station. The next day he returned to Newmarket.

A few days later he left for Sandringham by road.

On November 7th we took His Majesty on a tour of inspection with Mr. Beck, his agent. First we brought him to Flitcham Vicarage, that he might see the alterations and improvements which had by his directions been carried out. Thence he went on to an old house at Anmer, which was his property and which he had lent to Captain Hamil-

1908 ton, an old naval officer, who, I believe, at one time commanded the royal yacht. Here, too, additions had been made to the building, and when His Majesty had satisfied himself that all had been done as he wished, he re-entered the car and drove to Shernbourne. The village forms part of the Sandringham estate, and the King always took a keen interest in its welfare. Here was an old inn which His Majesty had had converted into a club-house for the villagers. Thither we brought him. This was but one of the many surprise visits he paid to the old house. He walked straight in, without any ceremony, chatted to the steward and his wife, and entered all the rooms one after another. The blinds were not drawn, and I was watching some old fellows sitting by the fire playing a game of dominoes, when the door of the room opened and the King came in. Taken by surprise as they were, there was no awkwardness about the sudden silence in the room, for they were simply delighted to see him, and were one and all familiar with his presence. For years they had seen him about the village and shooting in the neighbouring fields. He was their squire. They all stood up, beaming with pleasure, and the cheerful reverence with which they received his nod and smile was perfectly delightful.

On His Majesty's birthday, I brought Their Majesties and Princess Victoria to a meet at Gayton. There were a great many people riding to hounds, and hundreds of followers and onlookers, both on bicycles and on foot. When we arrived on the scene, as was but natural, the King and Queen proved a serious counter-attaction to the pack and the pink coats. They were received with the utmost enthusiasm, and, when they got out of the car and walked to and fro on the sward

in the midst of the pack, the crowds of people were absolutely delighted. Her Majesty was very pleased, I remember, with the little terrier slung in a sack on the back of the huntsman. Of course his head was exposed, and she took a photograph of him. We followed the hounds to cover, and waited in the road close by, but no fox was found, and after a while the Master decided to try elsewhere. Again we followed slowly, with horses and bicycles, carriages and carts all round us, but again the hounds drew blank, and we had at last to leave without seeing a find. 1908

On November 14th I brought His Majesty and Lord Rosebery to see Her Majesty's bungalow, which stands on Snettisham Beach, a few miles from Sandringham. The Beach forms rather a lonely piece of the shore of the Wash. The bungalow consists of two rooms, a kitchen and a parlour, and a rough track has been made over the shingle, so that visitors can drive right up to the door. The Queen used to lunch or have tea there sometimes.

From Sandringham Their Majesties went to Windsor, where they were visited in State by the King and Queen of Sweden.

On November 22nd the State Visit came to an end, and the following day the King and Queen returned to Sandringham. They left Windsor in the afternoon, and in the morning His Majesty was very busy about the Castle grounds. Although it was very cold and wet, we brought him to the lodge which stands half way down the Long Walk. The foundations of the cottage had become unsafe, and it had been underpinned; and His Majesty went there to decide, I believe, whether it should be repaired or demolished. He

1908 left the car and stood about inspecting the place thoroughly before returning to the Castle.

He did not drive in the car to the station. At Windsor Their Majesties never did. Nor from the station to the Castle. The famous greys were always used for that. These horses were always kept at Windsor, except in the autumn, when they were taken to Balmoral and used to bring His Majesty to Church or wherever he might happen to wish a carriage to take him.

On this occasion I boarded the special at Windsor station, and, when Norfolk was reached, I drove on the car from Wolferton to the House. An hour or two later the same evening His Majesty left with Colonel Streatfeild and Sir Arthur Davidson on a visit to Castle Rising. The next day the King developed a severe cold. For two days he did not go out in the car. Then we took him to Appleton and back, a run of twelve miles, and I think the drive must have made it worse, for, beyond coming home to Sandringham two days later, he did not go out for ten days, and cancelled a visit which he had meant to pay to Raynham Park.

A day or two before he left Windsor the King had been standing about in the wet, arranging for a new flight of steps to be built, which should lead from the Terrace on to the Lawn. I have no doubt that it was then, or at the lodge, that he contracted his cold. The circumstances under which at Sandringham, some eighteen months later, he caught the chill which proved fatal, were precisely similar. Only then he had barely recovered from a cold which kept him indoors for several days, so that his power of resistance must have been very much weaker.

Few men of His Majesty's age would have gone

out on a raw, wet day to look at a rickety lodge, 1908
just before taking a train journey of over a hundred miles. That the King went at all, was because it was his rule personally to supervise everything that was done towards the improvement of his estates. In this direction, no step, however slight, was taken without his knowledge, consideration, and consent. (As with his estates, so with his affairs—every single one of them he ordered himself up to the day of his death.) That His Majesty went on a wet day was because, if he had not gone when he did, he could not have gone at all. As is known, and as this book should show, he led an extraordinarily busy life. Engagement succeeded engagement, and he had never a day to spare. Moreover, he made up his programme months in advance, and once his arrangements were made, he stuck to them most scrupulously. It was with the greatest reluctance that he varied them at all, and very, very seldom. To enable him to accomplish all that he purposed, it was essential that he should, so to speak, 'run to time.' Consequently, he could not afford to take the weather or anything else into consideration. Illness alone he suffered to interfere with his programme, and it had to be real illness, not indisposition.

On June 23rd, 1902, I stood among the crowd that cheered the King as he drove out of Paddington station. He was on his way from Windsor to Buckingham Palace, and his Coronation was fixed for June 26th. His eyes were closed, his head down, and his face gray and drawn. Her Majesty kept touching his arm to rouse him, and each time that she did so he lifted his chin a little, his hand struggled up to his head, and he raised his hat. He hardly opened his eyes at all. I was terribly shocked, and thought him as good

1908 as dead; and, as all the world knows, it was touch and go. It is common knowledge that up to the last possible moment he withstood the entreaties of his physicians, and only consented to the operation when he realised that, from being a question of postponement, it had become a question of life and death. I have been told that he said to his doctors at Windsor,

"Afterwards you may cut me in two, but I cannot disappoint the people."

Throughout his reign that was his cue—never to disappoint the people. His engagements, official or unofficial, he regarded as sacred. To break them upset him terribly. It was the irony of fate that he should be forced to break the greatest engagement of them all.

Always to do as he had said, always to be present when he had promised, always to go where he was expected, must have cost him dear many a time. Yet he had his reward. At his coming I have seen thousands of faces light up in a way that showed in a flash what a sight of him meant to their owners. I verily believe that it made a real difference to very many lives. And the moment they saw him, everyone always smiled, so infectious was his cheeriness—there is no other word. He always went smiling through life, and, wheresoever he went, the people smiled with him.

On December 2nd I brought Princess Mary, who was accompanied by General (then Colonel) Brocklehurst and the Hon. Neil Primrose, to a meet at Necton for a day's hunting. His Majesty had promised that they should have one of his cars to take them and bring them back, and as none of the chauffeurs knew the way, I offered my services. I think the Princess was wearing a

dark blue habit and a bowler. I had never seen her so dressed before, and I remember being greatly struck by her appearance. She seemed so tall, and looked quite seventeen, although she was really only eleven years old. The two gentlemen were in pink. When we met them again, Mr. Primrose's top-hat bore traces of extreme violence, and there was a considerable quantity of mud adhering to various portions of his attire. Her Royal Highness, however, had been more fortunate. The General, who is now the Master of the Cottesmore, was congratulating her most warmly upon her horsemanship as we drove back to Sandringham ; and from his manner it was evident that he was genuinely delighted with her performance. 1908

A few days later His Majesty left for Brighton, and on December 8th we brought him from the station there to Mr. Sassoon's house in King's Gardens. The same afternoon he went out for a run in the car. Mr. Sassoon went with him. Before we started, Mr. Sassoon told me to drive towards Kemp Town, and that he would give me further directions as we were going along. We had passed through Hove and Brighton, and were nearing the end of the Kemp Town esplanade, when I glanced round, to learn whether we were to turn or to go on towards Rottingdean. His Majesty was fast asleep. Mr. Sassoon motioned to me to go straight on. Several times in the course of the run I glanced round for instructions, and each time I found His Majesty still asleep. Mr. Sassoon made signs to me as to the way we should go. As we were nearing home, the King awaked, and I heard him say,

"I have had a nice sleep. It has refreshed me very much."

1908 Two days later we took His Majesty for a drive by way of Lewes and Clayton. The King was now much better, and talked all the time, as was his wont, to those who were with him. So far from resting, he took his usual interest in the countryside, and again and again asked me questions as to the estates which we passed, and the villages through which we went.

I think it was upon the occasion of this visit of His Majesty to Brighton that Cæsar fell ill. There was nothing serious the matter with him, and I believe it was only the result of having too many rich things given him at table. The day after he arrived the poor dog had to be sent to a veterinary surgeon, and he was not well enough to come back until just before His Majesty concluded his visit. The King was very anxious about him, and the sergeant-footman went regularly two or three times a day to see that he was well cared for and was making good progress.

December 12th was a beautiful day, and the King motored to Worthing. As we passed down the front, he noticed that the pier was absolutely deserted, and called to me to stop at the gates. This we did, and His Majesty and the rest of the party alighted and walked on to the pier, paying toll in the ordinary way. Only one or two persons had witnessed our arrival, but the news spread like wild-fire, and it was soon noised abroad that the King was in Worthing, and that the pier was where he might be found. From all sides people came flocking towards and on to the pier, and Mr. Sassoon, who had left His Majesty sitting at the far end and had come back to ask the man at the gates to get a *Telegraph* and a *Times*, had to thread his way among them. By this time the Chief Constable had arrived, and at Mr. Sassoon's

suggestion he told the toll-keeper not to admit any more. For all that, the crowd outside the gates kept growing larger and larger. The man did not seem to understand how to procure the newspapers required—a poverty of intellect, obviously attributable either to the overpowering excitement under which he was labouring, or to his fierce determination not to miss a chance of another glimpse of His Majesty. Accordingly I said I would get the papers. The *Telegraph* I was able to purchase at once, but none of the neighbouring shops had a *Times*. I went back with the one and told Mr. Sassoon that I would run up to the station for the other. I took the car and was only gone a minute or two, but when I got back, the crowd had become enormous, and I had to fight my way to the pier. Just as I had been let through the gates, I saw His Majesty coming along towards me, attended by the Chief Constable and a policeman, who were trying to keep the people away. A little passage was cleared for them to pass through the crowd, but the press was so great that, so soon as the King was by, the throng closed in behind him and two of the party were cut off; so, after seeing His Majesty into the car, I had to go back and request the people to make room for them. We then drove along the front, and when we were clear of the town, His Majesty once more alighted and strolled by the shore, this time without interruption. 1908

The lengths to which I have seen people go, in order to gratify their curiosity and thoroughly scrutinise the King's person, were disgusting. Here the expressions 'bad form' and 'bad taste' are inapplicable, for they convey nothing. These persons would not merely stare and have

1908 done with it; they simply gloated over their proximity to the King and the chance it afforded of 'drinking him in.' Their behaviour was abominable, and their impudence monstrous. His Majesty had to endure this sort of treatment at Brighton, Biarritz, and Marienbad. When he was walking at Brighton, I have seen men and women approach and walk to and fro for a quarter of an hour, passing and repassing him all the time. I have seen them turn, as they overtook him, and peer right into his face. This they would do, not once, but again and again, until he returned to the car. At last this odious and insulting conduct became so common, that police preceded and followed him, whenever he went for a stroll. And at Marienbad the 'mobbing' was awful. At Brighton and Biarritz people had no excuse for approaching the King, but at Marienbad, of his own will, he mingled with the cosmopolitan crowd on the promenade. And so, in that he went to the offenders and the offenders did not come to him, their conduct was the less reprehensible; but the fact that they took gross advantage of the informal way in which he strolled among them, made their treatment of him the more shameful. Truly his confidence in them was sorely abused. His appearance at the wells was a signal for such a rushing and jostling as never was known, first to walk up and down by his side, then merely to stare at the King. Indeed, things came to such a pass, that at the end of one visit the authorities were told that, if this intolerable behaviour was continued next year, His Majesty would be forced to discontinue his visits to Marienbad. Consequently, before he arrived the following year, notices were posted about the town, begging people to respect the King's

incognito, and after this there was a decided improvement. 1908

At Biarritz he was occasionally molested, much as he was at Brighton, but the chief trouble there was given by people with cameras. The police interfered when they could, but the nuisance was far from abated by their efforts. There was one photographer in particular, a representative of one of the French papers, who was for ever at His Majesty's heels. Every year he was there awaiting the King, and indeed the place would have seemed quite strange—though very grateful—without him. For us he became as much an institution as the very surf on the shore. As far as His Majesty was concerned, this man's persistence was very annoying, but I must say he did his work well. Never discouraged by failure, never satisfied with success, always he was somewhere in evidence, photographing openly, photographing surreptitiously, photographing, photographing . . . At Marienbad photographers met with a short shrift. It was announced by the authorities that, if anyone was caught photographing the King, his camera would be seized and its plates or films confiscated. Several times this was actually done. Comparatively easy as it was to enforce such an order at Marienbad, it would have been very hard to do so at Biarritz. His Majesty visited the wells every morning at the same hour, and walked very little anywhere, except upon the promenade.

All the leading morning papers were always laid before His Majesty, and several of them were often put by the footman into the car. I have seen the King reading them many a time, and *The Daily Mail* was the one which, as far as I saw, he always read first.

1908 The next day we took His Majesty for a run by himself. As he was getting into the car, the King said (as I thought),

"Turn to the left and then to the right, as I want to go by Lord Chichester's house, Lewes Crescent."

Thither we accordingly went. When we reached the Crescent, I turned to the King.

"This is Lewes Crescent, Your Majesty, but I don't know which is Lord Chichester's."

"I don't want to go to Lewes Crescent," he said. "I said 'Lewes Road,' and 'go by the house.'"

"I'm very sorry. I must have misunderstood your Majesty," said I.

To my concern he seemed more upset than annoyed at the mistake, and said, in rather a helpless way,

"I don't know what to do now."

I suggested that we should go on to the Lewes Road, but the King shook his head. I was not surprised, for we should have had to turn and retrace our steps, which he never cared to do.

"What would you like to do?" he said suddenly.

"Shall we go along the Newhaven Road, Your Majesty?"

"Very well, then."

His Majesty had arranged to leave Brighton on the following day and spend a week at Rangemore, as the guest of Lord Burton. His doctors, however, implored him to cancel this visit and stay on at Brighton instead. The severe cold, which he had just shaken off, had left him rather weak, and it was patent that the air of Brighton did him a vast amount of good and very materially accelerated his recovery. He could not but have

felt the wisdom of such advice. Accordingly he consented to spend another week there, but insisted on returning to Town for the one night which he would have spent at the Palace if he had gone to Rangemore as he had intended to do. So he left for London in the morning of December 14th. That afternoon he held an investiture, and received in audience the new Danish Minister, and the following day he returned to Brighton by an afternoon train. 1908

'The King was not very ready in obeying medical directions, when they interfered with his ordinary habits.'[1] His Majesty's impatience of his physicians' advice I have witnessed more than once. But what I saw of his opposition was not very serious, and, if his doctors insisted upon the expediency of a certain course, the King would laugh, and, even while he protested that their precautions were unnecessary, make ready to do as they said.

On December 16th His Majesty motored to Seaford. On his return he alighted at the Western Gardens and strolled to and fro with an Equerry. There were a number of people about, but some did not see him, and those who did had the grace not to loiter, and passed on their way, so that after a while he sat down on a seat and rested in the sunshine. While he was sitting there, a French cruiser, which was passing and was apparently aware of his presence in the town, came close to the shore and fired a salute in his honour. A few minutes later it turned again out to sea, exactly in front of where he was sitting. It was a curious coincidence, and almost seemed as if those on board must

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography* (Second Supplement), vol. i., p. 604.

1908 have seen and recognised the King as he sat there.

The next day we took His Majesty the way he had wanted to go the Sunday before, past Lord Chichester's house on the Lewes Road. The name of the seat is Stanmer, and though we did not call at the house, we drove through the park and so on to the downs and back to Hove by another road.

On December 18th we brought the King to Danny, the residence of Captain Campion. Mr. Sassoon undertook to find the way, but before we had got there he was in difficulties, and asked me to see if a cow-herd, who was passing, could tell us. I knew that the house was not far off, and on inquiry elicited the fact that the fellow I was accosting had been born and bred in the neighbourhood, but, as was my frequent experience under such circumstances, he had never heard the name of the owner and did not know the whereabouts of the Park. However, a little farther on we came upon a Scotchman, who gave us the information we wanted.

On December 21st His Majesty left for London, and two days later he journeyed to Sandringham for Christmas.

1909

On the second day of the year we took His Majesty from Sandringham to a shoot. He shot most of the afternoon, but when it was four o'clock, he decided not to wait for the last drive, but to go back to the House. Lord Farquhar accompanied him home, and, as they came to the car, I heard His Majesty say,

"We old ones will get home and let the young ones get on with it."

Two days later the King motored to Elveden Hall, where he stayed for a few days as the guest of Lord Iveagh.

His Majesty stayed nowhere without his great crocodile-leather dressing-case. If he went out of town but for one night, this went with him. While he was travelling, it was never out of his sight. When he was in the train, the dressing-case was in the saloon, and when he entered the car, it was placed between the auxiliary seats. Of course if he made the whole journey by road (as he did always, for instance, from Tulchan Lodge to Balmoral), then the dressing-case accompanied him all the way in the car. Besides its special fittings, it contained, amongst other things, the King's private papers, such personal jewellery as he took with him, and a few photographs. Also a beautiful miniature of Her Majesty and His Majesty's diary. The miniature and the photographs were always set out upon a side table in His Majesty's bedroom.

1909 On January 8th the visit to Elveden came to an end, and I took the King, who was accompanied by the Hon. John Ward and Sir Arthur Davidson, to Cambridge station. He called at Culford Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, on the way, and lunched with Lord Cadogan. When we resumed our journey, for some reason or other, His Majesty told me to take Cæsar on the front of the car. This I accordingly did, and we started. Cæsar was, as usual, rather restless, as he wanted to travel inside with the King, but he derived a certain amount of consolation from standing up on his hind legs and looking through the screen to see which way we were going. All the same he was rather fidgety, and in moving about he happened to put his paw on one of the switches, which gave him a shock. It was only a slight one, but it naturally made him yelp with surprise.

"What's the matter with him, Stamper?" cried His Majesty. "Don't you hurt him."

I told the King what had happened, and that Cæsar had taken no hurt. We arrived at Cambridge station just as the special steamed up to the platform.

"You've timed it very nicely indeed, Stamper," said His Majesty.

Of course it was more or less of an accident when we arrived simultaneously with the train we were to catch, though I always tried to set His Majesty down exactly to time. Nothing pleased him so much as to drive up at the exact moment at which we were due, for he disliked arriving too early almost as much as he detested being a moment late.

A few days later His Majesty left London for Crichel, where he stayed for a week as the guest

of Lord Alington. I had gone down by road, and when I arrived at Wimborne station, ready to meet the King on his arrival, I found a Guard of Honour, consisting of some two hundred Territorials, drawn up outside. The approach to the station was small, and since the Guard of Honour took up most of the room, there was very little left for the car. The special was not timed to arrive for a few minutes, so that I was able to do as I usually did upon occasions such as this, and hold a little rehearsal of our exit with the King. The chauffeur brought the car right up to the pavement, and into such a position that His Majesty would be able to enter it conveniently when the inspection was over. From there it was, of course, essential that we should be able to get comfortably out of the yard, but with the troops as they were, it would have been necessary for the chauffeur to reverse to get out at all. Consequently I had to ask an officer if he would move some of his men. He was most courteous, and begged me to say where I would like them to stand; but between the excitement which was in the air, and the apprehension with which they were seized lest the special should arrive before the alteration was completed to my satisfaction, I am afraid that he and his brother officers had rather a bad time. I said where I wanted the men, and thither they were pressed, pushed, and advised to go. The drill-book was forgotten, and the crisp language of the parade-ground gave way to the more homely vernacular. Instead of curt words of command, familiarly phrased requests echoed on every side.

1909

"Come along, you chaps," said my officer. "Just form yourselves up in line from here."

1909 When order had been restored, the officer in command was good enough to ask me if the troops were now as I wanted them. They were, and I thanked him; and when the time came, we were able to sweep out of the yard without any trouble.

On January 14th, with Lady Alington and the Marquis de Soveral, His Majesty visited The Manor House, Cranborne, a residence of Lord Salisbury. This is a most beautiful mansion of old grey stone, with long mullioned windows and tall chimneys of red brick. A little knot of people had gathered on the lawn to see the King re-enter the car, and, as he did so, one of them called for three cheers. These were given, and His Majesty seemed very pleased. Of course the visit was quite a private one, but no doubt word of the King's coming had gone round, and I fancy those who cheered him were some of the tenants of the estate.

Two days later he motored to Wimborne, to see the famous Minster. The visit had been arranged by Lord Alington, and was announced beforehand, purposely, I believe, that the people might be able to see the King. When we entered the little town, the streets were thronged. People had come from the countryside for miles round. There were cars which had come from Bournemouth, carriages by the score, gigs and carts without number. But for all the vehicles, there must have been hundreds there who had come on foot. We passed quite a number as we were approaching the town, and the pavements were crowded with country folk. Directly His Majesty had entered the Minster, the car became the centre of attraction. In a very little while we were surrounded by an enormous crowd, and

as I knew His Majesty would spend some time in the church, I arranged with the chauffeur to set the doors open and persuaded the people to pass by in some sort of order. As usual, we were subjected to a regular fusilade of questions, some of which were too much for the gravity of the constables on duty. All the same, the unfortunate men were afraid to laugh outright, lest the King should suddenly emerge from the Minster and see them, and the superhuman efforts which they made to smother their mirth were most ludicrous. 1909

From Wimborne we took His Majesty on to Somerley, where he had tea with Lord Normanton.

The following afternoon he motored to Wimborne St. Giles, the seat of the Earls of Shaftesbury. The park in which the house stands is very fine, but the house itself is not very striking.

The next day His Majesty returned to London. Lord Alington accompanied him in the car to the station. As we approached the Minster, there were a number of children drawn up in line to see us go by. I remember His Majesty cried to me to go very slowly, so that they might see him properly.

A day or two later the King went to Windsor.

On January 21st we brought His Majesty and the Prince of Wales to a shoot. We had hardly set them down at Cumberland Lodge Gate, when His Royal Highness discovered that he had left behind a little pocket-book which he particularly wanted, and he asked me to go back to the Castle and fetch it as quickly as I could. Accordingly I drove back at once, and when I had obtained the book from His Royal Highness' valet, I returned in the car to where I

1909 had left the Prince, and walked across the fields to give it to him. I think it contained his game card.

His Majesty would very often send me back to get various things which he had forgotten. Sometimes it would be his cigarette-case, and sometimes his match-box. He had one match-box which he kept specially to use when he was shooting. This was really a match and tinder box. When he was shooting, he smoked cigars all the time, one after another.

Once when he was staying at Milton Abbey as the guest of Sir Everard Hambro, a special telegram arrived for the King. He was shooting at the time, and it was sent out to where his car was waiting. I took it from the messenger and walked over the fields to where His Majesty was standing. When he had read it he wrote a reply there and then with my fountain pen on the back of the form, and told me to send it to the Postmaster, who would copy it on to a fresh form and send it off for him. His Majesty wrote a hand which it was not at all easy to read. His writing slanted from right to left; and although he wrote each word separately and did not run them into one another, the difference between the various letters, as he formed them, was often very slight, and between those which are naturally similar, almost imperceptible.

Whenever His Majesty was intending to give a present to someone whom he would see in the course of a run or at a house at which he was going to call in the car, before we started he would give it to me to take care of, and tell me the exact moment at which he wished me to hand it to him. He always did this with the presents which he gave

to Prince Edward and his brothers and Princess Mary upon their respective birthdays. 1909

As often as they greeted the King, his grandchildren always kissed his Majesty's hand before kissing him in the ordinary way. They always addressed him as 'Sir,' and so did the Prince of Wales.

His Majesty always called Prince Edward 'David,' which of course is the last of His Royal Highness' seven names. Except at Balmoral and Sandringham, I never saw very much of Prince Edward, his brothers, or the Princess. Sometimes some of them would accompany His Majesty when he went for a run, but more often I have been on the Queen's car when they have been inside with Her Majesty.

I am not sure of the year, but I know it was one June 4th that I brought Her Majesty from Windsor Castle down to the side of the river to watch the Procession of Boats. In the car with her were the Princess of Wales, Prince Edward, Princess Mary, and Prince Albert. We were rather early, and waited in the grounds by the river's bank for some little time. The Princes got out of the car, and Prince Edward plied me with questions about the engine and the functions of the various pedals and levers and the switches upon the dashboard. Prince Albert, however, directed his attention rather to the body of the car, and after a brief scrutiny of its points with a view to ascension, mounted the foot-board and was proceeding along the left wing towards the radiator. Fearful for the enamel, I begged His Royal Highness to desist, but I did so with considerable reluctance, for I was in some little doubt as to how my interference would be construed. Very fortunately, however, Her Majesty heard my remonstrance, and of her

1909 wisdom she cried to Prince Albert to do as I told him. He jumped down at once, and I don't think he bore me any ill will for what I had done, for he took to questioning me about the car as eagerly as his brother.

When I entered His Majesty's service Prince Edward was eleven years old. Though, as I have said, I never saw very much of His Royal Highness, I had many opportunities of observing him in the five years I spent with the King. The resemblance between his disposition and that of His Majesty greatly impressed me, and it is my conviction that, when His Royal Highness is a full-grown man, this likeness will be strong and unmistakable.

Both at Windsor and at Balmoral Prince Edward used to play cricket for the Household Cricket Club. This was composed of one or two Equerries and some of the principal servants. At Windsor the eleven used to play the officers of the Guards, and His Majesty always came down to see some of the match. This was played on the private cricket ground adjoining the golf-course, close to Frogmore. The cricket-ground at Balmoral lies almost under the walls of the Castle, for it is really a continuation of one of the great lawns. Every year there was played there a match between the Household and the Gentlemen Visitors. At this His Majesty was always present. On these occasions the Equerries played for the visitors. One year, I remember, one of the Equerries found that his services would be required, and that he had no flannels. A telegram was despatched to his home in the South of England—seven hundred miles away—and a day or two later the raiment arrived at the Castle just in time for the match. I think everyone was

sorry when he was bowled by the first ball he received. 1909

On January 22nd Their Majesties motored to Cumberland Lodge to see Prince Christian on the occasion of his birthday. Before they left, one of His Majesty's old shooting ponies was brought round for them to see. After several years of good service, the old pony had been pensioned off. In the summer time he was allowed to roam shoeless about the royal paddocks at Cumberland Lodge, and during the winter months room was found for him in the royal stables. The King made a great fuss of his old favourite, and the pony seemed to recognise him. The pony-boy, who brought him round, had with him plenty of cut carrots, with which His Majesty kept feeding the pony, and Her Majesty kept petting him and giving him sugar. They must have spent a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the door, and they did not leave until the pony had been taken away.

For the next week the King shot nearly every day. On January 30th, however, he was prevented from doing so by matters of business, which occupied his attention all day long, and we took him out for a short run in the afternoon, so that he might get some fresh air. As he entered the car, I asked His Majesty where he would like to go.

"Wherever you like, Stamper. I want to be out about an hour."

Accordingly I brought him a round by way of Ascot, Windsor Great Park, and Clewer. He was quite alone in the car, and talked to me nearly all the time.

On February 1st the King returned to Buckingham Palace by road, and a few days later Their Majesties paid a State Visit to Berlin. However, they took no cars with them, and it was not until

1909 February 17th that I took His Majesty for another run. Then he went for a drive in Hyde Park. The Renault was ordered, and the King was unaccompanied.

On February 19th the King left London for Brighton, where he stayed for a few days with Mr. Arthur Sassoon. With Colonel Streatfeild in attendance, we brought His Majesty down by road, and later in the afternoon he went for a run to Rottingdean.

French gardens were not then so common as they are to-day, and the following afternoon we brought the King to Patcham, on purpose for him to see that of the Mayor of Brighton. It lies by the side of the London Road, quite close to Preston Park, and His Majesty must have spent an hour there, inspecting the various beds and inquiring into the method and process of production. Afterwards we brought him back to Hove, where he entered the private gardens on the sea-front, and sat for a while in the sunshine.

On February 21st he motored to Beach House, Worthing. This stands on the shore of the sea, on the skirts and to the east of the town. The owner was away, but he had, I was told, asked to be allowed to place the garden at His Majesty's disposal. This was a very fine one, running right down to the sea, with only a wall between it and the waves, while the privacy it afforded was absolute. His Majesty was very pleased with the pleasaunce, and we brought him there two or three times.

The next day the King drove to Newhaven, where he alighted and strolled along the cliff. There are there certain private grounds belonging to the Borough of Brighton. These His Majesty approached, but, when the Equerry sought to

open the gate leading into them, he found that it was locked. There was a coast-guard standing close to me, and when he saw what had happened, he told me that he had a key and asked if he might go down and open the gate. I said, "Yes," and he asked me how he should address the King, if His Majesty spoke to him. I told him he must say "Your Majesty," and he went off in a state of great excitement, very delighted at the prospect of doing His Majesty a service and the chance of addressing him. As it happened, his hopes were more than realised, for the King had quite a long talk with him, and the coast-guard returned quite overcome with his good fortune. "He was nice," he kept saying. "He was nice." 1909

On February 23rd His Majesty returned to London.

On March 1st we sailed for Bordeaux, *en route* for Biarritz. We reached the Continent, to find that it was snowing hard, and all the way from the French port the roads were four or five inches deep in snow and slush. To make matters worse, a big end-bearing ran out on one of the cars,[1] so that we could only proceed very slowly for the rest of the journey, and instead of getting in at five o'clock, we did not reach Biarritz till past midnight.

A day or two later we met His Majesty at the station.

On March 12th we brought him to a race-meeting at La Barre. The horses were a much finer lot than those of the year before, and the proceedings were conducted on far better lines.

The next day the King motored to Anglet, to watch a pelote match. Chiquito was among the players, and, as in 1908, His Majesty sent for

[1] See page 78.

1909 him when the game was over, and congratulated him upon his play.

One day about this time we brought His Majesty home from Ustaritz, where he and the rest of the party had stopped for tea. The King had told me to take Cæsar on the foot-board, and I had accordingly done so. On the way to Biarritz we swung round a corner, to find a bullock-cart in our path, and the chauffeur had to make a double turn to get by. We were travelling fast at the time, and, as we swerved, to my horror poor Cæsar lost his balance and flew off the front of the car at a tangent. Providentially I had fastened his chain to the pressure pump on the dash-board, and I turned to see him whirling round in the air some three feet from my side. The next second I had leaned out and caught him by the collar, which happily fitted him well, and in a moment he was safe and sound on the foot-board again. The incident gave me a terrible shock, for if his lead had not withstood the sudden strain put upon it, I think he must have been killed. To my great relief, neither His Majesty nor anyone who was with him in the car saw what happened, and no one ever knew anything about it, except the two Equerries who were following in the second car. When we had set the King down, one of the latter came up to me and said quietly, "The way you saved Cæsar was a smart piece of work, Stamper," and on inquiry I learned from the chauffeur who was driving them at the time, that they had not seen that the poor dog was attached by his chain to the car, but thought that I had simply effected a wonderful catch.

A day or two later His Majesty motored to Pau. On the way there we burst a tyre, just as

we were entering Orthez. The chauffeur and I proceeded to change the tyre, and His Majesty got out of the car and strolled down the little old streets while it was being done. In the course of his ramble he passed down an old alley, and rested for a moment upon a stone seat, built into the ancient wall. It happened that this passage was the private property of an old dame, whose house stood hard by, and with her own eyes the owner witnessed this invasion of her domain. Either she recognised the King or was immediately told who he was, for, as I afterwards learned, she became greatly excited at the honour which had befallen her. Summoning her neighbours, she solemnly blessed the place where he had sat, and thereafter she used to exhibit for gain the slab upon which for a few moments had reposed the royal limbs. For all I know, she or another may do so to this day. 1909

We reached Pau in time for lunch, and in the afternoon His Majesty motored to a spot a few miles out of the town, that he might see the late Mr. Wilbur Wright fly. When we arrived at the ground, His Majesty alighted. The aviator was presented to him, and the King then entered the hangar to see the aeroplane. This was presently dragged out and set in position.

In those days, as will be remembered, the starting was rather a tedious business. Aeroplanes were not mounted upon wheels, but upon runners, which ran upon a track laid down for the purpose. To the front of the machine was fastened a rope, which passed over a block fixed about a hundred paces away, and so back to the top of a tower which stood just behind the aeroplane. To this end of the rope was affixed a great weight. When everything was ready, this

1909 weight was released, and by its descent of the tower the aeroplane was drawn swiftly forward upon the track, in this manner gaining the impetus necessary for it to rise from the ground.

While all these preparations were being made, His Majesty walked round the machine with Mr. Wright, asking him many questions and displaying the keenest interest in his invention. Presently the aviator took his seat, and, making a successful start, circled round the fields. Descending again, he passed in front of the King, planing so low that he skimmed the top of the grass, and then rising to pass over the hangar. In his next flight Mr. Wright was accompanied by his sister, with whom he flew to Pau and back, a distance of some six miles. On their return the King spoke with them both for some time, after which he returned to the car and we left the ground. With one or two others I had been allowed to approach and examine the machine, and on the way back to Pau His Majesty asked me what I thought of it. I said I thought it was very wonderful, but that I had expected the aeroplane to be very much larger. After asking me many other questions,

"Is it absolutely necessary for the engine to be allowed to make such a noise?" said the King. "When you're close to it, it's deafening."

"If they stifled the exhaust, Your Majesty, they wouldn't get so much power; so they'd have to have a larger engine, which would of course add to the weight."

"Yes, yes. I understand. I understand."

To His Majesty it was never necessary to explain a thing twice. When he had put his question, he would listen to the explanation and grasp it in a moment, and, however technical

it might be, once he had said, "I understand," he never asked that question again. 1909

He did not return to Biarritz the same evening, but spent the night at Pau and motored back the following afternoon. We travelled very fast all the way, and so great was the vibration, that not one of the cars (we were a party of four cars in all) arrived at Biarritz with all its fittings. Each of our own cars had lost part of the lamps and several bolts and nuts. Fast enough when we started, these had simply been shaken loose, and had then worked looser and looser, till they had fallen off as we went along. This road was always the same. What might have been a magnificent highway was ruined by its terrible surface, which made this journey one of the most trying His Majesty ever undertook. The road was, I suppose, frequently repaired, but the substance in which its stones were imbedded was too soft to withstand any rain, and a single shower was sufficient to wash most of it away into the gutters and leave the stones themselves, not loose, but bare and exposed.

On March 23rd His Majesty wanted to go for a run in the afternoon, and when he was entering the car, he asked me if I could suggest a spot by the sea-shore which we had not visited, and where he would be able to alight from the car and go for a stroll. I told him that there was a little village called Socoa, which lay a mile or so beyond St. Jean-de-Luz, and to which we had never been.

"Very well, Stamper. We'll go there this afternoon."

Accordingly thither I took the King. On the far side of Socoa, and on the southern point of the bay of St. Jean-de-Luz, stands an old fortress.

1909 This His Majesty visited on foot. He told me to stop just outside the little village. There he got out of the car and strolled through the street and up on to the promontory, whence he had a magnificent view of the coast-line for miles on either side.

Three days later we took His Majesty to Cambo, and thence to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port. There he witnessed some Basque dancing. It was a grotesque exhibition. Some of the dancers bore huge dolls upon their shoulders, and others rode hobby horses, while everyone of them was dressed in an outlandish costume of many colours.

One afternoon about this time I took the King for a run by way of Mouguerre. Before we started, he asked me to break new ground if I possibly could, so after a while we left the main road and swung away to the right. I was gradually working my way home to Biarritz by a series of by-roads we had never traversed before, when we came to a tremendous hill. We descended this with great caution, to find a bullock-wagon at the bottom, right in the middle of the narrow way. There were no bullocks harnessed to it, neither was there anyone in sight, so I left my seat, and, with the assistance of the police who were following in another car, managed to drag the great wain a little to one side, so as to give us room to get by. We were now in a valley, and the next moment we found ourselves face to face with an ascent, steeper if anything than the descent we had just negotiated. Powerful as was our car, it was hard put to it to get to the top, and I was not surprised on looking back to see that the police car had stuck. I was able to watch its occupants clamber out and begin to push as hard as they could; then we passed round a bend in

the road and I saw them no more. At the top of the hill we came upon the bullocks whose wagon we had dragged out of our way. They had been helping two fellow bullocks to pull a heavy load up the hill. We came comfortably enough to Biarritz, but the police did not arrive for another hour and a half. It appeared that they had had a terrible time. Finding that it was absolutely hopeless to try and climb the hill up which we had gone, they turned round, intending to go back by the way we had come. There, however, the other hill barred the way, and after a quarter of an hour's hard labour they decided that, if they were ever to leave the valley at all, it would be by the hill they had watched us ascend. By the time they had tried to scale this backwards three times they were wondering how they could have been so foolish as to think it was the easier of the two; but the complete failure of similar tactics on the other side of the valley made them once more uncertain. In the end they were forced to enlist the services of the helpful bullocks we had passed on the crest of the hill, and it was only after they had been hauled up the steep ascent that they were able to make their way back to Biarritz. 1909

On March 30th we brought His Majesty by a roundabout way to St. Jean-de-Luz. There he wished to have tea. Accordingly we drove to a large hotel on the front, but there were so many people there that he told me to go to a smaller one, and I eventually set him down at quite a little one, which was less crowded. As a matter of fact, it was really rather late for tea, and the subsequent arrival of so many of the smart people at the moment adorning St. Jean-de-Luz, in search of that beverage at an hotel

1909 they had never before patronised, because it was not upon the sea-front, must have seemed unaccountable to a casual spectator, who believed His Majesty to be at Biarritz.

The next day His Majesty motored to San Sebastian, where he lunched with the King of Spain.

On April 1st we brought His Majesty to Cambo, where he lunched with some of his friends at an hotel built on the bank of the River Nive. It had been arranged that the party should go some of the way home by water, and accordingly, after luncheon, they embarked in boats, which were ready for them at Cambo, and came down stream to Ustaritz. Meanwhile the cars had gone thither by road. Tea was served in a garden. While it was in progress, some poor children gathered outside, and before we left for Biarritz, the ladies of the party made them run and scramble for cakes.

The next day we brought His Majesty to Sare, where a pelote match was played in his honour. In the middle of the game a pig ran on to the court. Once there, it displayed the utmost curiosity and interest in the game and the players. The match had to be suspended while the two teams ran after the pig, but it refused to be chased away, and for a long time defied its pursuers. Altogether it was most amusing, and the King laughed very heartily. Mrs. Arthur James, who made one of the party, had brought a new camera with her. She was most anxious to take a snap-shot of the interloper, and asked me to adjust the camera for her. This I did, and she was able to secure a very good photograph of the incident. Afterwards she was kind enough to give me one of the proofs.

I think it was one day during this visit that H.M. King Alphonso motored over from San Sebastian and lunched with the King. He was not driving himself, but his car was an open one, and, as I knew he would pass the garage on the return journey, I thought I would try and photograph him as he went by. Accordingly, when it was time for him to leave the hotel, I took my camera and waited on the path. Presently the car appeared. As it approached, the King of Spain leaned forward in my direction and smiled. Perceiving that he recognised me, I made haste to uncover, and it was only when it was too late and the car was gone that it occurred to me that he had graciously leaned forward on purpose to give me a chance of securing a good photograph. 1909

His Majesty allowed me to carry a camera on the car on the understanding that I was never to use it to photograph him.

On April 3rd I took the King for a run to a little lake called Chimberta, which lies in the woods between Biarritz and La Barre. There we had tea and then motored back to Biarritz in the evening. Just before dinner His Majesty sent for me. As once before, I found him writing up his diary, and when I came into the room, he told me he was uncertain as to how he should spell the name of the lake we had visited that afternoon. He showed me how he had written it down. I told His Majesty that I thought there were really two ways of spelling the name, but that he had spelt it differently from the way in which it was printed on my map. After a little discussion and a reference to his contour-book, he said he should take my spelling, and altered his diary accordingly.

1909 The following afternoon the King told me to take him to Lac d'Yrieux, with which he had been so pleased the year before. We found it quiet and beautiful as ever, and I served the tea, as before, on the shore of the lake.

Very often, if we were going for rather a long run, His Majesty would have several English newspapers and periodicals put in the car before we started, so that if he liked he could look at them as we were going along. One day this had been done as usual, but before we had gone a couple of hundred yards he discovered that all the papers were old and out of date. It was most fortunate that he noticed this almost at once, or we might have gone too far to return, but he was naturally very much annoyed and called to me to go back to the hotel. Those of his suite who had just attended the King as he had entered the car, had hardly dispersed, and, as we drove up to the private entrance which stands by the side of the main door and was always reserved for His Majesty's use when he was staying at the Hôtel du Palais, he caught sight of the very servant whose business it was to put the papers into the car.

"Here," cried the King.

The man came running up, to be met by the papers, which His Majesty pitched *en masse* out of the window.

"What is the use of giving me papers a week old?" said the King. "It's great carelessness. I took the trouble to look out the papers I wanted, and I have been given others that are useless."

The servant said he was very sorry, and hurriedly fetched those His Majesty had put ready. The next minute we were again on our way.

Every year the same suite was reserved for His Majesty at the Hôtel du Palais. This was upon the ground floor, and on the left-hand side as you stand facing the hotel. The first visit he paid was in the spring of 1906. As I have said elsewhere, I arrived a few days before the King, and I remember how busy were the preparations against his coming. Amongst other improvements, a telephone was installed for his private use. This was placed upon a writing-table in what was to be his study. The final connections were only made the day before His Majesty arrived, and I remember the manager asked me to test the line for him, and ring through to London, as the mechanics could not speak English. I did so, and he was very pleased when I was able to tell him that I could hear the Supervisor at the Central Exchange as easily as if she were speaking from the adjoining room. In fact, I could hear the London operators better than I could those in Paris. 1909

His Majesty always had a telephone on his table at Buckingham Palace. I never saw him use the telephone anywhere, and from what I have heard I believe he used it very little.

On April 5th the King made a full-day excursion to Loyola, going by way of Zarauz and Zumaya, and returning by way of Tolosa. He had been anxious to go to Pamplona, and had sent for me three days before to ask if we could manage the trip in the day. I told His Majesty that it could be done, if he did not object to starting early in the morning and allowing only half an hour for luncheon, but that it would be a run of over two hundred miles. The King said that that would mean too long a day, and asked if I could suggest another excursion which

1909 would not take quite so much time. I suggested that we should go to Loyola, and this he decided to do, telling me to prepare an itinerary as usual. I brought it to the hotel the first thing in the morning. In the evening His Majesty sent for me again, as he wished to arrange as to where we should lunch and have tea. As soon as I entered the room,

"Stamper," he said, "I can't find the itinerary anywhere. I know you gave it me, but somehow or other it has got mislaid. I have been looking for it all over the place."

With that he went to his writing-table and searched everywhere. He went right through his papers and looked in the drawers of the table, took up the books that were lying there and shook out their leaves. I glanced round the room to see if I could find the missing sheet lying anywhere, and looked about the floor in case it had fallen down, but it was nowhere to be seen. At last,

"How long would it take you to make another?" said His Majesty.

"Oh, I have the original in the book, Your Majesty, and it will only take me about half an hour to make another copy."

"All right," said the King. "Get it done as quickly as you can, and then bring it to me and I'll settle the final arrangements."

When I returned with the fresh copy, His Majesty went carefully over the route. He then asked me where we had better have lunch, and I told him that I had heard tell of a large rock on the sea-shore close to Zarauz, whose top was perfectly flat and about the height of a table from the ground.

"That will do very well," said the King.

"Will you tell Mr. Fehr that we will lunch there?" 1909

Mr. Fehr was the courier, and used to precede us with the luncheon, usually by train, and sometimes the night before, and make all the necessary preparations against our coming.

We started from Biarritz in good time, a party of three cars and a fourth with the police. As we ran into the little town of Zumaya, the courier came out into the road and held up his hands for us to stop. When we pulled up, he explained that he had found the little hotel on the beach closed, as their season had not yet begun, and had consequently arranged for the lunch to be served in an hotel in Zumaya. His Majesty was not very pleased, and when we reached the hotel in question, it certainly looked very uninviting. We drew up to the door, which was open, and the King looked down the passage, without moving from his seat in the car. Then he said to me,

"Go in and see what you think of it, Stamper."

I found it very dark and gloomy, and told His Majesty so on my return. The King called the courier.

"What do you mean by arranging for me to have lunch in this horrible place?" he cried. "And right in the middle of the town? I want fresh air, and my lunch in the fresh air."

With that His Majesty told him to pack up the lunch again, and turning to me said,

"Go on to where you suggested we should lunch, and when we get there, we can send a car back for the baskets."

Just as we were nearing the spot we sought, we swung round a corner, to find the road blocked. A landslip had recently taken place, and part of the side of a mountain had crumbled and fallen

1909 into the way. I told His Majesty I was afraid we could go no farther.

"Well, have a look round, Stamper," he said, "and choose us a place here for luncheon, by the side of the road."

I soon found a suitable spot, and one of the cars was sent back to Zumaya for the baskets. When they arrived, I started setting out the luncheon, and the King and the rest of the party helped me, as we did not want to be long. When everything was ready, I served His Majesty, and as he and his friends finished with the dishes, he handed them to me, saying,

"Take them to the chauffeurs, Stamper, and see that they have something to eat."

When we resumed our journey, we had to find another way to Loyola because of the landslip. This took us over the mountains. We climbed successfully to a great altitude, and then began the descent on the other side. On the way down we came to a very bad corner. His Majesty's car was so long that we could not get round without reversing. The road was terribly steep, and the manipulation of the brakes claimed a large share of the chauffeur's attention, with the result that, in the middle of the operation of completing the turn, he stopped his engine. I got off the car to start it for him, and when the rest of the party saw me in the road with the car standing at what seemed to be a dreadful angle, the Equerries and others came rushing up to know if there was any danger. I assured them that there was no occasion for alarm and that we should get going again in a moment. The rest of the descent we accomplished without incident.

We were now approaching Loyola. Just before we got there, we entered as mall village, where

the inhabitants all seemed to be sitting about outside their cottage doors. Directly they saw us, they rose and exhibited the utmost hostility. Missiles were thrown as we passed by, and some of the men drew their knives, while the women shrieked execrations. One great fellow ran to a horse and cart, which was standing at the side of the road, and tried to get it across the way to prevent us from passing, but we managed to get by all right, and, as the other cars bore down upon him, he thought better of it and drew out of their path. I think it was the dust we raised which provoked the bitter demonstration. So we came to Loyola. 1909

Loyola is the headquarters of the Jesuits. It is a great sanctuary, and besides the church there is, of course, a large monastery and a college. His Majesty and the gentlemen of the party were escorted over the monastery, but the ladies were not allowed to go with them, so they remained in the cathedral while the organist gave them a recital. We started on the return journey by way of Tolosa and Le Col de Maya. On the way we stopped to have tea by the roadside. An hour or two later we reached Biarritz. As the King alighted he said,

"It's been a very delightful day, Stamper; but I think we went really just a little too far."

A day or two later His Majesty and a party of friends motored to the Pas de Roland. From Cambo the road is very pretty, for it runs between hills all the way to the great gorge in the mountains. Through this flows the Nive, and everywhere there were beautiful wild flowers and ferns growing. The Pas itself is a great rock which stands in the gorge, and through which there runs a huge hole, making a gigantic natural archway.

1909 A legend has it that this is no less that a sword-thrust of some giant of old.

We had brought the luncheon with us, and this was served in a neighbouring meadow by two footmen, while I acted as wine-butler. Just as luncheon was over, an old woman appeared upon the scene. She had 'a lean and hungry look.' I scented danger. With a great show of ill-temper she asked why we had not sought her permission to lunch in her meadow. One of the Equerries tried to appease her, but she would have none of his apologies, and when he told her that it was the King of England and his friends, she only said that she did not care if it was. The wall which separated the meadow from the road was built of loose stones piled one upon another. It was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one place we had removed a large stone to make it easier for His Majesty to enter. Of course, in any case, she would have suggested that the trespass should be wiped out in silver—it was all she was there for—and as the idea did not seem to have occurred to the Equerry, I think the moment for her suggestion had in fact arrived, when all of a sudden she caught sight of the new gap in the wall. Her indignation now knew no bounds. The trespass was merged in this fresh outrage, and she fastened greedily upon the opportunity which our removal of the stone afforded her. We had broken down her fence. The value of her property was gone. Who were we to grind the faces of the fatherless? In vain the Equerry protested that we should replace the stone, and that with two minutes' work we should leave the fence in a sounder condition than that in which we had found it. Heatedly she demanded compensation. The Equerry was prepared to pay her

something for the use of her meadow, and told her so, but he said that her claim in respect of the alleged damage to her property was grotesque, and could not be entertained. In the end she accepted the small sum he offered her and went away. When we got back to Biarritz and I mentioned our experience to someone, I found that the hag was quite notorious, and that she picked up a lot of money by thus descending upon strangers who lunched or had tea in her meadow. 1909

The following afternoon we brought His Majesty to Fuenterrabia, which is an old Spanish town, standing at the mouth of the river Bidassoa. It was Good Friday, and there was to be a religious procession through the streets of the old town. The King was told that the ceremony would begin at three o'clock, and as it was twenty minutes past two when we started, and Fuenterrabia lies twenty-two miles from Biarritz, we went at a good pace all the way. When we arrived, however, we found that the procession would not start till half-past four, so His Majesty alighted and went for a stroll.

We had stopped in the principal square, or Plaza de Armas. Through this the procession was going to pass, so after a while His Majesty re-entered the car, which was standing by the kerb, and prepared to watch the procession from where he was sitting. Presently we saw it coming along, and everyone uncovered. First came the laymen and boys, carrying candles. The priests followed after, bearing sacred images. Behind these came a number of poor little children, dressed all in white, with wreaths on their heads and wings on their backs. Several of them could not have been more than four years old, and they were all too tiny to be stumbling through the

1909 streets in the blazing sun. Some of them were crying bitterly, and only those who had been pacified with sweets at all resembled the pictures of the cherubim I think they were intended to represent. They, at least, were not in tears, but they did not look happy, and I fancy it was only the distension of their cheeks which suggested the comparison. And this was due to the sweets they were sucking. Behind them again came other images, and then some officers in the Spanish Services. Laymen with candles brought up the rear.

On Easter Monday His Majesty motored to San Sebastian and lunched at the Hôtel du Palais. In the afternoon was held a carnival, and at four o'clock there was a procession. The King sat on a balcony of the hotel and watched the great cars go by. Some of them were most elaborate, and a few were nothing less than little stages on wheels. As they drew up to the hotel, these stopped in front of where His Majesty sat, and in each case those on board gave a little performance before proceeding on their way. The streets were thronged with people, and the whole town was very crowded.

The next day His Majesty's visit to Biarritz came to an end, and in the evening we brought him to the station.

I did not see the King again for three weeks, as on April 17th he boarded the royal yacht, which was lying at Genoa, and in company with Her Majesty cruised the Mediterranean.

On May 8th he returned to the Palace, and on the following day he ordered the Renault and went by himself for a drive in Hyde Park. Almost the first thing he said was,

"Well, Stamper, what about the new car?"

This was a 65 h.p. Mercédès, and it had only just been delivered. I told His Majesty that I had tested it thoroughly, and that I felt sure he would be pleased with it. He asked me a lot about it, and when he had heard all I had to say, he said he would use it to go to Newmarket two days later. Then he asked me to tell him, one by one, what I had done with the other cars. I told him in detail. When I had finished, 1909

"Very good," said the King. "Very good."

His praise was rare, and so the more grateful—a fact upon which I was just proceeding comfortably to reflect, when he added, somewhat to my discomfiture,

"Well, you've had three weeks to do it in."

Tireless himself, His Majesty naturally expected energy of those about him. Into three short weeks he himself crowded so much action, that twenty-one days seemed a generous allowance of time for the overhauling of four or five cars. It wasn't really, and though he never knew it, several times we had had to work all night that the cars might be ready against his return.

On May 11th His Majesty motored to Newmarket, using the new car. It happened that this was the week for which a 'Shops Exhibition' had been organised by the traders of Kilburn, and hearing that High Street had been decorated very prettily for the occasion, the King decided to pass that way out of London instead of leaving as usual by the Finchley Road. His intention was made known beforehand, and all Kilburn turned out to see him go by. By His Majesty's orders we drove very slowly down High Street, so that he might be able to see the decorations without and within the shop windows. I think this compliment, which he paid to their enterprise, was greatly

1909 appreciated by the local tradespeople and their patrons, for the King was cheered enthusiastically all the way.

Two days later we brought His Majesty to Sandringham. This meant a run of fifty miles, by way of Brandon and Swaffham. For much of the way the country is open and flat, and the road is straight. The surface, too, was excellent, and I seized the opportunity of showing His Majesty what the car could do. We covered the distance in an hour and twenty minutes, and the King was very pleased.

On May 15th His Majesty returned to London, and on the following afternoon we brought him to the Stud House, Hampton Court Park, where he lunched with Major and Lady Sarah Wilson. After luncheon he motored on to Hampton Court Palace. It was a Sunday, and word that the King was coming must have gone round, for when we reached the main entrance by Molesey Bridge, we found hundreds of people lining each side of the broad drive up to the Palace. After inspecting the excavations which had been recently made, His Majesty visited Lady Augustus Hervey, who had apartments in the Palace, and then passed on to the gardens and green-houses. While he was gone, the officials suggested that the car should be brought to another entrance, so that the King's departure might be more private than had been his arrival. This was done, and we passed through the stable-yard and so to a gate on the other side of the building. The people, however, divined our intentions, and when His Majesty came to re-enter the car, there was a bigger crowd than ever.

Just before he did so, and while he was still walking in the gardens, Mr. John Burns, who was among those who had received His Majesty, came

rushing up to know if I had seen Cæsar. He said that the dog had disappeared, and that His Majesty was rather worried about him, and wished me to go and call his name. I followed Mr. Burns into the gardens, to find everyone in attendance searching for Cæsar, or explaining to each other why it was that they were certain as to where they had seen him last. As I came up, Cæsar appeared, with a show of that nonchalance of which he was such a master. His was the attitude of one who has been kept waiting, but has decided to say nothing about it. With such a dog it was impossible for His Majesty or anyone else to be angry. 1909

May 18th was a field day at Aldershot. As before, we met His Majesty in the morning at Farnborough station, and from then until lunch we brought him to and from various high places, from which he watched the manœuvres. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien and General Sir John French. All the time our way lay along rough military roads, and even these never ran right up to the marquees, which had been set up at every point we drove to, so that more than once, since the ground was wet, we had some difficulty in covering the last few yards. However, at each point there were officers waiting to receive the King, and when the wheels began to lose their grip on the turf, they would come and help to push the car to the top of the prominence. Comparatively little time was spent at any one spot, but as soon as the Generals thought that His Majesty would do well to move to another, they said so. The next minute he had re-entered the car, they had followed him, and we were off in the wake of the same two officers who had piloted us on motor-cycles the year before.

His Majesty lunched at Government House, and

1909 in the afternoon motored to a fair-sized lake, to watch cavalry cross it as if it were a river. The horses were drawn across by means of an endless rope, slung over the water from bank to bank, and passing through a block on the far side. As soon as the rope was fixed, some of the troops began to haul on it. One after another the horses were led to the edge of the water, and their bridles hitched on to the rope as it passed by. Thus, willy-nilly, they were assisted across, and the moment they had reached the opposite bank, their bridles were loosed from the rope and they were led aside to wait till their fellows could join them. From there we brought His Majesty to the balloon sheds, to see the new baby dirigible balloon. An ascent was to have been made, but the wind was so high that it was not considered advisable. However, the balloon was brought out for the King's inspection, and held down by a number of men while the officer in charge explained to His Majesty the details of its construction and working.

On May 22nd His Majesty motored to Warren House, Kingston, where he spent the week-end with Sir Arthur and Lady Paget. Lord Sandwich made one of the house-party, and was with his host upon the doorstep to welcome the King. When His Majesty had entered the house, his lordship turned to me and asked how I did. I was surprised that he should remember me, and the next moment he said that he had not seen me for some years. I told him that it was not since our visit to Marienbad in 1906. That afternoon Miss Isadora Duncan and some of her pupils danced on the lawn before His Majesty.

The following day—Sunday—Mr. John Burns had been invited to join the party. He arrived in a taxi, and after discharging it at the gate,

proceeded to walk up the drive, which is winding. 1909
Presently he met the gardener, whom he asked if he was going the right way to the house. Not recognising him, that worthy asked whom he wanted to see.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Burns, "I want to see the King and Lady Paget."

The gardener looked him up and down.

"You'd better go that way," he said.

The unsuspecting Minister followed implicitly the direction the fellow had given him, with the result that two minutes later he found himself at the back door. Realising how unfavourably he must have impressed his guide, Mr. Burns began to laugh, when the door opened, and, as luck would have it, there emerged the chauffeur who had come down with me. He recognised Mr. Burns, and seeing that there was some mistake, offered to show him the way to the front door. Mr. Burns thanked him, and, as they went along, explained with gusto how he came to be there and what the gardener had done. Later on in the day Mr. Burns came out and spoke with Superintendent Spencer and me, who were just without the grounds, watching the golf which was being played on a neighbouring course. I remember he deprecated the game as a Sunday pursuit. The Superintendent had witnessed his arrival at the gates earlier in the day, and had seen him discharge his taxi. When Mr. Burns had entered the grounds, Mr. Spencer asked the driver if he knew who had been his fare. The man nodded.

"And I wish I drove him every day. Look at that," and he showed the Superintendent what Mr. Burns had paid him.

The following day His Majesty returned to London.

1909 On May 26th Minoru won the Derby by a short head. Of the memorable scene which followed His Majesty's success, I need say nothing, for it is a matter of history. Those who were there will never forget, and for those who were not, the many photographs which appeared in the papers the next day have presented a better idea of what happened than any words of mine could give. They put on record for ever how King, Prince, Equerries, trainer, and police were in a moment the centre of a surging, raving crowd of people, all mad with delight because the King had won. Indeed, if the police had not been there, I do not know what would have happened. Fortunately they were more or less ready for the rush, with the result that they were by His Majesty's side before the people. Those of the crowd who appeared to be actually touching the King, as he led in his horse, were, in fact, officers of the Metropolitan Police in plain clothes.

On May 29th Their Majesties and Princess Victoria left London for Crichel, where they spent a few days with Lord and Lady Alington.

On the following day the King and Queen motored to Somerley, where they had tea with Lord and Lady Normanton. On the way there a visit was paid to the White Farm on the Crichel estate. Here is no animal of any colour. Horses, sheep, cows, goats, pigs, and donkeys alike—all are white. And so are the fowls, turkeys, ducks, and pigeons. Dogs and cats too. There are even white pheasants and sparrows, and, I think, a white blackbird.

The next day we brought Their Majesties to Milton Abbey, the residence of Sir Everard Hambro. Her Majesty's car had come to Crichel

as well as the King's, and as she was anxious to lead the way, I sat on the front seat with her chauffeur. 1909

Of course there were always two men on the front of Her Majesty's car, but the second was usually a chauffeur too. Sometimes a groom went with her instead, but it was more convenient to have a second chauffeur, for if, for instance, the engine gave any trouble, this was more quickly and easily located and dealt with.

When His Majesty came up to Town, and I did not travel with him on the special, my place upon the car which met him was taken by a second chauffeur, except when the Renault was used. Then a groom sat by the chauffeur's side instead.

Sometimes, when His Majesty's car has been full, an Equerry has sat in front with the driver and me. It was rather a tight fit, but he would sit in the middle, and we managed it somehow.

On June 1st we brought Their Majesties through the New Forest to Broadlands, near Romsey, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley. Unfortunately it poured with rain all the way there and back, and there was a tearing wind. To make matters worse, the surfaces of the roads were very bad. Their flints must have been unusually brittle, for the rollers had crushed them into numberless tiny splinters. These the heavy rain loosened, and somehow or other our wheels flung them up right and left. Then the wind caught them and sent them all over the cars. The foot-boards were covered, and they even worked their way into the engine, while they were driven so hard against the wind-screens that the glass was cut and scratched all over, as with a diamond.

1909 Two days later Their Majesties returned to Buckingham Palace.

The following week-end His Majesty spent at Polesden Lacey, as the guest of Mrs. Ronald Greville. While he was there, he paid a visit to Lord Hope's house, Deepdene, at Dorking, on purpose to see the rhododendrons, which were most wonderful.

On June 8th His Majesty drove to Olympia to see the Horse Show. A day or two later one of the Equerries showed me a letter which had been received from a lady, asking for compensation for a spoiled dress. She stated that she had been standing on the kerb at the entrance to Olympia to watch His Majesty's departure in the car, and that, just as he was leaving, she was pushed off the pavement by the excited crowd behind her. The consequence was, she said, that the car passed quite close to her, and, as it went by, bespattered her dress with oil, so that it was ruined. When I had read the latter, the Equerry asked me if I remembered the incident. I told him that I had seen nothing of it, and that I did not think it could have escaped my notice, adding that I could not conceive how any car could bespatter a person with oil in this way. I then suggested that a letter should be written, asking the lady to mention the exact spot at which she was standing when the car passed her. In her reply she said that this was at the main entrance. This disposed of the matter, for we never once brought His Majesty to or from the main entrance to Olympia, but he always entered and left the hall by the one in Hammersmith Road.

On June 10th the King and Queen visited Chelsea Hospital. I had been told exactly at

which door to set down Their Majesties, but when we arrived, some zealous officials beckoned me past this particular entrance. Supposing that the plans had been altered, I told the chauffeur to proceed to that which they indicated at the opposite end of the court. There we drew up, and I got down and opened the door of the car. His Majesty was on the point of alighting, when someone rushed up and said to me, 1909

"No, no. The other door. The other door."

All things considered, I cannot conceive anything more calculated to upset the King. The visit was an official one, and there were several important people waiting to receive Their Majesties at the door we had passed by. The King had arisen, and had to turn round in the car and resume his seat. To crown all, it was pouring with rain, and when we proceeded to retrace our steps, the chauffeur had considerable difficulty in turning the car. Little wonder that His Majesty was extremely annoyed.

"Why didn't you come down and see which door we had to go to?" he cried.

"I'm very sorry, Your Majesty, but the man who stood in the road gave me a wrong direction."

Very often, when His Majesty had arranged to pay such a visit as this, I would go down to the place beforehand and see exactly where we were to set down and take up the King. This time, however, I had been so busy the day before that I had not had time to go to Chelsea Hospital, but the instructions which had been given me were perfectly clear, and the mistake would never have occurred if it had not been for the misdirection of my officious directors.

On June 12th Their Majesties and Princess Victoria motored to Hatfield, where they spent

1909 the week-end with Lord and Lady Salisbury. On the Sunday afternoon they visited Lord Strathcona at Knebworth, and the next day the Court moved to Windsor.

When His Majesty was at Windsor, the band of one of those regiments of the Household Brigade and Guards, which were then stationed there, attended every evening at the Castle to play during dinner. The walls of the dining-room which was most frequently used were covered with very fine tapestry—I believe Gobelin. One of the panels had no backing; that is to say, there was no wall behind it, and here, high up, as if it were a musicians' gallery, lay the band-room. This was a long room, and while the orchestra played at the far end, the conductor's seat was close to the tapestry. Most of the light in the band-room was at the far end, and since the dining-room was well lighted, the opening was effectively masked, but for the same reason the band-master could see all that went on at the table. From time to time he would glance down at the King, and if His Majesty found the music too loud, he would motion to the conductor, who would then draw the curtains which hung on his side of the panel. Just before the King entered the dining-room the band would strike up the National Anthem. The band-master was advised of His Majesty's approach by the ringing of an electric bell.

At Buckingham Palace and Sandringham, as I have said, the King had his own orchestra. At Balmoral no music was played throughout dinner, but every evening, directly His Majesty and his guests had taken their seats, the King's pipers entered the room and marched round the table two or three times, piping as they went.

At the Palace, Windsor, and Sandringham, as well as in Scotland, a Highlander used to pipe under His Majesty's window every morning at eight o'clock. 1909

Whenever His Majesty stayed at a private house, there was always a band in attendance, so that selections might be played during dinner and in the course of the evening. One or two of the gentlemen whom the King honoured with a visit had their own private bands, but as a rule, His Majesty's host retained an orchestra for the occasion, and lodged the performers in cottages on the estate.

So often as the King—if only on his way from the station—passed through a strange village which knew of his coming beforehand, the local band was sure to be posted at some point of vantage, where it lay in wait, ready to do him honour. The rendering of the familiar melody, and indeed the behaviour of the labourers themselves, was sometimes eccentric to a degree, but His Majesty always received the attention with real and evident pleasure, and never failed to raise his hat and bow most courteously. The deed might be droll in the doing, but with him the will was the thing. So that was honest, he never minded anything else. But often, when we were past the ambush, he would burst out laughing, and there were times when he must have had much ado to keep a straight face till the car had rolled by. Let alone the temper of the music they executed, the artists were sometimes unready for our arrival, and it was only by the most desperate efforts imaginable that they were able to mobilise before we were out of earshot. At other times the judgment of their conductor as to the pace of an approaching car has been so

1909 warped by suspense, that he has too long withheld the signal for the onset, to the impotent anguish of the performers, who could hear the car coming, and knew that if they did not strike up, the object of their attentions would have passed by. Several times a false start ruined everything. Once we swept round a corner, to see the little troop on the edge of the village green. Every man's lips were pursed against his brass, every man's cheeks were distended to bursting point, every man's eyes were glued to the baton, poised and about to fall. It must have been on the very point of descending, when with the tail of one protruding eye a fat horn caught sight of the car, and the next second his first note was blown. Pell-mell after him came the others, one and all determined not to be left at the post. Apparently he was still maintaining his lead when we turned the next corner, but the diabolical blare with which His Majesty was regaled for those twenty seconds, and which he gravely acknowledged, simply beggared description.

The National Anthem was nearly always played too slowly for His Majesty's liking. In my hearing he often remarked that the time was too slow, and finally, by his request, the order was given that all military bands should play 'God Save the King' at the rate of eighty beats to the minute.

On June 16th Their Majesties and Princess Victoria motored to Ascot. Lord Sandwich went with the King, and the other guests followed in other cars. We were a party of seven cars in all. On the way home the King and Queen and some of the guests drove to the Fishing Temple for tea. That very morning Sir David Welch had been knighted, and I believe it was his

birthday. Just as I was coming to the foot of the steps up to the Temple, His Majesty, who was standing at the top of them, said to Sir David, 1909

"You ought to have been called David Goliath Welch. You're such a big strong man."

Then he looked at me and burst out laughing. Sir David was really very small, but always in high spirits and in great form.

Whenever, as in this case, a large party went to the Fishing Temple for tea, everything was sent there from the Castle beforehand in one of the cars.

The following afternoon His Majesty motored to Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park, to see Lady Ellis, whose husband, Sir Arthur Ellis, had died very suddenly just two years before. Sir Arthur Ellis was an Extra Equerry to the King, and his death occurred at Covent Garden on the occasion of the gala performance which was given in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark. He was seized with a heart attack, just as Their Majesties were about to enter the house, and died there and then. The King was told that he had fainted, and it was not until the Royal Party had left the theatre that the truth was made known to His Majesty.

I had never been to Royal Lodge before, and, as we approached the grounds, I told the chauffeur to slow down while I looked for the entrance gates. Divining my intention, His Majesty cried,

"Go on. I know where it is."

On we went. A moment later,

"It's just here," said the King.

I could not see it anywhere, nor could His Majesty.

"That's funny," he said. "I'm sure it's just here."

1909 We slowed down and stopped, but there was no sign of an entrance, so we went on slowly, and presently found one on another side of the grounds. His Majesty said no more at the time, but later, when he was leaving, he turned to Lady Ellis, and, pointing to where we had sought an entrance, said,

"Wasn't there a gate there once, Lady Ellis?"

"Yes, Sir, there was. But it's been done away with."

The King's memory was very fine. As with places, so with persons, I do not believe he ever forgot anyone he had ever met.

On June 19th we brought His Majesty to The Hatch, a private house near Clewer, where was staying Mr. John Porter, the King's old trainer. When he retired, his place was taken by Mr. Richard Marsh.

Two days later the King and Queen returned to London.

One day about this time we brought His Majesty from the Palace to (I think it was) Coombe Court. Just as we were starting, the King said,

"We must hurry up, Stamper, or we shall be late."

Accordingly we made as much haste as we could, and, so soon as we were in Richmond Park, we took advantage of the clear road and put on the pace. We were just about half way across the Park when I saw a horseman gallop out of a clump of trees and make for the road, as if he desired to head us off. This he was just in time to do, and, once on the road, he galloped along exactly in front of us. I blew the horn and the chauffeur tried to get by, but the rider only glanced over his shoulder and held on his way immediately ahead of the car. Gradually slack-

ening his speed, he compelled us to slow down, and the next minute he held up his hand and cried to us to stop. As we pulled up, he drew alongside and asked why we had no number-plate. I leaned out and said that it was the King's car and that His Majesty was inside. At this he started and glanced into the car. Then he reined in his horse and uncovered. His Majesty acknowledged his salute with a smile, and we passed on our way. He may have been a mounted policeman in plain clothes, but I am inclined to think he was one of the park officials, who had been specially posted by the side of the road to stop motorists who were exceeding the speed limit. We had probably just passed through a control, and he had received the signal to stop us from another official, whom we had not noticed, but who had taken the time. 1909

I have said that we were never stopped for exceeding the speed limit. It would have been more accurate to say that we were never taxed with that offence. On the occasions on which we were stopped, I think it was usually our pace which had originally attracted attention. The moment, however, that it was perceived that we were carrying no number-plate, the opportunity of accusing us of excessive speed was rejected in favour of that of making the more substantial charge.

On June 26th His Majesty motored to Halton House, Tring, where he spent the week-end with Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. On the way down, as we were passing through Hendon, a small boy—some seven or eight years old—ran out in front of the car. The chauffeur swerved as much as he dared, but in spite of his effort it seemed as if we must hit the child. Suddenly the car

1909 skidded violently to one side. To this the boy owed his life, for we swung away from where he was, and the urchin was spared to play 'last across the road' another day.

"Marvellous how you saved him," cried the King to the chauffeur. "Marvellous."

Next week His Majesty visited Newmarket, and on June 30th he and a party of friends drove over to Kentford to call upon Lady de Bathe and see her training stables.

On July 2nd the King returned to London, and the following day he travelled by train to Rugby. Royal carriages had been sent down beforehand, and on his arrival His Majesty drove in State to the School, where he opened the new Speech-room. From there, again, the carriages took him to a point on the skirts of the town, where I was waiting with the car. So we brought him to Coton House, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James, where he spent the week-end. On Sunday he motored to Newnham Paddox, to see Lord Denbigh.

On Monday morning Her Majesty and Princess Victoria travelled by train from London to Rugby. There His Majesty joined the special, which then proceeded direct to Huyton for Knowsley, one of the seats of the Earl of Derby. That night the King and Queen slept at Knowsley.

So soon as I had seen His Majesty on to the special at Rugby, I left for Manchester by road. The day before, three other royal cars had travelled from London to Manchester by rail. Whilst we were at that city, the chief fire-station was put at our service, and there we garaged the cars. The detraining of those which had come by rail took some time, and it was late before they were all three in the fire-station. Consequently, the

chief of the brigade was good enough to tell off some of the staff to help in the cleaning and polishing of the cars for the Royal Progress on the following day. Needless to say, no one can clean brass better than a fireman, and when the work had been done, the cars looked splendid. Manchester was *en fête,* and the whole city was very excited about the coming of the King. The news that the royal cars might be seen at the fire-station spread with rapidity, and a great number of people came to look at them and watch the preparations we were making for the following day. 1909

As one of the cars which had come by rail was leaving its truck, one of the corners of the leather hood, which was raised at the time, was allowed to strike the roof of the truck, with the result that the hood-stick, or vertical support, which keeps the hood of a car stiff and prevents it from sagging, was broken, and the corner of the hood drooped. It looked very bad, and it was clear that something must be done to put it right in time for the morrow's ceremony. There was no time to get it properly repaired; but though I knew I could execute a temporary repair easily enough, the difficulty was that, if I did so, the hood would not be able to be raised and lowered at will. I decided that it is on the whole more inconvenient to be unable to have a car closed than to be unable to have it open, and I made the repair myself. I fixed a piece of wood inside the hood, to act as a stay and keep the sagging corner in position, and covered it with a piece of blue cloth. As it was a holiday in Manchester, I could nowhere obtain a piece of cloth of the same shade of blue as the lining of the hood, but in the end I purchased a pair of trousers from one of the

1909 firemen, and covered my stay with a strip cut from one of the legs. It matched the blue cloth of the hood exactly. I thought it best to say nothing about the matter, but told the chauffeur that, if in the course of the day the occupants of the car asked that the hood might be lowered, he must simply explain the situation. Fortunately the day was such that His Majesty kept his car closed all the time, and those who followed in the other cars naturally did the same.

For Their Majesties, and indeed for everyone with them, July 6th was a most fatiguing day. From Knowsley to Manchester they went by train in the morning. At the station royal carriages were in readiness, and the King and Queen drove in State through the streets to open the Royal Infirmary. From there we brought them by car to Worsley Hall, where they lunched with the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. On the way we stopped at Eccles for His Majesty to receive an address.

We came very fast all the way to Worsley, with the result that we arrived some little while before we were expected. To reach the Hall we had to pass through the town, and the confusion which reigned in the streets was terrible. Enormous crowds had assembled to see us go by, but traffic was still plying upon the road-ways, though it was considerably dislocated by the presence of a large force of Territorials. The latter were marching to the Review Ground in Worsley Park, where His Majesty was to inspect them in the course of the afternoon. If we had not arrived before our time, order would have been restored and the streets cleared for our coming. As it was, our sudden appearance but worse confounded the confusion. The police did

their utmost to clear a path for the cars, but our progress was very slow, as it proved very difficult to get the Territorials out of the way. Perhaps that was as it should have been. Indeed, as far as dogged resistance and die-hard tenacity are concerned, the traditions of the British Army were that day safe in the hands of the East Lancashire T.C. The men, of course, would only take orders from their officers; and since these were slow, either to grasp the situation or to cope with it, we were held up time and again. I am afraid the poor people who had been awaiting our arrival fared rather badly, for on one side the ordinary traffic and on the other the troops obstructed their view. 1909

Just as we were entering Worsley Park one of our tyres burst with a loud report, but we drove on as if nothing had happened. After luncheon, His Majesty inspected the troops in the Park, and when this was over, the King and Queen and Princess Victoria re-entered the car. From Worsley we brought them to Irlam, Warrington, and Prescot in turn, and thence again to Knowsley.

The streets of these towns were naturally thronged, but for mile after mile people were standing along the country roads to see us go by. Here and there at cross-roads there had assembled large crowds, and from the time we left Worsley until Knowsley was reached, I do not believe we were once out of sight of persons who had struck the route at one point or another on purpose to welcome the King.

At Irlam, Warrington, and Prescot His Majesty received addresses. At each of the towns a daïs had been set up by the side of the way, some two feet in height, so as to be on a level with the floor of the car. As we came slowly alongside of this

1909 platform, the second car would come up swiftly behind us, and the Equerries, who were inside, would have alighted before we had stopped. By the time I had opened the door of the King's car, the gentlemen would be there ready to present the Mayor or other local dignitary, and to receive the address from the King. When His Majesty had taken an address from the Mayor, he handed it to the Equerry. The latter then handed him his reply, and the King handed this on to the Mayor.

This day, as at other times when I have been with the King, certain of those whose honour it was to be presented to His Majesty, were so overcome by their emotions, when the actual moment arrived, as to be unable to utter a word. I have seen such stand robed at the door of the car, bow long over the parchment, and then look dumbly up into His Majesty's face, not daring to attempt to say their words, lest they should break down. Others I have seen begin to speak in an uncertain voice, stammer awhile, then suddenly catch their breath and—their set speech forgotten—strive only, with tears in their eyes, to ask his pardon. This honest emotion was most affecting. Always His Majesty would do all he possibly could to set them at ease. He would shake hands and make some pleasant, cheerful remark, and when a poor gentleman tried to apologise for his weakness, he would say,

"That's all right, quite all right. I quite understand, quite understand."

All the way to Knowsley the cheering of the great crowds was terrific—deafening. Their Majesties were acclaimed along the whole route, but in the towns their receptions were tremendous. Once or twice, I remember, the chauffeur and I

felt dazed and half-stunned by the thunderous applause. I suppose it was the concussion. Knowing so well what to expect, I came literally to dread the moment when the car would pass out of country roads and into and down the streets of the town itself. I dreaded the noise and I shrank from the outburst's effect on my feelings. As I have said before,[1] sometimes it was well-nigh overpowering. On this, as on all like occasions, school-children were given good places, so that they should be sure to see the King and Queen. I think all the children of the district must have been there, for we passed one company after another. Their cheers were so shrill as to make us wince every time Their Majesties were greeted by one of these gatherings. 1909

For mile after mile the King and Queen graciously acknowledged their welcome. Greatly moved I know they were—it was apparent—and towards the end of the tour Her Majesty showed signs of fatigue. On her and His Majesty the events of the day put, naturally, a very severe strain. Since the car was closed, they sat right forward upon the edge of the seat almost the whole of the way, and of course, while Her Majesty bowed, His Majesty was perpetually raising his hat.

The next day Their Majesties motored from Knowsley to Liverpool station, where they entrained for Birmingham. The great square outside the station was packed with people. There must have been thousands. When the King and Queen had alighted, we drove on down to the far end of the platform, where we waited for the departure of the royal train. Thither the other three cars followed us, for I had arranged that, so

[1] See page 103.

1909 soon as the special should have left, all the cars should be put on trucks ready to leave for London. Anxious that Their Majesties should not see the chauffeurs standing about at their ease, I said they had better line up in front of the cars till the special steamed out of the station. There were seven of them, and we made a small group, which when Her Majesty saw as the saloon moved past us, she bowed and smiled.

That day His Majesty opened the New Buildings of Birmingham University, returning the same evening to Buckingham Palace.

The following week-end the King spent at Nuneham Court with Mr. Harcourt. It had been arranged that Sunday afternoon should be spent on the river. A launch was in readiness, but it rained so terribly that the idea was abandoned, and we took His Majesty for a drive through Oxford and Abingdon instead. I remember him saying,

"At least we can have some fresh air."

By fresh air the King set great store. He always spent as much time as he possibly could out of doors. Very often he lunched, and very often he had tea, in the open air. I do not believe he ever let a day go by without going out for a little, however rough the weather and however many things he might have to do. Many a time we have taken him out for half an hour or forty-five minutes in the afternoon or evening of a day upon which he has worked all the day long. Sometimes I have heard him say,

"I can't spare the time really, but I must have some air."

It was one evening, about this time, as we were bringing His Majesty back from Sandown Park, that we hardly escaped a serious accident. We

were in Cromwell Road at the time, and were approaching the water-trough which stands on the south side of the road two or three hundred yards from Earl's Court Road. There was very little traffic, and we had just drawn out to pass a butcher's cart, which was preceding us eastward, when, without the slightest warning, its driver turned sharp to his right straight across our path, to make for the trough on the opposite side of the road. The chauffeur swerved to the right to avoid the cart, but in spite of our frantic cries, its driver quite unconcernedly held on his course. 1909

"Look at the damned fool," shouted the King.

Fearful that the car would skid, the chauffeur had not applied his brakes, but now there was nothing else to be done. Accordingly he jammed them on. With locked wheels the great car skidded violently first to one side and then to the other, but the chauffeur was able to retain just sufficient control to turn to the left behind the cart, which we missed by a few inches. The car came to a standstill, and the driver of the cart pulled up and sat looking foolishly at us.

"This is disgraceful, Stamper," said His Majesty. "He ought to be locked up. Go and take his name and address."

But the next second he changed his mind.

"No," he said. "We had better go on."

On July 17th His Majesty motored again to Sandown Park. After the races we brought him to Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, where he had tea with Lord Michelham of Hellingly. Thence he went on to The Grove, Watford, where he stayed for the week-end with Lord and Lady Clarendon.

As a rule, everyone who had the honour to be His Majesty's host engaged specially the same

1909 servants to wait upon the party at meals. Most of these were regularly employed as messengers at one or other of the Government Offices or at the Houses of Parliament. The practice of so engaging the same servitors was obviously convenient. The men knew what to do, and were not nervous, while it was pleasant for the King to see about him faces to which he was accustomed.

On July 21st we brought His Majesty back to the Palace from Kenley House, where he had been dining. It was about half-past twelve as we entered King's Road, Chelsea, and there was little traffic about. Just as we were approaching the police station, a man stepped off the kerb and walked straight towards my side of the car. The chauffeur and I blew our horns violently, and the former did all he could to avoid him, but he walked straight on. The front of the car passed him, and he was just coming straight into the door, when I leaned out, caught hold of him, and threw him away from the car as hard as ever I could. As it was, the door-handle caught him on the arm. He fell down in the road, but before we had stopped, he was on his feet again. I got down and went to him, and a policeman arrived. We took the fellow into the station, and soon found that he was not badly hurt. I told the police quietly that it was His Majesty's car, and that the King was inside, and the Equerry (Colonel Streatfeild), who had followed me into the station, said that he would return presently, but that we must take His Majesty to the Palace first. Accordingly we resumed our journey, and when we had set the King down, we brought the Equerry back to the station. There we found the divisional surgeon examining the man, who proved to be bruised about the shoulders and legs and on the

arm, where the door-handle had struck him, but otherwise unhurt. His Majesty caused inquiries to be made as to his progress every day, until he had quite recovered, and directed that a sum of money should be paid to him, which, besides covering any expenses he incurred for medical attention, more than made up for the two or three days' work which he lost in consequence of the accident. 1909

On July 22nd we brought the King to Kensington, to the house of Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A. His Majesty went to give the painter a sitting.

The following day he drove to Brooke House, Park Lane. This residence had just been taken by Sir Ernest Cassel, and by him considerably altered and improved.

On July 24th the King motored to Wrest Park, at Ampthill in Bedfordshire, to stay for the week-end with the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid. On the way we passed through Luton, and as we entered the town, two mounted police, who had been posted there to await our arrival, turned into the road in front of us and started to pilot us through the streets. The car was naturally travelling much faster than their horses could trot, so they went at a hand gallop; but though we slowed down considerably, the poor animals were hard put to it to keep ahead. His Majesty was rather distressed when he saw this, and called to me to try and attract the constables' attention. To this end I climbed on to the foot-board and shouted and blew the horn furiously. But all my efforts were unavailing, and it was not until we had passed right through the town that the policemen drew to the side of the road and we left them behind. Even if they did not hear my cries, I do not know how it was that my

1909 frantic and irregular blowing of the horn conveyed nothing to them. Seemingly they heard in it only a flourish, indicative of a desire to preserve the old-time atmosphere which would have surrounded this His Majesty's passage through Luton if I had not been waving and shouting on the foot-board.

On Sunday His Majesty motored to Church. When the service was over, a body of Boy Scouts paraded outside, and the King inspected them.

Early on Monday morning we left Wrest Park again for London. As we entered Luton, there, as before, was a constable on the look-out for the car. Directly he saw us, he started to gallop ahead, and after a little, another one joined him and they galloped abreast. Again I shouted and blew the horn, but they took no notice. Suddenly one of the horses went down and threw his rider. I saw the man pick himself up and begin to brush the dirt from his tunic, so we did not stop, and, as the other turned in his saddle to see what had become of his fellow, he caught sight of me waving, and drew to the side of the road.

Of course these constables were acting under orders, and quite properly doing as they had been told, but there were occasions upon which police, who had been advised of His Majesty's coming and ordered to keep the way, adhered to the letter of their instructions with a rigidity which was grotesque and even idiotic. As far as we were concerned, the London police always did their work excellently, but it was in the suburbs and country that a constable's wits sometimes fled before the excitement and anxiety which the King's coming aroused in him. On our approach I have seen a country policeman rush to a side

turning and wave back a solitary water-cart 1909
which was fifty yards away. Many a time for us has imaginary traffic been dislocated at lonely cross-roads, while in the suburbs great crowds of people, who were non-existent, have been hardly prevented from swarming off the deserted footway and impeding our progress. Tramps, bootless and recumbent by the wayside, would be motioned violently into the hedge-rows, whither they proceeded instinctively protesting, yet all the time fearful that there was approaching some errant destruction, as yet visible only to the police. Pedestrians, too, who had no intention whatever of leaving the pavement, suddenly found the opportunity of so doing inexorably denied to them. I have seen a young constable, his arms stiffly extended, stand bristling upon the kerb of a pavement, which was absolutely deserted save for two children playing in a doorway and a lady peering into a shop-window. Other like zealots there were, who, did they descry a vehicle, albeit upon the horizon, using our road, would make superhuman efforts by gesticulation to induce it to draw to the side of the way, and if a driver who was within range did not hug his kerb the moment we put in an appearance, the unwitting traitor drew down such a shower of orders upon his head, that he would take his carriage almost on to the pavement out of sheer apprehension.

Whenever there was a race-meeting at Sandown Park, careful arrangements were made to regulate the traffic at this particular part of the Portsmouth Road. For some distance police were stationed at intervals of a few paces down the centre of the highway, to keep the two lines of traffic separate and distinct. One afternoon,

1909 when the meeting was over, we had just turned out of the gates, when I noticed a water-cart, which was taking in water, drawn up on our side of the road. There was room to pass between this obstruction and the stream of traffic on the other side of the line of police, provided that a constable, who was standing in the roadway opposite to the cart, stepped to one side. However, he showed no signs of moving, so the chauffeur and I blew our horns. He took not the slightest notice, but stood stiffly to attention, staring at the cart some five feet away, and it was not until we had slowed down and almost stopped a few inches from where he stood, that he took a pace back and let us go by.

"What a stupid man!" said the King.

Between a dull understanding and thoughtlessness, His Majesty drew a sharp line. He was impatient of either, but, while he pitied a simpleton, he censured a fool. Lack of brains in a man he deplored and rather despised. Folly—failure to use common sense—won his disgust and irritated him greatly. Sometimes, when by not using his wits a servant had disappointed the King of the fulfilment of an order, His Majesty was pleased to feign to assume that the culprit did not possess the sense he had not displayed, and, in giving the order again, he would employ the literal and exaggerated precision a parent would use in instructing a child. One by one he gravely enumerated the simple steps meet to be taken. Exactly how he should go and what he should fetch, the manner of his carrying it and of his return—all these the King carefully specified. And when he had finished, he would give a little half-nod, half-toss of his head. The motion spoke volumes. It bade the offender begone from his

presence; it told the dismissal of the offence from his mind. His annoyance had passed. 1909

On the evening of the day on which the King left Wrest Park, we met Their Majesties at Drayton station and brought them to Goodwood House.

This year there were three royal cars at Goodwood, and all of them were taken across the water to the Isle of Wight. On August 3rd I left with the big Mercédès for London. The following day the Tsar and Tsaritsa landed near West Cowes and motored with Their Majesties to Osborne House and Barton Manor. The Cesarevitch and the Grand Duchesses, his sisters, also landed and were driven to the latter place for tea.

His Majesty was due to reach Marienbad on August 10th, and I was anxious to have one clear day there before his arrival. Accordingly I left London on August 5th, but we were delayed at Antwerp, and it was not until mid-day on August 7th that we left there for Turnhout, a Belgian town some twenty miles away. Here, after lunch, I purchased enough bread and meat and fruit to last us for the rest of our journey. This I put in the car, and at two o'clock in the afternoon we left for Austria. By nightfall we were outside Cologne, where we stopped for a minute to light the head-lights, and just before midnight we filled up the tank with petrol at one of the towns by the side of the Rhine. At dawn we stopped to extinguish the lamps, and an hour or two later we filled up with petrol again. At the German and Austrian frontiers they did not detain us a moment. Except for these delays we did not stop at all, and at three o'clock (English time) in the afternoon of August 8th, we drove into Marienbad.

In the twenty-five hours we had covered a little

1909 over six hundred miles. All things considered, it was a good performance. Our average speed may not seem very high, but it must be remembered that we had to thread our way through many towns, and that a great many of the villages through which we passed had speed-limits of eight kilometres an hour. Though we could disregard these by night, we could not do so by day, for, if we entered a village, so controlled, at a speed which was not obviously within the limit, we were hailed right and left with shouts of disapproval and prohibition. Moreover, we encountered many level-crossings, and were called upon to pay toll at several bridges. In many of the villages, too, tolls were claimed. Such demands did not delay us during the night, for there were here no toll-bars, and indeed we did not always stop during the day. If the toll-keeper was quick and obliging, he got his money, but some were crabbed, and malevolently deliberate in approaching the car. For such we did not wait.

The chauffeur and I took the wheel by turns. I drove all through the night, which was as dark as pitch. I am fond of driving at night, and can see, I believe, an unusual distance ahead. Instinctively I can almost always distinguish substance from shadow, and this, of course, enables me to drive at a high speed with comparative safety. I urged the chauffeur to sleep while I was driving, but his reply was to the effect that, even if sleep had been possible under such horrifying conditions, in the presence of impending death, prayer would be more becoming than slumber. Once he was at some pains to hold a lighted match to the face of the speedometer long enough to confirm his suspicions. From the vigorous protest which followed the eventual success of his effort,

I gathered that his fears were more than realised, 1909
but I was inexorable, and we covered mile after mile at a pace which fluctuated between forty and fifty miles an hour. Our way lay through vineyards and orchards unending, past green meadows, down into valleys and up over the shoulders of mountains—so much we knew. But for our eyes there was only the one white ribbon of a road coming from darkness, bounded by darkness, stretching away into the darkness. Towns and villages seemed more still than the countryside, and in the streets the hum of the engine swelled into a snarl that shook the silence dreadfully, and set the dogs baying.

At sunrise the chauffeur changed places with me, and I set about getting our breakfast. This we ate as we had eaten our supper, whilst we were going along. For the rest of the way, as before, we took the wheel by turns. The last twenty miles fell to the chauffeur. By this time he was very tired, and now and again I noticed that he was nodding over the wheel. I roused him, and tried not to doze myself. We had covered a few more miles, when I looked up to see the car making straight for a large tree at the side of the road. As I seized the wheel with a cry, I saw the chauffeur asleep, but staring ahead. We must have been going thirty miles an hour, but I was just in time to pull the car back on to the crown of the road. The incident gave my companion such a shock that his sleepiness passed, and so we came to Marienbad.

It is remarkable that we met with no tyre trouble at all. We carried but one can of petrol on the car. If the tank had run dry, this would have been sufficient to bring us to a village, where we could procure some more. It was only on this run that we carried any petrol outside the tank,

1909 which under ordinary circumstances was by my orders filled to the brim every morning.

This year we met His Majesty at Eger. Eger lies on the frontier, and is the junction for Marienbad. Since the King did not travel by a special train, but in his own saloon by the Karlsbad and Vienna Express, the saloon had to be taken off the train at Eger and shunted before it could leave again for Marienbad. This delay His Majesty wished to avoid, so he arranged to leave the train at Eger and come thence to Marienbad by car. The railway officials at Eger were very pleased that the King should alight at their station, and our arrival in plenty of time greatly increased the excitement already prevailing. I was continually informed as to the precise number of kilometres at the moment separating Eger from the express, for every minute an inspector came running from the telegraph office to report its progress. Since the train had advanced one kilometre at each intimation, this attention became rather embarrassing, for after the first five times, I had got the hang of the thing, and subsequent intimations left me comparatively unmoved.

At length the express steamed in. The first, as usual, to appear in the station doorway was Cæsar, led by the sergeant-footman, who carried the King's rug over his arm. Cæsar leaped into the car and on to the seat, and the next minute His Majesty came out, with the Hon. Sidney Greville, Colonel Ponsonby, and Captain Fortescue in attendance.

"Well, Stamper, did you have a good trip?"

"Yes, thank you, Your Majesty."

"That's right."

The next minute we were on our way to Marienbad.

On taking his seat in the car, the King has almost sat down upon Cæsar many a time. The latter had only himself to thank when this happened, for he knew perfectly well that his master always sat in the same place. Sometimes he would give a warning yelp as he scrambled out of the way, which naturally made His Majesty fear he had done him an injury. 1909

"Oh, Cæsar, why don't you get out of the way, then?" the King would cry. But when he found that the dog was unhurt, he would scold him and make him get down on to the floor of the car.

On August 15th, M. Clemenceau lunched with the King.

A few days later, His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Marquis de Soveral and the Hon. Sidney Greville, motored to Karlsbad. Before we started, the King told me to see that we were very careful at the corners. He spoke very emphatically, and several times during the run cried to me to blow my horn. As a matter of fact, a fatal motor accident had occurred upon this road only a few days before. The greater part of the road in question runs by the side of a mountain torrent. Between Einsiedl and Petschau it is extremely sinuous, and since the water lies on one hand and cliffs rise sheer on the other, the presence of a reckless driver made the way highly dangerous for everyone. However, we passed through the gorge safely enough. As we were nearing Karlsbad, we met a farmer driving a horse and cart. The animal was a beauty, and merited a better coachman, for, although the animal was trotting fast, the fellow was hardly holding the reins, and lolled on his seat in a slovenly way. Just as we reached him, the horse swerved to the right and

1909 started to bolt. The next moment the cart collided with a tree and the pole snapped in two. The chauffeur slowed down, and I leaned out and looked back to see what would happen. The horse had stopped and the farmer was at his head. Except that the pole was broken no damage was done. I told His Majesty this.

"Then we'll go on," he said. "It was entirely the man's fault. If he had been holding his reins properly, it would never have happened. As it was, he had no control over the animal."

Ten minutes later we were in Karlsbad.

Several times during his stay at Marienbad we took His Majesty up to the Golf Club in the afternoon. The Club house stood high up above Marienbad, about a mile from the Weimar, and on these occasions the King often walked back to the hotel, while I followed close on his heels with the car, so as to be at hand if I was wanted. On one such evening we had got about half way home, when it was discovered that Cæsar was missing. That he had started with us I knew, but now there was no sign of him. His Majesty stopped and began to whistle for him, and I got down from the car. As I came up,

"Cæsar's lost, Stamper," he said. "See if you can find him."

I thereupon left the road and struck into the woods, whistling and shouting "Cæsar," while the King stood in the road calling his name. By this time the police, who were behind us, had arrived, and they took up the hue and cry. But it was no good. Cæsar was nowhere to be seen, and even if he heard our cries—which is quite possible—he set them at nought. Presently I returned to where His Majesty was standing, and he said that I had better come back with him to the Weimar

and then go back again and continue the search. 1909
He told me to walk by his side, and all the way home we kept whistling and shouting "Cæsar," as we went along. Still there was no sign of him, and when we reached the hotel, the King said,

"Now you'd better go back, Stamper, and see if you can find him. He'll recognise your voice."

I returned to where we had first missed him, and found the police scouring the woods, as if the dog had been a runaway felon. For the next half-hour I hunted everywhere, but although I shouted myself hoarse, he failed to put in an appearance, and at length I once more turned my steps in the direction of the Weimar and left the police to go on looking, while I made my report. Just as I was approaching the hotel, I caught sight of Cæsar, who was being brought home by Miss Olga Nethersole, who had tied her handkerchief to his collar. He was very dirty and very happy, for, as we had expected, he had been hunting. Miss Nethersole had come across him, while she was walking in the woods, a long way away from where we had missed him. He seemed to be lost, so she looked at his collar, and when she saw to whom he belonged, she was good enough to lead him back to the Weimar at once. Cæsar began to wag his tail when he saw me, and I went up and told her what a search we had been making. I thanked her very much, and said that His Majesty would be most relieved to hear that he had been found, and I then took him into the hotel and handed him over to be bathed without delay.

Cæsar has figured very frequently in the newspapers, which, after dealing with his manners and customs, have seldom failed to record the fact that the inscription upon his collar ran,

"I am Cæsar. I belong to the King."

1909 His collar was of plain brown leather, and the only words which were engraved upon its brass name-plate were,

"I belong to the King."

As will be readily believed, the mis-statements which appeared in the papers, touching His Majesty and his affairs, were innumerable. They were sometimes most annoying and inconvenient, but, as a rule, they were simply amusing to those who were cognisant of the actual facts—if facts there were—for again and again there appeared reports which were devoid, not only of truth, but of foundation. During one of His Majesty's visits to Paris—I believe it was during the visit the King and Queen paid in February 1907—several papers reported the fact that an attempt had been made upon his life. This was, of course, absolutely false, and there was not the slightest foundation for the rumour. But when the mis-statements were of a less serious character, and it was possible to trace their origin, it was most entertaining to compare the elaborate accounts with our own knowledge of what had actually happened. There were times when exaggeration was really reduced to a fine art, and the meanest incidents were so decked and bedizened as to be almost unrecognisable.

One day at Biarritz, I remember, I received a wire from Buckingham Palace, asking me instantly to send full details of 'the accident.' I was dumbfounded, and telegraphed back, saying that there had been no accident, and that I simply did not know to what they were referring. In due course the English papers arrived, containing a long circumstantial account of a bad motor accident, in which the King had been involved, although he had escaped without injury. It was a long time before I could think of any incident

which could be responsible for the alarming paragraphs, but after a while it struck me that on the date in question we had stopped for a moment, just as we were leaving the Hôtel du Palais, because the horses of a passing landau were frightened by the car. 1909

Again, when, as I have related, one of the cars was damaged by fire at the Gare d'Austerlitz in Paris, the accounts that appeared in the English papers were most amusing, and one of the evening journals came out with flaring broad-sheets, which said, "The King's Car Burned to Ashes."

While His Majesty was staying at Biarritz in 1909 there appeared in one of the English papers a photograph of the King, walking with Sir Ernest Cassel and Sir Everard Hambro. The explanation with which the reproduction was graced gave Biarritz as the venue, and the picture was entitled "Out for a Stroll." At the time at which the photograph was taken His Majesty was at Sare, walking rather hurriedly from the school-house, where luncheon had been served, on the way to a pelote match.

I think it was one afternoon during this visit that just as we were about to bring the car round to the Weimar to take His Majesty for a run, I received a private message from the sergeant-footman, advising me on no account to come too close to His Majesty's person. Greatly surprised, I asked what he meant, when he reminded me that my lunch that day had consisted largely of steak and onions. I was not the only one who had partaken of that succulent dish, and, guessing that the alliaceous properties of the onions had already caused trouble that afternoon, I was careful to take the advice, and, while I was out with the car, to keep as far from His Majesty as I possibly could.

1909 Afterwards I heard what had happened. It appeared that after lunch His Majesty had wanted to see the Postmaster and the Courier. Calling the sergeant-footman, the King was proceeding to tell him to summon them before him, when he stopped short and looked at the man.

"Hawkins, you've been eating onions."

"No, Your Majesty."

"Yes, you have. I'm sure you have . . . Send Mr. Hiley here at once. And Mr. Fehr."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The sergeant-footman withdrew, and presently the Postmaster was announced. The King called him to his side and was beginning to read him a telegram he wanted him to despatch, when,

"Hiley, *you've* been eating onions," he cried.

"No, Your Majesty," said the Postmaster, instinctively recoiling.

"Yes, you have. It's disgraceful."

For the rest of the interview the unfortunate Postmaster kept his distance, and when His Majesty had given his orders, withdrew from the royal presence with a haste that was almost precipitate. The Courier entered the room. He approached very warily, but His Majesty's sense of smell was keen, and all Mr. Fehr's efforts to suppress the facts of the case were unavailing. The King looked up sharply and sat back in his chair.

"I'm damned if you haven't been eating onions too."

"I'm afraid, perhaps, the chef must have put some into the soup, Your Majesty."

"Tell the chef he's not to put onions into the soup."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"I won't have my servants eating onions. It's disgusting."

That he should have to complain of three of his staff was bad enough in all conscience. What would have happened if the King had realised that he was not to be rid of the offensive atmosphere of garlic when he entered the car, I dare not consider. I know I sat there in fear and trembling, lest he should ask me a question, but to my infinite relief he never once addressed me, and in due course we returned to the hotel without His Majesty knowing that the pungent enemy was within six feet of him during the whole of the drive. 1909

On August 31st His Majesty motored again to Karlsbad, and Dr. Ott with him. The latter had arranged for the King to visit the radium mines at Joachimsthal, which is a little village some twenty miles or so beyond Karlsbad. At Karlsbad His Majesty lunched, and we started for the mines soon after two o'clock. Dr. Ott had been to Joachimsthal before; accordingly he sat on the auxiliary seat just at my back, so that he might tell me which way to go. As a matter of fact, I could see the road marked very clearly on the map, but just as the chauffeur, in obedience to my instructions, was turning away to the left at the village of Schlackenwerth, Dr. Ott cried out,

"No, no. Go straight on."

Straight on we accordingly went, but I thought that, from what the map showed, we were wrong, and sure enough before we had gone very far the road began to get very bad. Presently the doctor began to show those familiar and unmistakable signs of uneasiness which invariably betray a guide's uncertainty. By this time I was sure we were on the wrong road, and a minute or two later the King asked Dr. Ott if he was quite sure he was taking us right, and called to me to say what I thought. However, the doctor protested so

1909 eagerly that he was certain that we should soon be at Joachimsthal, that I said nothing, and we held on our way. We covered another mile or two, but when the turning, which I fancy Dr. Ott was hoping to see, did not appear, he asked the King if he might stop the car and ask a man who was passing if we were on the right road. His Majesty was greatly amused at this admission of uncertainty, and when the countryman replied, with brutal frankness, that we were going in as nearly as possible the immediately opposite direction to the place we sought, and that the only way for us to reach the mines was to retrace our steps and turn off at Schlackenwerth, he laughed very heartily. On this occasion we were not trying to run to time, and the afternoon was still young, so the delay was really of no consequence.

Joachimsthal lies high up in the mountains, and we had a stiff climb to get there. When we came to the mines, we stopped first at the water-outlet. There His Majesty alighted, and was shown the great force of the water at this point and its extraordinary purity. So eager was one of the officials that the King should appreciate the signal excellence of the liquid, that he filled a tumbler and begged His Majesty to drink. Smilingly the King declined the offer, promising the gentleman that he would take his word for it. Presently he re-entered the car and we proceeded to the works proper.

While he and the party were inside, the chauffeur and I walked a little way down the street to the post-office. Suddenly I glanced back, to see the King and Dr. Ott coming out of the works. With one consent we both turned and ran down the street to the car as hard as ever we could. Confident from our determined

rush that there was some matter of rare and unusual interest to be enjoyed at the finish, all the little children at play in the street joined blindly in the run, and we reached the car with a small rabble, wild with excitement, in our wake. The King was smiling when we came up, but the disgust of the children, when they realised that the run was at an end and yet there was to be no violence, no wrath, no scene of any kind, was almost pitiful. We brought His Majesty back to Karlsbad for tea, returning later in the afternoon to Marienbad. 1909

A day or two later the King's visit came to an end, and the chauffeur and I started on our return journey to Antwerp. This we accomplished, as we had come three weeks before. As then, I drove by night all the time, but we were both more tired than we had been on the way out. The chauffeur slept fast by my side, and it was only with great difficulty that I kept awake. At about one o'clock in the morning we were travelling at a high speed by the side of the Rhine, when I nodded over the wheel. I recovered myself in a moment, to find that the car was almost on the top of one of the white stones which are set at the edge of the road to mark the river's bank. I swerved so violently that the chauffeur was almost flung out of his seat, and woke up in a state of great apprehension. For the rest of the night he never closed his eyes, but in the last thirty miles of the run—I was driving again—Nature asserted herself, and he once more fell asleep. He never awaked till I drove up to the dock-gates. All through the streets of Antwerp he was lying back like a dead man, his head and shoulders hanging right out of the car, much to the amusement of the

1909 ribald and the horror of the sober citizens, who believed him to be heavy with wine.

A day or two later I left Buckingham Palace for Rufford Abbey, and on September 7th I met His Majesty at Ollerton station.

One day during his visit we were on our way back from Doncaster with the King, when we came to a level-crossing. Even as we arrived, the ponderous gates were moving, and in spite of my cries the signalman doggedly swung them to in our face. I waited a few minutes, but hearing no rumble of an approaching train, I got down and passed through the wicket on to the metals. The line was deserted for miles on the right hand as on the left. I approached the signalman, but he was as incredulous as he was inexorable, and my appeals and expostulations fell upon deaf ears. The speck which presently appeared upon the horizon, proved to be a goods train of a remarkable length, a feature which made its passage unusually slow. With a zealous caution, which was most of all exasperating, the signalman then stared critically after the retreating trucks, and it was not until the noise of them had died away in the distance that he deemed it prudent to open the gates and allow us to proceed on our way.

The following day we brought His Majesty to Stoke Hall, where he had tea with Lady Pauncefote. Of late the weather had been very bad, and in some places the roads were under water. Once this was so deep that I thought it was going to flood the engine and enter the car, but to my relief we got by all right, although the water was well over the footboards.

On September 11th His Majesty left Rufford

Abbey for Duntreath Castle, where he spent the week-end as the guest of Sir Archibald Edmonstone. The station for the Castle is Blanefield, and there we met him on the evening of his arrival. A great number of people had collected to see the King, and the police had great trouble in marshalling the many and curious vehicles which had brought the country folk into the town. These the latter were now for using as stands, from which to observe His Majesty, and the positions which they had taken up were so advantageous from their point of view as to make our approach a matter of some difficulty. However, before the special arrived, they had been prevailed upon to draw back a little out of the way, so that in the end we were able to bring His Majesty away and into the Castle grounds, which were illuminated, conveniently, as well as to the complete satisfaction of all the onlookers. 1909

The next day was Sunday, and in the afternoon the King motored to Buchanan Castle, to see the Duke and Duchess of Montrose.

His Majesty had arranged to leave Duntreath Castle for Tulchan Lodge on September 13th. Accordingly I started by road on Sunday afternoon, and we reached our destination about noon the following day. The King was not due to arrive at Advie station until the evening, so there was plenty of time to have the car cleaned and ready to meet him. It had been arranged that the chauffeur should stay at a keeper's cottage in the woods, and as his luggage was on the top of the car, I thought we had better drive there and leave it at once.

Tulchan Lodge stands on the top of a high wooded hill, of which one side is tremendously

1909 steep, and in places almost sheer. Hundreds of feet below flows the River Spey. The cottage lay upon this side of the hill, considerably lower than the Lodge itself. It was approached by a steep drive about a hundred and fifty yards long, quite roughly made, and really amounting to no more than a narrow ledge cut out of the side of the hill. We reached the cottage all right and deposited the chauffeur's luggage, but it was impossible to turn the car, so I took the wheel from the chauffeur, and, telling him to stand on the step and direct my course, proceeded to back the car up the drive we had just descended. In one or two places, in order to avoid the ruts, the chauffeur had to let me take the car rather close to the edge, and we had not gone very far, when the soft wet ground began to crumble beneath the weight of the car at a moment when I had only a few inches to spare. The chauffeur gave a shout and leaped down the side of the hill, and the next second the wheel slipped off the road and the car settled down on to its axle. I applied the brakes, stopped the engine, and wondered whether the car was going over or not. To my relief it remained where it was, and, satisfied that for the moment at any rate there was no cause for alarm, in spite of the horrible angle at which it had come to rest, I sat still and watched the chauffeur tearing towards the river. He was a big man and heavy, and the place was so steep that, so far from being able to stop, it was all he could do to miss the pines with which the hill was studded. The brambles and undergrowth he made no attempt to avoid. Powerless to check his career, he gratefully accepted the situation, every moment expecting, as he afterwards told

me, to hear the great car crashing down in his wake after the manner of an avalanche. I was beginning to wonder if his impetus would carry him into the river, when he caught at a branch and pulled himself up. I saw him peering up at me uncertainly. He was patently prepared to resume his headlong progress, if discretion so dictated. But a long look reassured him, and the next moment he was on his way back to me and the car. When he arrived, I told him to go to the house, raise all the men he could find, and see that they brought some spades with them. Help was soon forthcoming. By my directions a little channel was cut, slanting from the near hind wheel into the drive. The chauffeur then started the engine, and with help from behind I was able to drive the car once more on to the road. A brief examination sufficed to show me that it had sustained no injury, and I was able to back it the rest of the way to the house without any difficulty. 1909

A little while before this His Majesty had been advised by his doctors to walk rather more than he had been wont to do. Ever since his return from Marienbad the weather had been so inclement as to make walking distasteful to a degree, but at Tulchan it was finer, and the King availed himself of the opportunity this afforded him. Instead of waiting for the last drive or two, he would leave the moors before the rest of the party, and walk, if not all, at any rate some of the way back to the Lodge. He did not walk only on the days on which he went shooting, but at other times, when an occasion presented itself, he would get out of the car and walk for a while. Sometimes, if we were not far from home, he would send the car on in front,

1909 but more often we followed him a little distance behind.

On September 16th His Majesty motored to Cullen House, to see Caroline, Countess of Seafield.

It was one day during this visit to Tulchan that Sir Arthur Davidson, who was in attendance, received some shot in his face while he was at the butts. On his return His Majesty at once sent him off in one of the cars to Grantown, to be medically attended.

Before he left, His Majesty motored over to Castle Grant to shoot there. When we reached the moor, I found that the butts stood on either side of the road, those on the right belonging to one drive and those on the left to another. His Majesty shot from the two nearest to the road. These stood no more than two or three hundred yards from the road, but the two farthest butts must each have been a mile distant. Consequently, while it would take the King no more than five minutes to cross to his fresh station at the end of a drive, it would be quite half an hour before the occupant of the farthest butt had crossed to a like position on the opposite side of the road. When the first drive was over, the King walked to the road, but instead of crossing, came up to the car.

"I'll get in, Stamper," he said.

I opened the door and he got in and lighted a cigar. Mr. Sassoon had been shooting from the butt which was next to His Majesty's, and, as he approached the road, the King called to him.

"Come in here, Arthur," he cried. "Let's sit down and have a rest. You and I are getting on in years, and must take things easily."

They sat in the car talking until those of the party who had farthest to go had nearly reached

their butts, and they then got out of the car and took up their positions. 1909

Whilst the second drive was in progress, a lady drove up in a pony-carriage. She had apparently come to watch the shooting, and see what she could of the King, and I was presently told that it was Miss Marie Corelli. As he entered the car, I drew His Majesty's attention to her, and told him who she was. He thanked me for letting him know, and, as we passed and she bowed, he not only raised his hat but bowed very graciously in return. Miss Corelli seemed very pleased.

If there was, as in this case, no Equerry there, I always told His Majesty of the presence of anybody of note. He liked me to do this, so that he could, if he pleased, take special notice of them as he went by. Of course, if there was an Equerry in attendance, I told him instead, and he told the King.

On September 20th the King left Tulchan Lodge and motored to Mamore, on Loch Leven, where he stayed for two or three days with Captain Bibby. The run was a long one—it must have been nearly a hundred and fifty miles—and we started at about half-past eleven. When we came to Loch Laggan, we stopped for luncheon. This I set out for His Majesty by the side of the loch. Before I had time to tie Cæsar up, he dashed off through the woods. The King called him and whistled, and the chauffeur started in pursuit. Eventually he was found by the Postmaster, who was following in the second car.

When His Majesty had finished his luncheon, he re-entered the car and sat smoking, while the chauffeurs and the Postmaster and I were having our luncheon a little way off. Presently the head chauffeur and I came back to the car and began

1909 to pack up the things and put them into the basket on the foot-board. The chauffeur of the second car had not noticed that the King had re-entered the car, but believed him to be strolling out of sight, and, lighting in the course of a prolonged meal upon a piece of cheese which proved unusually toothsome, he rose and bore the remainder of the dainty in our direction. As he approached, to our horror, he called my companion loudly by name, and, so far as the unoccupied space in his mouth permitted, commended the cheese, and urged him to partake of it. Since I was aware of His Majesty's presence, I knew what the grimace with which Payne favoured his unconscious friend was intended to convey, but the latter disregarded it altogether, and coming right up to the car, cheerfully repeated his exhortation. As he addressed himself to Payne, I went on with my work and left the latter to deal with him, but with the tail of my eye I could see His Majesty laughing. Then, "The King's inside the car," I heard my companion whisper. The effect upon the other chauffeur was electrical, and he was twenty paces away on his hands and knees behind the car, before I could look round.

From Loch Laggan to Spean Bridge and Fort William, our road lay close to the mountains, and, as we went along, the King asked me the names of the various peaks. From the map I was able to tell him, I believe, correctly their names and altitudes, though it was not very easy to identify the several mountains. Presently I noticed one peak higher than the rest. A careful reference to the map convinced me that it was Ben Nevis, and, when an occasion offered, I pointed it out to the King.

"I think that's Ben Nevis, Your Majesty."

"That?" 1909

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The King looked for a moment at the peak. Then he shook his head.

"I don't think that's Ben Nevis," he said. "Oh, no. It can't be. Ben Nevis is much higher than that, Stamper."

Sir Arthur Davidson was sitting just behind me, and I showed him the map and pointed out exactly where we were on the road. After a minute or two,

"I think Stamper's right, Sir," he said.

The King looked at the map and then again at the mountain.

"I don't think that's Ben Nevis," he said. "I know Ben Nevis. I climbed it years ago."

After leaving Fort William we soon found ourselves almost on the opposite side of the peak in question. This fresh view of the mountain was more familiar to His Majesty, and he recognised it at once.

"You're quite right, Stamper," he cried. "That is Ben Nevis."

A little farther on we were just breasting a short steep rise by the side of Loch Eil, when a large car, which was travelling in the opposite direction, shot silently up and over the crest towards us. It was going at a tremendous pace, and the chauffeur had to take the King's car half on to the rough grass at the side of the road to avoid a collision. The other driver jammed on his brakes and skidded violently, but by great good fortune he managed to clear us.

"The man must be mad to drive about these narrow roads at such a fearful pace," said the King.

The road which ran by the side of Loch Leven

1909 and led to Captain Bibby's shooting-lodge was a private one. Exceptionally narrow, it was kept clear for the passage of His Majesty's car. It was just as well, for, had we met any vehicle, we could not possibly have passed it anywhere on the road. This way terminated in an ascent, which left the road at right angles. Since it led up the side of a mountain on which the lodge was built, the gradient was almost precipitous, and with a forethought, begotten of bitter experience, the King's host had stationed a number of men at this point, who should help up the car by pushing and pulling, if it needed assistance. Our engine, however, was so powerful that we were able to accomplish the ascent under our own power, but not without considerable overheating. The second car was less powerful, and could not manage the steep hill unaided. When we had set down His Majesty, we presently returned to Tulchan Lodge, which we reached a little before midnight.

On September 23rd the King left Mamore. He went down Loch Leven by launch to Ballachulish, and came from there to Ballater by train.

During His Majesty's stay at Tulchan Lodge I had asked the Equerry if the King would allow me to take a holiday, while he was at Balmoral.

I had not had a holiday since I entered His Majesty's service in 1905, and as every year the King used the cars more than he had used them the year before, my work during the last eighteen months had been very heavy, and the strain was beginning to tell. Of course I was not always busy every hour of the day, but I was never really 'off duty.' Wherever I was and whatever I was doing, I was liable to be summoned at any moment. If ever I went out—if only for half an

hour—I always left word as to where I was going, and where I could be found if I was wanted. Often I have been fetched from the private golf-course at Sandringham or Balmoral, and many have been the telegrams sent to my rooms in London. Messengers have sought and found me in restaurants at Biarritz, and several times I have been in bed and asleep when I was sent for. Naturally I needed a little change. If I were to go away at all, I knew I had best go while His Majesty was at Balmoral, as by far the greater part of his motoring there consisted of driving to shoots and on deer-stalking expeditions. 1909

The Equerry told His Majesty of my request, and the latter graciously assented. When he alighted at Mamore, the King turned to me and said,

"You will meet me at Ballater on Thursday, and then you can go for a holiday. I will let you know where to meet me again."

Accordingly, on the 23rd I met His Majesty at Ballater station. When we arrived at Balmoral,

"So you are going for your holiday to-morrow, Stamper?" he said.

"Yes, thank you, Your Majesty."

"Well, I hope you'll have a nice time. I shall want you for Newmarket. I will let you know what day."

Every year at Balmoral there was a Tenants' Ball, given by the King. To this he invited the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Fife and the Princesses from Mar Lodge, all the guests at the Castle, Ladies-in-Waiting and Equerries, as well as all the principal tenantry and the servants of the household. Such gillies as were there, wore the Balmoral Tartan, and the King's pipers, in full dress, lined

1909 the great staircase which leads from the dining-room into the ballroom. If the Queen were at Balmoral, His Majesty and she would open the ball with a waltz, after which they would retire to a large alcove on the floor of the room, where they were presently joined by other members of the Royal Family, if and when they were not actually dancing. Reels were played by the King's pipers, standing at the foot of the stairs, while the other dances were accompanied by an orchestra in the gallery. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur, and Princess Patricia often stayed at the Castle, and if they were there for the ball, with the exception of the Duchess, they would dance all the evening. So would Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice.

One year, I remember, among other dances the orchestra struck up an Irish jig. As the dance was arranged, it was part of the game that there should be fewer ladies than men, and those of the latter who had no partners when the music began, had, if possible, to deprive their more fortunate fellows. Since partners in this dance did not hold one another, the contest was not so much one of strength as of manipulation, and among the great gillies my small stature stood me in good stead. My discomfiture of the Scotchmen greatly amused His Majesty.

"Look at Stamper," I heard him cry. "Just look at him."

A moment later I slipped and fell, which made His Majesty roar with laughter.

About the Tenants' Ball at Balmoral, there was the same spirit of happiness and good cheer which made everyone look for the keeping of Christmas at Sandringham. It was His Majesty who set the pace. To make merry, it was not

necessary that he should dance. It was enough that he should be there. His presence created an atmosphere of festivity, which was most exhilarating. 1909

With the whole of the Court, Princess Patricia was a great favourite. She has great personal charm, and though I saw her very seldom, the little I did see of her ways was enough to show me that she was a very great lady. Once or twice I had the honour to dance with her. She was very careful to convey the impression that a dance was to her as agreeable as it was to her partner, whoever he might be. I remember noticing that she seemed exceedingly fond of the Duke of Connaught, from whom she was never far away.

The Duke of Connaught I saw more frequently than the Princess. Many times I have taken him out in the car with the King, and he has spoken with me often and often. He was always delightful, and there was about him much of that charm of manner and easy dignity which so became His Majesty. I was always greatly impressed by the Duke's demeanour towards his brother the King. It was most plain that he held His Majesty in great reverence, for all they were brothers. Never familiar, yet never unduly deferential, he struck exactly the right note. He was the brother, but he was the subject as well. At the same time, his honest affection for His Majesty was obvious, and it was equally clear that the King was deeply attached to him.

His Majesty left Balmoral on October 11th, and the same evening I brought him from Euston to Buckingham Palace.

The following day he travelled to Newmarket, and three days later from there to Sandringham by car.

1909 I think it was one afternoon during this visit that we brought His Majesty to Flitcham Church, to which he had recently given a new organ. On our arrival we found that the door was locked, so the King walked in the churchyard while I fetched the key from the Vicarage. He was some little time in the church, and when he came back to the car, Cæsar was nowhere to be seen. Surmising that he had followed His Majesty into the churchyard, I returned to look for him. It was getting dusk, and in the half-light the smaller stones, set white at the foot of the graves, looked like a great company of Cæsars. When at length he appeared, in response to my cries, he belied the promise of his resemblance to any but the oldest and most weather-beaten of the stones. With these dark monuments, he had much in common, for, while they were more or less covered with moss or lichen, he was himself coated heavily with mire.

A few days later His Majesty went to stay at West Dean with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James.

While he was there, he paid his usual visit to the Sanatorium at Midhurst. A few months before, one of the royal chauffeurs had been found to be suffering from lung trouble, and by His Majesty's orders he had been received into the Sanatorium for treatment. That he was still there the King remembered, and he asked for the man directly he had alighted. The chauffeur, who was now much better, was hurriedly summoned, and came down to the hall just as he was, well wrapped up, but wearing his slippers. The King shook hands with him and asked how he was getting on. Then he sent him out to see Payne and me, and talk to us whilst we were waiting. He was still with us when His Majesty

came to re-enter the car, and, before he got in, the King again shook hands with him and wished him a quick recovery. As we were moving away, 1909

"He looks ever so much better and fatter, doesn't he, Stamper?"

"He does, Your Majesty."

"They tell me he'll soon be able to resume his duties now."

Their Majesties were always most kind where sickness of any sort was concerned. The members of the royal household were so numerous, and the staff was so large, that a certain amount of illness, more or less serious, in the course of the year was only to be expected. If anyone of the staff fell sick at Windsor or at the Palace, it was simple enough for him to be conveyed to a home or a hospital, where he could receive fitting attention, but sickness at Balmoral or Sandringham was a very different matter. Consequently at the latter place a horse-drawn ambulance was always in readiness to take a patient to the hospital at King's Lynn, while at Balmoral the King had a little hospital built in the grounds of the Castle. Here there was a dispensary, and a doctor attended daily while the King was in residence. If a case of illness occurred which demanded the attention of a trained nurse, one was immediately sent for from Aberdeen Hospital.

On October 23rd His Majesty left for Quidenham in Norfolk, where he spent the week-end with Lord Albemarle. On the Sunday morning he motored to Church, and in the afternoon we brought him to Kilverstone Hall, the residence of Mr. Fisher, the son of Lord Fisher, who was there also.

The next day I took the King to Norwich. He was received at St. Andrew's Hall by Lord

1909 Leicester and Lord (then Mr.) Haldane. Thence, in a royal carriage. he drove to Mousehold Heath, where he presented Colours to the Norfolk Territorials. After luncheon His Majesty laid the foundation stone of certain new buildings of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. When the ceremony was over, he re-entered the car, and we brought him to Crown Point, where he had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Coleman. From there the King drove straight to Newmarket, which was reached about seven o'clock.

On October 26th His Majesty motored to London, as he had done in 1908, to meet Her Majesty on her return from the Continent.

The following day we brought him again to Newmarket. It was a very wet day, and the roads were very greasy. We were going down the Finchley Road, and had just passed Frognal, when a motor omnibus ahead of us pulled up very suddenly, and the chauffeur had to turn out sharply to pass it. I thought we should get by all right, but when we were abreast of the omnibus, the back part of the car skidded to the left. I knew it would be a near thing, and, looking round, I saw that our near hind wing was within an inch of the side of the omnibus. Happily, at this moment, the wheels got a grip on the road, and the next second we were safely by.

"That was rather close, Stamper," said His Majesty.

When we reached Newmarket, the occupants of the second car, which was following us, said that the incident gave them a terrible shock. To them a collision had seemed inevitable, and they could hardly believe that we had not touched the omnibus at all.

The worst skid we ever had with His Majesty

in the car was at Marienbad in 1906. The chauffeur I had taken with me had seldom driven the King before. It had only just been arranged that he should become His Majesty's regular driver, and he was consequently a little anxious. He had only driven His Majesty once since his promotion—that was from the station to the Weimar—and the skid occurred the very next time we went out. There are two roads up to the Café Rübezahl. The one is old, fairly straight, but too steep for a car. The other had only been made a very short time, and was called 'King Edward's Drive.' Steep as it is, this ascent is more gradual than the old one, for the first piece is made in the form of a zig-zag. Up this new road we had been ordered to go. In his anxiety to take the hill in style, the chauffeur approached the first corner much as a bull is alleged to go at a gate. From the pace and the angle, at which he was seeking to negotiate the turn, I felt sure we should skid, for the road was sopping. Sure enough, the whole car, front wheels and all, charged bodily right across the road, and we stopped with only a few inches between us and the bank. 1909

"Good heavens, man!" cried the King. "Do you want to kill me?"

I said I was very sorry, and that I thought it was because the driver was a little anxious.

"Well, tell him to be more careful, Stamper."

On October 29th the King left the Jockey Club Rooms and went to stay at Moulton Paddocks.

When the October meetings at Newmarket came to a close, His Majesty often stayed with Sir Ernest Cassel for a few days' shooting. Every morning, while he was there, a fly brought the still-room woman from the Jockey Club to Moulton

1909 Paddocks expressly that she might cook the King a dried herring or bloater for breakfast. I have no doubt she was skilful in many things, but this, I believe, was her forte, and I have often heard that His Majesty declared that she was the only woman who had ever cooked him a bloater as it should be done. The King had a good appetite, and it was well that he had, for I do not think he could else have worked as hard as he did or shown himself so indefatigable.

On November 3rd His Majesty returned to London, and two days later he left for Sandringham.

As was their wont, the King and Queen had invited a number of friends to stay with them for His Majesty's birthday. There were there the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lord and Lady Savile, Lord Rosebery, Count Mensdorff, the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, and Mr. Montague Guest. The Queen of Norway was also at Sandringham.

No one who was there will ever forget that day—November 9th. Instead of the Horse-shoe, the Ling House Shoot was chosen. The King, with the Prince of Wales and the gentlemen of the house-party, shot in the morning, and they were joined at luncheon, which was taken about two o'clock, by Her Majesty, Queen Maud, the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the other ladies. Not quite an hour later I arrived with the cars and carriages at a certain part of the road, about half a mile distant from the marquee. Here we waited as usual. His Majesty almost always shot all the day, but we were always there early in case he should wish to leave before the end of the shoot, and the other cars were of course needed to take home Her Majesty and the other ladies, as and when they were ready.

I had not been there very long, when I looked up to see the King's pony-boy, mounted upon the King's pony, galloping across the fields towards us as hard as ever he could. Knowing that something very unusual must have happened, I started to meet him. When he had ridden up, he told me that Mr. Montague Guest had dropped dead in the shooting-field, and that the King had sent him to ask me whether I could get the shooting-brake to where Mr. Guest had fallen, so that he might be removed in that carriage. The brake had arrived with the other cars, but the ground was very wet, and since I knew that the going in the fields would be very bad, I did not dare trust a chauffeur to drive the great vehicle, but took the wheel myself. A few minutes later I had managed to reach the corner of the field in which the marquee stood, and where His Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and other gentlemen were standing, awaiting my arrival. The ladies had already left the scene. As I came up, 1909

"Stamper," said the King, "do you think you will be able to drive across the field?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Very slowly I brought the brake close to the spot where Mr. Guest had fallen, while His Majesty walked beside.

A red letter day in fact, the King's birthday was always at Sandringham treated as such. Each year its coming was thought of and talked about beforehand, and when the day arrived, it was observed with all festivity. Gaiety was in the air. Never was His Majesty in finer fettle than at such a time. About him were gathered several members of the Royal Family and a few of his old friends. He always received

1909 many presents, and letters and telegrams without number. Everything possible was done to make the day a success. In the morning was held the shoot of the season, and a command performance of some play or other was usually given in the saloon after dinner. From Her Majesty downwards everyone's aim was that the King should enjoy every hour of the day. To this end they all strove. By his happy nature their task was made easy. Indeed, their end was attained if he but saw that they were happy themselves.

The sudden loss of so close a friend would have been a severe blow to the King at any time. The fact that Mr. Guest's death occurred in his presence and in the midst of such merry-making greatly intensified the shock. I could see he was very much upset, but he was as calm as anyone there. By his orders rugs had been laid over the body. When I had stopped the engine and had got down from my seat, His Majesty turned to me.

"Stamper, will you first look and tell me if you are sure he is dead?"

When I came back, I could only say that there was no room for doubt. He thanked me quietly, and then asked if the brake would take him, for Mr. Guest was very tall, and broad in proportion. I told him, "Yes." It was clear, however, that the construction of the brake would render it difficult to lift him in as reverently as one would have wished, and after a moment's deliberation, His Majesty said,

"After all, I think we had better send for the ambulance, Stamper. It won't be long getting here, will it?"

"No, Your Majesty."

A messenger was at once despatched for the horse-drawn ambulance, and after directing the Superintendent to await its coming and see that the removal was effected with all decency, the King turned to the Prince of Wales and the other gentlemen. 1909

"We'd better all go home," he said simply.

With that he turned, and the whole party walked solemnly out of the field.

When the ambulance arrived, the body was taken to the royal waiting-room at Wolferton station. Mr. Guest died of heart failure, and since he had long been in the hands of the doctors because of the weak state of his heart, no inquest was held.

If a death occurred at Sandringham under circumstances which, had it occurred elsewhere, an ordinary coroner would have investigated, an inquest was conducted by the Coroner of the Verge.

By virtue of special sections of an Act of Parliament the Lord Steward may appoint a Coroner of the Household. The latter has 'exclusive jurisdiction in respect of inquests on persons whose bodies are lying within the limits (Verge) of any of the King's Palaces, or of any house, where His Majesty is then demurrant and abiding in his own royal person.' The same Act provides that the jury shall consist of 'officers of the King's Household.'

On November 13th Their Majesties motored to Holkham Hall, the residence of Lord Leicester. The King had not been to Holkham since the old Earl's death, and was much interested in the many improvements which were being completed. Among these, I remember, was an elaborate installation of electric light.

1909 The next day the Court moved to Windsor, where King Manuel visited Their Majesties in State.

On November 20th we brought the King and Queen and the King of Portugal to one of the Eton playing-fields, where they watched a football match. At the end of the game two or three boys were presented to Their Majesties.

From Windsor the King went to Castle Rising, where he stayed for a few days with Lord Farquhar. After this His Majesty returned to Sandringham.

On November 26th I took the King to Appleton House, to see King Haakon. The latter always stayed at Appleton House, his own residence, when he came to Norfolk, and Queen Maud and Prince Olaf with him.

From there His Majesty directed us to take him to a small antique dealer's in East Dereham. Here he purchased some Christmas presents. This was not the first visit the King paid to this shop. We had taken him there at the end of 1908.

On November 27th His Majesty motored to Raynham, which had been taken by Mr. Neumann, to shoot wild duck. There is a large lake at Raynham, and the guns were stationed at points upon its shore. The birds were raised by beaters in great flights, whose numbers were, at given signals, swollen by the sudden release of other ducks, till then detained upon the summit of an adjoining hill. At times the whole place was darkened by the passage of the birds, as by a thunder-cloud. When the shoot was over and His Majesty was about to enter the car, those with him were remarking upon the phenomenal bag and the way in which the birds had come over.

"Never saw such a thing in my life," said the King. 1909

I think it was while he was now staying at Sandringham that at half-past two one afternoon a telephone message came through to the garage to the effect that the car was wanted at once to take His Majesty out for a drive. Accordingly, ten minutes later, we drove up to the front door. The King was standing on the steps, and, as we approached, I could see he was very angry.

"Where have you been?" he cried, as I got down. "Where have you been? I've been waiting here three hours."

I was rather taken aback to learn that His Majesty had been waiting at all, but the exaggeration with which he elected to emphasise the inconvenience he had suffered, was so palpably grotesque, that it was only with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from laughter. Hardly daring to trust my voice, I said that I was very sorry, but that we had only just received the order, and had come at once.

"Nonsense, nonsense, you were ordered to be round at half-past two."

There was no more to be said, and His Majesty entered the car. The truth was, that the King had given the order directly after lunch, but the page had forgotten to telephone to the garage. It was only when he happened to see His Majesty in the hall and actually on his way to the door that he remembered the order which he had never passed on.

Another occasion of His Majesty's use of hyperbole, to mark his disapproval, I remember. It was one afternoon at Marienbad, and we were bringing him back from a neighbouring estate, where he had been shooting, when,

1909 "Stamper," cried the King, "the watch has stopped. It's put me out all day."

"I'm very sorry, Your Majesty."

"It's not your fault. See that he (the chauffeur) winds it up."

We reached Marienbad at half-past six, and when we had set His Majesty down at the Weimar, I looked at the watch in the car. It had stopped at five o'clock—that afternoon too, for I had looked to see if it was all right before we started in the morning. As a matter of fact, on this particular day, His Majesty had endured that which would have put some men out of humour for the rest of the week. In a word, the sport had been shocking. The preserves were not overstocked, and only a few of the birds which were said to be there could be found. So faithfully, indeed, did the majority defy detection, that at the end of the day the whole bag did not, I believe, exceed ten brace. And not all of these fell to His Majesty's gun.

On December 6th His Majesty left for London. I went with him to Wolferton station, where I boarded the special and travelled to Town with the King. When we arrived at St. Pancras, he drove straight to the Palace. After lunch I brought His Majesty to the Agricultural Hall, to see the Cattle Show. Here he spent some time. From Islington we went straight to Waterloo. It had been arranged that we should enter the terminus by a new drive, which had not yet been thrown open to the public, and from what I was told I understood that its entrance lay in York Road. Consequently, we turned into this street and up the one drive I saw, only to erupt, a moment later, into the crowded yard of the suburban and arrival platforms. Instead of the open space kept by the

police against our coming, and the little group of officials waiting to receive the King, a confused mass of vehicular traffic writhed before us. Omnibuses and taxis, four-wheelers and mail-carts, scrambled round and between and in front of one another, disgorging and picking up people and parcels and luggage, while on all sides there rose up the hubbub relative to a scene of such bustling activity. 1909

"You're wrong, Stamper," I heard His Majesty cry, but I was already on the ground and making my way to a station constable to learn from him where was the drive we should have entered. He told me that its entrance lay in Westminster Bridge Road. It was a difficult matter to turn, with the traffic swarming about us, but it was getting dark and few, if any, of the people there realised that it was the King who was inside the car. We rushed back to Westminster Bridge Road, found the right approach, and reached the platform just as the special was timed to leave. I travelled down to Dorsetshire with His Majesty, who was on his way to spend a few days at Milton Abbey with Sir Everard Hambro, and at Blandford station took my seat on the front of the big Mercédès, which had arrived from Sandringham by road that morning. So we came to Milton Abbey.

The way in which the King passed this day was typical of his increased activity in 1909. As time went on, so far from waning, his energy seemed to wax. In 1907 and the preceding years he wasted no time; 1908 seemed as full as a year could be; yet into 1909 he crowded more than ever. He never wasted a moment. This steady increase of exertion continued up to the week of his death. It is well known that in 1910 he

1909 reached the Palace late one April afternoon at the end of a journey of nearly twenty hours, taken without a break, only to go on to Covent Garden the very same evening.

One afternoon, while he was at Milton Abbey, we brought His Majesty to Bryanston, to see Lord Portman. Bryanston is a modern country house. Its construction is model, and its arrangement perfect. The King was much interested, and was shown over the whole of the building.

On December 11th His Majesty returned to London, and two days later he visited the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall. From there he returned to the Palace, and on December 23rd he left for Sandringham.

When the King was shooting at Sandringham, lunch was always served in His Majesty's own marquee, which was usually pitched in a neighbouring field. One afternoon, about this time, I took His Majesty to shoot, afterwards returning for Her Majesty, who wished to join the party at luncheon. The tent happened to be pitched in a field which lay next but one to the famous Coronation Drive. This is an avenue whose trees have been planted, one by one, by members of the Royal Family, Visiting Monarchs, and other Royal Guests. Owing to wet weather, the cart-track which led from the avenue to the field in which the tent stood, was in such a bad state that it was impossible for Her Majesty's car to pass along it, and I decided that we had better attempt to drive across the stubble field which lay between the avenue and the marquee. Accompanying Her Majesty's there were three other cars, all conveying members of the house-party. These essayed to cross the field in advance, while I stayed with the Queen to see how they fared. The ground

was so soft and wet that one after another they all sank into the earth and stuck fast, and we saw their occupants climb out and stand waiting in the field, to see if Her Majesty's car would follow. I told Sir Dighton Probyn, the Equerry in attendance, that I was afraid our chances of getting across were very little better, but Her Majesty suggested we should try, and with that we started. We had only succeeded in getting a few yards farther than the three cars which had preceded us, when our wheels sank deeper and deeper, until we were forced to come to a standstill. Her Majesty was preparing to alight, but the rest of the party insisted on her keeping her seat, while chauffeurs and visitors alike put their shoulders to the wheel, and at last, by dint of a great deal of hauling and pushing, we brought the car safely to the marquee. Her Majesty thanked everyone very much, and was greatly entertained by the whole proceeding. We had no little difficulty in getting the other cars out of the field, and when the operation was over, His Majesty sent for me, and asked me if they had suffered any damage. I told him "No"; and he then said I had better take them home and send a sufficient number of carriages in their stead to bring the party back to Sandringham. The carriages, of course, were able to use the cart-track. 1909

This year, to His Majesty's keen disappointment, the lakes never froze, and there was no skating.

All the Royal Family are enthusiastic skaters, but Her Majesty was always the first on the ice. I never knew the King miss an opportunity of skating. In January 1909, when he was staying at Elveden, he sent to Sandringham for his skates, because there was a fall of temperature. There are at Sandringham two lakes. Of these,

1909 the upper adjoins the lawns which lead from the Terrace Garden. Should this lake freeze, its ice was most carefully watched and preserved, and, if and when it was strong enough to bear, His Majesty was at once informed. If the weather was good, this lake was illuminated with electric light, and then there was skating by night, as by day. Sometimes a hockey-match was arranged. Equerries, guests, and servants, who could skate, of all grades, were summoned to take part in it. The King would pick one side and the Prince of Wales another. His Majesty used to keep goal. It was only at these times that the servants were allowed to skate upon the upper lake, but the lower was always at their disposal. At that of the tenantry too, and, indeed, of everyone in the household or on the estate. It was a much larger lake than the upper, so there was plenty of room, and the King liked and expected everyone who could skate to do so. That was always his kindly way. Every year at Balmoral, he saw to it that cricket or football matches were arranged for the staff, and that golf tournaments were organised. Very often he came to watch the play. Moreover, he always took care that an opportunity of participating in one sport or another should be afforded to everyone. This opportunity he expected all to embrace, and, if it so happened that somebody's name figured in none of the lists, were it only that of a stable-boy, word was sure to come down that His Majesty wanted to know the reason why.

1910

On January 3rd we brought His Majesty to Elveden, where he stayed with Lord Iveagh until the 8th, shooting every day.

At whatever country house His Majesty went to stay for more than two nights, one of the rooms was converted into a private postal telegraph office. Two or three days before the King's arrival, men from the Post Office came to the house and installed the telegraph, and sometimes, if it were not already in the building, the telephone as well. A temporary line was laid from a local post office, or perhaps from the railway. To Glenquoich, on the occasion of His Majesty's visit in 1906, the wires were brought twenty-six miles. Whenever the King was at Goodwood, the temporary line was laid across country from Chichester, and the wires were hung in the trees. When His Majesty visited Rufford Abbey, it was found convenient to bring the line from Mansfield; and always to Tulchan Lodge the wires were carried across the River Spey from Advie post office. Sometimes a double line was laid. Special operators reached the house the day before His Majesty, and when the Postmaster arrived in the train of the King, everything was in readiness, and he had only to take charge. If the time was one of stress and unrest, telegrams in cipher would come through one after another, and the operators would be receiving and despatch-

1910 ing messages all day long. If ever affairs of unusual importance were afoot, the installation was made, although His Majesty was only to be at that house for the week-end. This was the case at Quidenham in 1909. When the King's visit came to a close, the wires and instruments were immediately taken away, and the erstwhile post office became a room once more.

Of course, at Buckingham Palace, and at each of the other royal residences, there was a private post office in the building, to which a permanent staff was attached. These were all under the supervision of the King's Postmaster.

Wherever he was, His Majesty was always directly in touch with London and the whole of the world.

One afternoon during this visit to Elveden, while His Majesty was in the shooting-field, he happened to pass close to the spot where I was waiting with the car. He was on his way to another stand, and rain had just begun to fall. When he came to the car, he hesitated, and looked up at the clouds.

"I don't know whether to go on or not, Stamper," he said. "I don't want to go in yet, but it's rather wet."

"Will Your Majesty go for a short run instead?"

"Very good idea," said the King. "I shall get the air that way."

And with that he entered the car and went for a drive till tea-time.

From Elveden the King went to Buckingham Palace, and two days later he left for Brighton by train.

On this journey His Majesty did not travel on a special, but the royal saloon was attached to one of the ordinary fast trains. It happened that

on this particular evening there were so many people anxious to get from London to Brighton that the officials at Victoria decided to run the train in two portions. His Majesty's saloon was in the first of these, and since all the coaches in this part of the train were already full, as soon as the King had taken his seat, this portion was despatched—ten minutes before its time. I had gone by road to Brighton beforehand, and came to the station to meet His Majesty in the ordinary way. I arrived as usual about ten minutes before the train was due, but, to my horror, just as we were about to enter the yard, out came Mr. Sassoon's car, with the King and Mr. Sassoon inside. It was, I believe, quite by chance that Mr. Sassoon was at the station so early. Many private cars arrived much later than we did, and the confusion upon the platform was terrible. I drove at once to King's Gardens, where I saw the Equerry. He told me that His Majesty was much annoyed at our absence, but that Mr. Sassoon had explained that the train arrived ten minutes before its time. When he had heard this, the King said, 1910

"They ought to have wired Stamper from Victoria."

His Majesty only stayed at Brighton for five days.

I think it was one morning during this visit that we brought him to the shop of an antique dealer. This was situated in the King's Road. There were many persons about at the time, most of them, I fancy, on the look-out for the King, and we had hardly set His Majesty down before a crowd began to collect. By the time we had been waiting a quarter of an hour, the pavement, road, and esplanade were all packed tight

1910 with people for twenty or thirty yards on either side of the shop. Presently the Equerry came out and spoke to me.

"The King says you had better drive away out of sight, as if you had gone, Stamper, and then come back in about a quarter of an hour."

This we did, only to find, on our return, that the ruse had signally failed, and that the crowd was bigger than ever. Indeed, the chauffeur could hardly bring the car up to the pavement, and the Chief Constable, who had been sent for, had to ask the people to make way, so that when he came out of the shop, the King should be able to get to the car. When at length His Majesty appeared, there was a tremendous burst of cheering, which he acknowledged very graciously.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Sassoon and one of her friends had driven to the shop with the King, but when the crowd began to assume such enormous proportions, I think they must have felt unable to face the great demonstration, for they did not leave with His Majesty, but waited for the throng to disperse a little and then took a cab back to Hove.

From Brighton the King went straight to Sandringham, where he spent a few days before returning to London on January 20th.

On January 21st His Majesty drove to the shop of the late Rowland Ward, the taxidermist, in Piccadilly. He was accompanied by Lord Marcus Beresford, and went to see what progress had been made with the stuffing of Persimmon. Whilst we were waiting, there came up a man I had not seen for many years. He greeted me warmly, and was about to revive our friendship with a series of kindly questions, when I cut short his expressions of goodwill by telling him

in one breath that I was now the King's man, that the King was inside Rowland Ward's, and that he must come and see me some other time. Awestruck, he was about to beat a stealthy retreat, when some lady, who had recognised me as one she had seen before on His Majesty's car, asked me excitedly if the King was inside the shop. Calmly I told her "No." Disappointedly she passed on her way, but my friend did not appreciate the expediency of my answer, and stood for a moment bewildered by its amazing inconsistency with what I had just told him. Then he shook his head sorrowfully and turned away. 1910

The same day the Court moved to Windsor, whither, among others, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll had been invited to stay with Their Majesties. The following afternoon I took the King and the Duchess out for a run by themselves.

On January 24th His Majesty motored to Hall Barn, where he shot with Lord Burnham. While he was in the shooting-field he posed for a special photographer, and a beautiful photograph was the result. This was the last time the King ever shot off his own estates.

Whenever he shot at Hall Barn, the duties of His Majesty's 'cartridge-boy' were discharged by an old fellow who, in his youth, had been an Ascot Runner. He gloried in his privilege of waiting upon the King, who never failed to talk to him for a little while and congratulate him on his good health.

On January 25th Their Majesties received the members of the special mission which had come to Windsor to announce the accession of the new King of the Belgians. The same afternoon I took His Majesty and two of the envoys for a run to Ascot and back.

1910 On January 27th the Russian and German Ambassadors made two of the shooting-party. They drove with the King from the Castle, and accompanied him again when we brought him back in the evening.

On January 31st I took Her Majesty, Princess Victoria, and Sir Arthur Davidson in Her Majesty's car on a visit to Shipton House, which stands a few miles the other side of Oxford. The Princess of Wales made one of the party, following in her own car. As Her Majesty wished to lunch on the way, we took luncheon-baskets with us on the cars, and after we had passed through Oxford, we turned down a by-lane and I served luncheon. The ground was wet, so the Queen and the Princess of Wales sat in Her Majesty's car, and I handed the lunch up to them, but Princess Victoria and Sir Arthur Davidson stood eating theirs in the lane. There was, as always, luncheon provided for the chauffeurs and myself, and this we went a little apart to eat. When I returned to the car,

"Have a whisky and soda, Stamper," said Princess Victoria.

Since it was Her Royal Highness, who of her kindness had asked me, I was very loth to decline, lest she should think me unmannerly or disrespectful. At the same time I could not forget the fact that I had just consumed a large bottle of ale. So I thanked her very much, but said that I had already had something to drink.

"What have you had?"

I told her the brand of the ale.

"I've never tasted it," said the Princess. "Is it nice?"

"If I'm very thirsty, Your Royal Highness, it quenches my thirst better than anything."

On this day His Majesty went shooting for the

last time. I was not with him, for he had sent me out with the Queen. 1910

The next day Their Majesties, with whom were Princess Victoria and Princess Mary, motored from Windsor to Laleham House, Staines, where they had tea with Lord Lucan.

On February 2nd the King returned to Buckingham Palace. He had arranged to come up by road, and took the opportunity of trying a new six-cylinder Daimler, which the firm had sent down to Windsor for him to see. Her Majesty and Princess Victoria motored with him to London. When we arrived at the Palace, His Majesty stood for some time on the steps, discussing with me the points of the car. At length,

"Well, Stamper," he said, "it runs very nicely. I like it very much, and you'd better see about getting a new one made."

I did so before I left for Biarritz. I ordered the chassis, and settled with the coachbuilders of what design the body should be. The car was to be delivered early in May.

On February 7th His Majesty left for Brighton, where he stayed for a week with Mr. Arthur Sassoon.

On February 11th we took the King to the Alhambra, where he witnessed an amateur performance of *The Marriage of Kitty*, which Mrs. Willie James had organised on behalf of a charity. It was a matinée.

As is well known, the King went much to the theatre in England. He went often when he was at Marienbad. There, it will be remembered, on one occasion he left the house to mark his disapproval of a certain performance. At Biarritz he went very seldom. The theatre

1910 there is in the Casino, and at the back of the dress-circle there is a gallery overlooking the tables.

One evening at Biarritz, when His Majesty was at the theatre, I was playing in the Casino. Suddenly I heard, "There's Stamper," and I looked up from the table at which I was sitting, to see the King leaning on the balustrade of the gallery, smiling as he watched what was going on below.

I remember taking him out in the car the day after he had witnessed *When Knights were Bold.* He was talking about the piece, which had greatly amused him.

"Never laughed so much in all my life," I heard him say.

The following day Mr. Asquith came to Brighton to see His Majesty. He was not closeted long with the King, and left the house as soon as the audience was over. We took His Majesty for a run before luncheon. In the afternoon we brought him to the Central Police Station, where he was received by the Chief Constable, Mr. Gentle, and shown the working of a scheme by which the poor children of Brighton were properly clothed. His Majesty was not very long inside the building, but he emerged to find the crowd, with which he was by this resort so regularly furnished, excitedly awaiting his departure. I remember he expressed surprise that it should have become so huge so quickly.

On February 13th the King motored to Eridge Castle, where he had tea with the Marquess of Abergavenny.

The next day His Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace.

On February 19th Their Majesties, with Prince

Henry of Prussia, drove to the Natural History Museum, to which the King had recently presented the skeleton of Persimmon. 1910

One afternoon, a few days later, His Majesty motored down to Eltham Golf Club. On the way home in the evening, as we were going through Peckham, we overtook a tram-car, which was for the moment stationary. However, just as we had passed it and were turning on to its line in front of it again, it began to move, with the result that one of our hind wheels struck the edge of the grid, or wooden frame, which hangs beneath the fore part of a tram-car to catch any one who may fall in front of it. When I heard the noise and felt the jar, I told the chauffeur to stop, and jumped down to see what had happened. We were not hurt at all, but the grid was broken, and a constable approached to take particulars of the accident. I went to meet him. I told him at once that it was the King's car, and that, as His Majesty was inside, we could not possibly wait there, but that he had better take all the particulars and forward them to me at Buckingham Palace. "We cannot possibly have a scene," I added. The constable promised to do as I suggested, and, as the inevitable crowd was beginning to collect, I hastened back to the car and we drove on our way.

All the time I was with the King we were never once held up by any mishap in any crowded place when His Majesty was in the car. Considering how many little things may go wrong, things which all the forethought in the world cannot prevent, we were very fortunate. The few contretemps we met with occurred always in the country-side. The nearest approach to anything of the kind was the occasion upon which the engine

1910 went so badly in St. James's Street.[1] Once or twice a tyre burst in the streets of London or some other town, but in such cases we never stopped until we had reached our destination, or some quiet spot where we could put on a fresh cover without exciting attention. If it was really essential that His Majesty should not be put to the delay which tyre-trouble means, as, for instance, when he was intending to pay an official visit, I always had new covers put on the night before in place of any that were at all worn.

Except upon the day when His Majesty motored to Luton Hoo in 1907,[2] we were never once stranded in a country road. Here again, considering the many thousands of miles we covered at home and abroad, our good fortune was remarkable. There were times, of which I have told, when we had to stop, but always the mischief was such as could be remedied with very little delay.

On the evening of Sunday, March 6th, His Majesty left London *en route* for the South of France. He stayed in Paris for two nights, on each of which he went to the theatre. On March 9th he travelled to Biarritz, where I met him on his arrival.

As we were bringing him to the hotel,

"Isn't the new station finished yet, Stamper?"

"It won't be for another nine months, Your Majesty."

"Oh," he said. "Well, I shall come to it next year."

The following morning the car was ordered to be on the promenade about mid-day. When His Majesty appeared he did not enter it, but walked along the front instead. I followed a little way

[1] See page 93. [2] See page 105.

behind, in case we were wanted, but he walked all the way to the Côte des Basques. There we picked him up and brought him back to the hotel. The King was not well. 1910

In the afternoon he visited Queen Amelie of Portugal.

On March 11th His Majesty did not go out. He was worse.

The next day he was better again, but he did not go out for a run. At noon he walked quietly upon the promenade and then drove back to the hotel.

March 13th was a Sunday, yet the King did not go to Church. This was significant. He walked on the front, as before, and in the afternoon we took him to Bayonne.

His Majesty did not go out again for seven days.

In its issue of March 15, *The Times* said, *On the advice of Sir James Reid, King Edward remained in his apartments to-day* (the 14th), *as a storm was raging. His Majesty's health, however, is excellent.*

I remember the storm. About the Hôtel du Palais it was not easy to keep one's feet. When the wind listed, it blew at Biarritz with great fury. So it blew then. So it had blown many times, but never before had His Majesty kept house. He was ill. I was told that he was coughing very badly. Miss Fletcher, who had attended him before, was sent for from England. His condition gave rise to anxiety.

In its issue of March 16th, *The Times* said that the King was believed to have *caught a slight cold*, and that *as a measure of precaution His Majesty to-day* (the 15th) *again kept to his apartments.*

When more than one day had gone by and

1910 he did not appear, people in Biarritz began to talk. It was clear that he was indisposed. Speculation was rife as to how ill he was, and what was the matter. Black rumours were abroad.

In its issue of March 17th *The Times* stated that the King was *recovering from his slight indisposition.*

For all the talk at Biarritz, the English and French papers were strangely silent. In some of their issues no mention was made of His Majesty. On no day was the obvious continuance of his indisposition commented upon. Later, some correspondent protested that the King's health was far from satisfactory, but that was when His Majesty was almost himself again.

It was not likely that those about the King would communicate news to the Press, and no one else knew for certain how ill he was. But his non-appearance spoke volumes, and it is remarkable that no paper reported the general great uneasiness which this occasioned in Biarritz. Under ordinary circumstances, information as to His Majesty's movements by car was given to Reuter's Agency by the Equerries.

On March 21st the King had so far recovered as to leave the Hôtel du Palais. That day we brought him to lunch with Sir Everard Hambro, and afterwards he motored slowly as far as Bayonne.

I think it was upon this afternoon that moored to the quay at Bayonne was a beautiful steam yacht. As we came by, the King cried out what a fine one it was, and called to me to stop.

"See if you can find out whose it is, Stamper."

I went to the side of the quay, but there was no one at hand, so I crossed a gangway on to

the yacht. The owner was not there, but I found an officer. Him I told who I was, and that His Majesty would like to know to whom the vessel belonged. He told me the name of a wealthy American, and begged me to tell the King, that if he would care to see over the yacht, it would be an honour to show it him. I returned to the car and told His Majesty the name of the owner. When I mentioned the officer's invitation, 1910

"No," he said. "I don't think I'll get out of the car."

He looked at the yacht again for a moment.

"How many tons is she?"

"I will ask, Your Majesty."

"No, no. It doesn't matter."

"She looks as if she might be fourteen hundred tons, Your Majesty."

"I should think she would be just about that."

The next day he walked upon the sea-front, and in the afternoon we brought him to Cambo.

In its issue of March 23rd, *The Times* said, *The King's health is now very satisfactory.*

His recovery was gradual, but he was getting better every day.

On March 23rd the King drove to La Barre. There it was very windy, and I asked His Majesty if he would not prefer to walk in the woods by Lac Chimberta. He assented, and thither we took him. In the shelter of the woods he walked for some time. When he returned to the car, I saw he was warm, and asked him to put on a heavier overcoat.

"No, Stamper. This will do nicely."

"I think it would really be best if Your Majesty would wear this one. The wind's rather cold."

He hesitated a moment. Then,

"Perhaps it would be as well," he said slowly,

1910 and he suffered me to help him off with the one and on with the other.

The King never cared to wrap himself up. He seldom wore a fur coat, and only if the cold was intense. A favourite coat he had, which was reversible. On one side it was of ordinary cloth, on the other of waterproof material. He was not a man who would put on a coat, as a matter of course, because he was going out in the car. In hot weather he often motored without an overcoat. He liked the hot weather, but felt the heat more than the cold.

On that raw Sunday at Sandringham, when he caught the fatal chill, directly he got indoors, he cried,

"Oh, I'm fearfully cold. Make up the fires."

Who heard him say this, must have been filled with apprehension. It was so unlike the King.

On March 24th we brought His Majesty to the golf-course, where he played croquet for a little.

In its issue of March 25th *The Times* said, *His Majesty is now completely restored to health.*

That was Good Friday, and the King went to Church. In the afternoon he motored to Cambo. Before we started, just as he was about to enter the car,

"I think I'll have it open, Stamper," he said.

"The way we shall go, Your Majesty, the wind will be right across the car. I think Your Majesty will find it a little strong."

As before, he hesitated.

"Perhaps we could have it open coming back, Your Majesty."

"Very well. Keep it shut. And I'll have the windows on one side open."

A tent was set up, I believe every year, on

the terrace outside the King's apartments. Here, when it was not too windy or cold, His Majesty would often breakfast. During the visits he paid to Biarritz, that part of the terrace on to which looked the windows of his suite was railed off, and no one was suffered to walk there. 1910

On March 26th we brought the King to Lac d'Yrieux. We took tea with us, and I served it on the shore of the lake.

He walked much more this year than ever before. Besides his walk in the morning, he would leave the car in the course of an afternoon and walk quite a lot in the woods. It suited him well.

"That's done me good," he would sometimes say, as he came back to the car.

On March 27th His Majesty went to Church in the morning and drove in the afternoon to Capbreton. The Marquis de Soveral was with him.

In the course of a run, during His Majesty's first visit to Biarritz, we lighted upon a family of three at exercise. An ancient triple tricycle formed for them at once a tread-mill and a means of transit. Father, mother, and daughter (for so we took them to be) together propelled the machine about the country ways. With its one great wheel on one side and its two little wheels on the other, with its quaint steering-handles and its solid tyres, the good old cycle smacked of the 'eighties. A bell would have been superfluous. Indeed, I doubt if its ring would have been heard above the rattle of their noisy labour. Very happy the toilers looked, and I am sure they derived great enjoyment from their measured spins, while the picture they presented, as they heaved their ungainly relic along the roads,

1910 was most engaging. Many times again we saw them. Every year at Biarritz we met them more than once. The daughter we observed grow up. Little in 1906, in 1910 it was a big girl that sat behind her mother on the hindmost seat. The first time we encountered them in 1910 His Majesty remarked upon this.

"How that girl has grown since 1906," he said.

On March 28th we brought the King to the races at L'Hippodrome de la Barre. The wind was rather boisterous, and after a while His Majesty left the Course and sought the shelter of the woods close by. We set him down not far from Lac Chimberta, and in the course of his stroll he lighted upon a fellow who was engaged in the pursuit and capture of frogs. His Majesty watched his methods with interest, and after he had seen him secure one or two, spoke with the man and examined the whole of his catch. The fisherman recognised the King and begged him to accept all the frogs he had caught. His Majesty laughed and thanked him, but shook his head. When the King had passed on his way, the fellow came to me, and, with tears in his eyes, recounted at length the incident I had just witnessed. But when he began to speak of His Majesty's goodness, his voice trembled, and at last he thrust his frogs into my hands and hurried away.

The following day we brought the King to an aviation meeting, held in the new aerodrome close to Lachiste, a small village a few miles from Biarritz. The Marquis de Soveral was with His Majesty.

The aerodrome lay between the road and the River Nive. Screens had been set up for more than a mile by the side of the road, so that those

who did not pay for admission might not see what was happening. But, as we approached, the King pointed to numbers of people, assembled upon the slopes of the mountains beyond the river, who were watching with interest all there was to be seen. 1910

Just before we arrived, the late M. Chavez had met with an accident, and we saw his aeroplane lying broken, where it had struck the stump of a tree. We set His Majesty down at the Grand Stand. He went to visit the hangars at once, examining closely the various machines and asking many questions. M. Leblanc and M. Bleriot both made ascents and were presented to the King.

We did not drive to the stand to take up His Majesty, but he walked from there to where the car was waiting. We had hardly regained the road, when there was a great shouting in the aerodrome. We afterwards learned that an aeroplane had come down almost among the spectators, falling close to the stand and upon the very spot over which the King had walked to the car two minutes before. Two or three people were injured.

It was not until the last day of March that His Majesty made one of the longer excursions which he enjoyed so much. We brought him to Navarta, where he lunched at the old château he had visited before.[1]

On the way there, shortly after passing St. Jean-de-Luz, we came to a level crossing.

The line meets the road hard by the old Château d'Urtubie, where three kings met together in the fifteenth century, and where, I was told, the Duke of Wellington stayed during the winter of 1813. And here was kennelled his pack of hounds.

[1] See page 184.

1910 As we came up to the crossing, an old woman was in the act of closing the iron gates. I jumped off the car, and, running up to her, begged her to allow His Majesty's car to pass, but she would not be entreated, and swung the gates into position. An express, she explained, had been signalled, and, as it was long overdue, was sure to appear any moment. Five minutes later the train roared by. By this time the other cars had come up with the police and the rest of the party, and two or three country wagons had arrived. After an exasperating stare at the array of vehicles, anxiously awaiting her pleasure, the old dame leaned comfortably against one of the barriers, and, half closing her eyes, plainly made ready to fall into a reverie. We watched her open-mouthed. His Majesty was the first to recover the power of speech.

"Why can't we go by now, Stamper?"

"I will see, Your Majesty."

Indignantly I approached the woman and asked why on earth she did not open the gates. With a frown she replied that she was awaiting a train which was going the opposite way to that which had just gone by. Believing her guilty of sloth, I asked if it was signalled, and, as I spoke, the semaphore fell. Smothering my anger, I pointed out that we could see the line for a mile or more, and there was nothing in sight. Her answer was that the train had been signalled. Had I not seen this with my own eyes? Appalled by the indecency of such a reply, I returned to the car.

"She will not open the gates, Your Majesty."

The King turned to Sir Arthur Davidson.

"Go and see what you can do, Arthur."

The Equerry approached the woman. We watched the cool reception accorded to his civility. It was possible to guess the powerful arguments

he adduced. But all his efforts were vain, and presently he returned to the car. 1910

"I am afraid we shall have to wait, Sir. The woman insists that the train cannot be far away, and that she dare not open the gates."

In another five minutes the train steamed up to a little wayside station which stood a few yards from the crossing. There, to our dismay, it stopped, its engine coming to rest only a few feet from the gates barring our way. Of course it was hopeless to ask the woman to open them now, and it was not until the train had resumed its laboured journey that we were able to cross the line. In all, we were delayed over twenty minutes.

From Navarta we went back by the Vallée de Batzan and the Col de Maya. Up in the mountains the wind was very cold.

The reflection that, while at Biarritz, he could not go out for a drive without covering ground which had been made famous by some incident of the Peninsular War, was ever to the King most interesting. I do not believe there was a village for miles which had not figured in the great campaign. Cannon had rumbled along the lanes we traversed, brigades had forded the rivers we crossed. Heights we climbed had been scaled and held and captured, and meadows we lunched in had been trampled by cavalry or galloped over by the Duke and his officers in the wake of the hounds that had come from England. Here and there peasants still lived who could remember the fall of San Sebastian, the passage of the Nive, the defeat of Soult at Orthez. And one I was told of, who had more than once seen the hounds in full cry streaming across country, with the Duke of Wellington, in his blue hunting-coat, following hard

1910 behind, easily distinguishable from the rest of the field.

Of the number of storied buildings—churches and mansions and inns alike—I have already spoken. Here was a roof which had sheltered a gallant gentleman, and there a doorway in which great tidings had been received. On this parapet a famous order had been scribbled, and from that tower a bloody fight had been witnessed.

In all these associations His Majesty revelled, and he was never tired of hearing fresh tales of the places we passed or of indicating to those of his friends, who did not know them, the various venues of great events.

For the next few days the King made no expedition which took him so far as Navarta. Twice he lunched at St. Jean-de-Luz, but on the other days he walked as usual upon the promenade and went for a run in the afternoon.

Several times this and the year before His Majesty had tea in the woods instead of by the wayside. With two or three friends he would leave the hotel about half-past two, and after a run perhaps of an hour and a half, we would come to rest in a pleasant place, where the trees grew thick about the road, and where, when I had stopped the engine, there was no noise beyond the soughing of the breeze in the branches and the distant sound of the surf on the shore. Hot, sunny afternoons these, when it was good to be abroad.

Everyone would alight.

"We won't have tea here, Stamper, but I'll settle on a place when I see one."

While the party strolled away into the wood, I stopped with the car, and after a while I would hear His Majesty's voice in the distance, crying,

"Stam*per*, Stam*per*."

"Coming, Sir," I shouted in answer, and with that I started off with the baskets in the direction from which his shout had come. 1910

So soon as I appeared,

"I think this'll do nicely, Stamper, don't you?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," I would say; or sometimes I would point out that the ground was sloping rather, and that a spot a few paces away would be more comfortable. His Majesty would nod his approval.

"Quite right," he would say. "It would, it would."

There then I spread a rug for the King, and he sat down and smoked, while I set out the tea. When it was ready he would call to the others to come. I would serve him and them, sitting there happily under the high trees.

When tea was over, sometimes His Majesty would say,

"I'll help you to pack up, Stamper. Now be very careful and don't break anything. There, put some paper between the cups. . . ."

And so, he directing, His Majesty and I would pack the things away. When we had finished, he always said,

"Now you go and have some tea, and see that the chauffeur has some."

And I would thank him and make my way back to the car, there to wait with the chauffeur for the King to come again.

On one such occasion the late Mrs. Ashley and her father, Sir Ernest Cassel, made two of the party. When tea was over, she asked the King if she might photograph him, and when he consented, she came and asked me where she had best stand to obtain a good picture. His Majesty was sitting on one of the baskets, and, as he looked

1910 up, a ray of sunshine came through the leaves on to his face. I told Mrs. Ashley that I was afraid this would spoil the photograph, and His Majesty cried,

"Do you want me to move?"

"If Your Majesty will move a little to the left out of the sunlight . . ."

He moved, basket and all, and then took his seat again.

"Is that better?"

"Yes, thank you, Your Majesty."

Mrs. Ashley was just going to take a snapshot, when the sun passed behind a cloud.

"Wait till the sun comes out," cried the King.

The next second it was shining again, and the photograph was taken.

In its issue of April 8th, *The Times* said as follows: *Contrary to statements which have been published it is not true that the King has at any time been seriously ill. His Majesty arrived at Biarritz with a cold, which he caught at the theatre at Paris, and, as a measure of precaution, remained in his rooms for a week, but without cessation of work or loss of appetite . . . His health has now become perfectly satisfactory again.*

The King was now himself again, and on this day we brought His Majesty and a party of friends to Zarauz. This was the longest expedition he had made since he arrived at Biarritz.

He had been anxious to visit Pamplona, and, as in 1909, had sent for me and discussed the idea. I told His Majesty that it would mean a very long day, and after going into the questions of distance and time, he decided that, all things considered, it was too far.

"Never mind," he said. "We'll go there next year."

So we went to Zarauz instead. On the way there he asked me to show him the road to Pamplona. 1910

When we went to Zarauz the year before, there had been trouble as to the place where luncheon should be served.[1] This had come to the ears of a Spanish nobleman whose château was at Zarauz, and he had at once sent word to the Equerries that his house was at the King's disposal, if ever he came that way again. Of this hospitality His Majesty now availed himself, and luncheon was served in the château.

The news of the King's presence at Zarauz spread quickly, and the members of the local band, which was wont upon special occasions to discourse music to a grateful town, were hurriedly summoned from their lawful pursuits. Amid great excitement they advanced upon the château, took up their position without its walls, and began to play. . The alarm of those within the building was but momentary, and, so soon as the truth was known, Cæsar was secured. The performers played and sang with a will, and a regular entertainment was given in His Majesty's honour. The King was very pleased.

At noises unusual Cæsar would sometimes take umbrage. When he was thus provoked, it was occasionally necessary to restrain him, or he would have done the authors a mischief. I do not actually remember him biting anyone, but I believe he once bit a boy—probably by way of condign rebuke.

I saw Cæsar as recently as November 1912. Sir Arthur Davidson wanted to see me, and I had gone down to Marlborough House. Cæsar recognised me at once, although we had not seen one

[1] See page 247.

1910 another for more than two years. He manifested great delight at my presence.

From Zarauz we returned to Biarritz by way of Irun. I think it was upon this occasion that, just as we were entering the latter town, I saw a procession coming towards us. It was a funeral. Much pomp and circumstance attended the cortège, and the little cobbled street was none too wide for its passage, so I told the chauffeur to turn away to the left, hoping to come by back streets on to the road again. When we had turned off, I asked a poor Spaniard if he would show me the way. Happily the fellow spoke French, but his directions seemed so elaborate, that I asked him to come on the car and show the chauffeur the way as we were going along. He had recognised His Majesty, and readily assented to my proposal. So we came by back ways once more on to the Biarritz road. At a nod from the Equerry, I offered our guide a two-franc piece. At first he would not accept it, protesting most courteously that it was an honour to direct the King, and a still greater honour to drive upon His Majesty's car. When, however, I pressed it upon him, he took the money. When he had alighted, he swept off his hat to the King, who raised his in return and bowed his thanks. As we passed on,

"What was he saying, Stamper? You don't think he was offended?"

I told His Majesty what had passed.

"Quite right. Quite right."

On April 9th the King visited the Convent at Anglet. Here, among, I believe, other *religieuses*, are Les Bernardines, The Silent Sisters. Dressed all in white, these pass their days in silence. Everything, I was told, they do for themselves.

They till the ground and manage a farm they have, that they may live; and when a sister dies, her fellows dig the grave. 1910

When he had visited the Convent, His Majesty drove to the farm, where he alighted and was taken into the various buildings.

On April 11th we brought the King to Sare, to see a game of pelote. Several of His Majesty's friends drove over to see the match, and on the way home a 60 h.p. Napier, belonging to an American, collided with one of their cars and drove it into the ditch. We had been back at Biarritz some time before we knew what had happened, but so soon as His Majesty heard of the accident, he sent for me. I came at once, to be ushered into his study.

"Stamper," he said. "I hear there has been an accident. I want you to take one of the cars and go back to where it has happened and offer your services. See how serious it is and what had better be done."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

As I was leaving the garage, another report came in, to the effect that the occupants of the car were practically uninjured, but that they had all been flung from their seats to the floor and 'absolutely enveloped in glass.' I found the car with one wheel in the ditch, half way up the hill which descends into St. Pée. I had taken two mechanics with me, and after a while we were able to tow the car back to Biarritz. Happily the damage was not very severe, while a thorough examination proved the reference to a mantle of glass to be but a picturesque conceit. Of all the glass about the car—a landaulette—not a pane was so much as cracked. The offending car was unhurt.

1910 During this visit to Biarritz, His Majesty presented the town with a horse-drawn ambulance. This was sent from England and delivered direct to the institute to which it was to be attached. As soon as he heard of its arrival, the King desired Miss Fletcher to go and see that it was in order and properly fitted. I went with her.

On April 12th the King and a party of friends drove to Bidache. There he was shown over the Castle of the Dukes of Gramont, and the lunch, which had been sent on ahead, was served on a lawn under the shadow of the old walls.

That afternoon, when we were bringing His Majesty back to Biarritz, he told me to stop at the golf-course. Here he alighted and walked the rest of the way to the hotel.

So often as we took luncheon with us, or it was sent on ahead, the hot dishes were brought carefully in a padded box. The food was cooked the first thing in the morning and placed in deep dishes, whose covers fitted very closely. These were then placed in the box. The latter was full of soft thick padding, in which had been made recesses or sockets to fit each particular dish. Once they were all in the box, the lid, which was padded inside, was shut down, and the box was not opened again till the hour for luncheon had come, or indeed till the King had taken his seat. In this way it was possible to serve food, perfectly cooked and as hot as could be, whenever His Majesty wanted to lunch.

Similar boxes were always used to take the luncheon into the shooting-field. Also, when food was served in the train, and indeed whenever the King lunched abroad, but not as anyone's guest.

On April 14th His Majesty lunched at Cambo

with a party of friends. Afterwards, as in 1909, he came by boat down the Nive to Ustaritz. I went with the cars by road. When we arrived, the boats were not in sight, and I told the chauffeur to stop by the side of a little bridge, as that was where the King purposed to disembark. Before very long, I saw the party sweep round a bend of the river, with His Majesty in the first boat. They put into the bank, just as they reached the bridge, and a boatman jumped ashore and held the boat fast for His Majesty to get out. One of the Equerries was the first to leave the boat, and, when he was ashore, he stood ready to assist the King. It was most fortunate that he did so, for His Majesty had hardly set his foot upon the bank, when it gave way beneath him, and, if the Equerry had not seized him, he must have fallen into the river. As it was, he went up to his knee into the water. It gave everybody a terrible shock, but he was quite unconcerned and made light of the incident. Then he entered the car, and we brought him quickly to Biarritz. 1910

On April 15th we brought His Majesty to Vera, an old Spanish town not far from the frontier. He had been asked if he would there select a site for a monument, soon to be erected in memory of certain officers of the Rifle Brigade, who were killed in the Peninsular War. All the way from the frontier the road was lined by soldiers. In honour of His Majesty's visit, the townspeople of Vera were keeping a holiday, and there was a tremendous crowd in the square. There, in front of a fine old church, we set the King down. The mayor received His Majesty amid very great cheering, and conducted him up the steep ascent and into the church. The King's reappearance a few minutes later was greeted with another outburst,

1910 and the cheers kept on breaking out again and again as he walked down into the square and pointed to the spot where he thought the monument had best be set up.

One day I asked His Majesty if he would care some time to visit Françon, a private house not far from the Villa Mouriscot. I told him that I had heard that H.M. Queen Victoria had once gone to see this villa and its beautiful grounds, and that I had been told on all sides that it was really a 'show place.' The owner, Mr. Pennington Mellor, was away. His Majesty seemed pleased with my suggestion.

"You arrange it," he said, "and I'll go there one afternoon."

Accordingly I communicated with the housekeeper by telephone, and, telling her that it was possible that His Majesty would presently pay the villa a visit, asked if it would be convenient, should he do so, for him to be shown the house. The owner had apparently thought this might happen, for she replied that she had been instructed to say that her master would be very much honoured by His Majesty's interest in the place, and that she had orders to show the King everything that there was to be seen. A day or two later, as he was about to enter the car, His Majesty said,

"Stamper, I think you had better take me to that house you spoke of."

Thither we went. When we got there, I rang the bell and asked the servant who opened the door if it was convenient for the King of England to see the villa. She said, "Oh, yes," and added, that if it would please His Majesty to enter the hall, she would fetch the housekeeper. A minute or two later this lady appeared, to conduct His Majesty over the house. Afterwards he sat for a while on

one of the balconies, and I think tea was served. 1910
The housekeeper remembered very well the visit of Queen Victoria, which when His Majesty learned he was greatly interested in what she could tell him about it. On leaving the villa, the King did not at once re-enter the car, but strolled through the grounds and so down a drive to lodge-gates other than those by which we had entered. We followed with the car close behind him.

Visits such as this His Majesty frequently paid both at home and abroad. If it were possible, the Equerry would communicate with those left in charge of the house beforehand, but sometimes the visit would be a surprise one. Then the Equerry would explain who he was, when the door was opened, and tell the servant to ask the housekeeper if it was convenient for the King to be shown the house. Sometimes, when His Majesty was proposing to pay such a visit, he would tell me to stop at the lodge and ask whether or no the owner of the place was in residence. On one or two occasions I have so learned that the owner was there, whereupon, of course, the King abandoned the idea, and the projected visit was never paid.

On April 20th His Majesty motored to Pau, where he stayed for two nights at the Hôtel de France. On the way, as in 1909,[1] we burst a tyre, just as we were entering Orthez.

The next day we left Pau at half-past ten in the morning, and brought His Majesty to Cauterets, which is perched high up in the Pyrenees. It was a memorable run. We passed through Lourdes into the great valley of Argelès, and so by way of Soulon up into the mountains. Almost the whole of the way our road ran by the side of the Gave de Pau.

[1] See page 236.

1910 It was a beautiful, windless day, and though we were presently in the midst of the snow, the sun was hot and the air warm and gentle. Again and again His Majesty exclaimed at the grandeur of the scenery. Once we heard the roar of a falling avalanche, while several times we saw great tracks upon the mountain side, and, heaped up far below, the tons of snow and boulders that had made them.

At Cauterets His Majesty lunched, and afterwards drove in the car to where the road ends at the foot of the pass. Here are the wells of the waters which are so famous. The King was delighted with the pleasant place and its exhilarating atmosphere, and I was told afterwards that he had made up his mind to stay there in the following August instead of at Marienbad.

From Cauterets we returned to Lourdes, where we stopped at the Bishop's Lodging. One of the Equerries alighted and rang the bell. So soon as the Bishop learned of His Majesty's presence, he came out of the house to receive the King. They spoke together a little, and then the Bishop escorted His Majesty to the Church of the Rosary. This when he had seen, he ascended the steps and entered the Basilica, which stands on the terrace above.

In the meantime a great company of pilgrims, who sought the Bishop's blessing, had come to the foot of the steps leading into the Church of the Rosary. Presently the great doors swung open, and the Bishop came forth robed and walking beneath a canopy. At the top of the steps he stood still. The company fell upon their knees, and instinctively everyone uncovered his head. There was no sound at all. All about Lourdes were the mountains, and away on the top of the hill a great

cross stood up against the sky. In the distance beyond the river I could see a row of poplars, marking the line of the road to Cauterets. And over all the sun was going down. Its rays fell full on the buildings and the Bishop on the steps and the crowd kneeling before him. As he raised his hands, I looked up at the terrace over the Church of the Rosary. There, above them all, one figure stood out sharply against the background of white. It was the King, standing bare-headed in the sunlight, watching the scene below. As he looked, the blessing was given, and a moment later the pilgrims rose and moved slowly away. 1910

His Majesty then visited the Grotto beside the river. Here, within the cave and upon the face of the cliff outside, were hanging thousands of crutches. We then brought the King to a neighbouring hotel for tea. While he was there, so vast a concourse of people assembled in the street that special arrangements had to be made for His Majesty to leave the building by a side door.

When we reached Pau, there was a dirigible balloon, circling over the Place Royale, on to which the King's rooms looked.

His Majesty had arranged to leave Pau for Biarritz at ten the next morning, and he was informed that the airship would be there to attend him some of the way. It was not there at the hour, but the King waited for it to put in an appearance before leaving the hotel. Directly he was told of its arrival, he came out and entered the car. I soon found that we must not travel fast, lest we should altogether outstrip our escort. I think, perhaps, we got off better, for the airship never quite caught us up, although I told the chauffeur to go very slowly, when we were once out of Pau. Several times His Majesty turned right round

1910 in the car and looked at the great balloon. At last,

"I think we'd better get on now, Stamper," he said, and, as we increased our speed, he turned once more and waved his hand to the aeronauts, in acknowledgment of their attention.

On April 23rd we brought the King to the Guards' Cemetery without Bayonne. He alighted and walked about the graves and monuments, noting the repairs and improvements, many of which had been carried out at his suggestion.

Two days later I took His Majesty to La Barre for the last time. There, with an Equerry, he strolled to and fro, as he had done so often, laughing and talking and watching the great waves.

That evening a farewell fête was held in the King's honour. There was a military tattoo outside the Hôtel du Palais, and a torchlight procession marched past His Majesty's windows. Every house on the sea-front was illuminated—silhouetted with electric light. He was out on his balcony, watching it all.

The next day—April 26th—His Majesty drove to the Villa Mouriscot to bid 'Good-bye' to Princess Frederica of Hanover.

In the evening I brought him to the station.

When he had stepped out of the car, he turned to me.

"Well, Stamper, it's been a most successful time, and I hope you'll have a pleasant trip home."

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

He smiled and passed into the station.

I never saw him again.

That was on Tuesday. No boat left Bordeaux for Southampton before Saturday, April

30th—four days later. On that day I sailed for England. 1910

From Biarritz the King travelled right through to London—a journey of nineteen hours. He reached the Palace at six in the evening. The same night he went to Covent Garden to see *Rigoletto.*

Two days later he went to the theatre again, and each day he worked very hard.

The week-end he spent at Sandringham, and on Monday, May 2nd, he returned to London.

I reached the Palace on the following Wednesday morning.

The moment I entered the Royal Mews, I knew that something was wrong. Uneasiness was in the air. I called one of the chauffeurs and asked what was the matter. He told me the King was ill. I jumped off the car and hastened round to the Palace, there to find people who I knew would be directly in touch with His Majesty. In the Palace there was more than an air of unrest; there was prevailing something very like consternation. I found one who knew the truth, and asked him how serious it was.

"The King's very bad indeed. He's really down this time. He coughs badly, and it leaves him weak. He insists on sitting up and doing his business, but he's very bad."

He went on to tell me how His Majesty had been taken ill on Monday evening, while he was dining at the house of a friend.

I think we both knew he was dying. Somehow it was clear. He had been bad at Biarritz, and now—the clouds had returned after the rain. . . .

I went back to the Royal Mews.

1910 At two o'clock I received word that His Majesty was asking if I had got back safely.

The first bulletin was issued the following evening. After it had been posted, it was not believed that he would live through the night. Later on he rallied.

On Friday, May 6th, at a quarter before midnight, His Majesty died. . . .

INDEX

Aberdeen Hospital, 307
Abergavenny, Marquess of, 328
Aberlour, 147
Abernethy Forest, 145
Abingdon, 274
Adour, the River, 40, 175
Advie, 78, 295, 321
Agricultural Hall, the, 316
Ahetze, 47
Albany, Duchess of, 38
Albemarle, Lord, 307
Albert Memorial, the, 194
Albert, Prince, 231
Aldershot, 57, 121, 187, 255
Alington, Lord, 33, 227, 228, 258
Alington, Lady, 228, 258
Allan, Miss Maud, 140
Amelie, Queen, 331
Ampthill, 277
Anglet, 235, 344
Anmer, 35, 119, 211
Antwerp, 69, 143, 197, 201, 281, 293
Appleton House, 214, 314
Arcangues, 48
Argelès, Valley of, 349
Argyll, Duke of, 325
Argyll, Duchess of, 325
Ascain, 181
Ascot, 60, 188, 233, 264, 325
Ascot Runner, 325
Ashdown Forest, 68
Ashley, Mr. Wilfred, 259
Ashley, Mrs. Wilfred, 259, 341
Asquith, Mr., 183, 328
Avonmouth, 191

Babingley Cross, 32
Bagshot Park, 57
Bakewell, 36
Ballachulish, 302
Ballater, 207, 302
Ballindalloch Castle, 79, 146
Balmoral, 21, 79, 83, 109, 145, 146, 205, 262, 303, 307, 320
Bancroft, Sir Squire, 74, 140
Bangor, 128
Barnet, 152
Barre, La, 40, 175, 179, 235, 243, 333, 336, 352
Barton Manor, 19, 197, 281
Baslow, 36
Basques, 181, 240
Batsford Park, 119
Battenberg, Princess Ena of, 43
Batzan, Vallée de, 339
Bavaria, 193
Bayonne, 40, 50, 116, 174, 181, 183 331, 332, 352
Beach House, 234
Beachy Head, 68
Beaconsfield, 163
Beaumaris, 128
Beck, Mr., 98, 211
Belgians, King of the, 325
Ben Nevis, 300
Beresford, Lord Charles, 161
Beresford, Lord Marcus, 324
Berlin, 233
Bernardines, Les, 344
Biarritz, 11, 40, 53, 104, 108, 172, 220, 235, 288, 289, 327, 330, 351
Bibby, Captain, 299
Bidache, 49, 346
Bidassoa, the River, 184, 251
Birdless Avenue, the, 195
Birmingham, 273
Bischofteinitz, 75, 139
Bishop's Hall, 27
Blairgowrie, 206
Blandford, 317
Blanefield, 295

Bleriot, M., 337
Bognor, 196
Bois de Boulogne, 102
Bordeaux, 40, 50, 235, 352
Bostock's Menagerie, 195
Boulogne, 107
Bowood Park, 130
Boy Scouts, the, 278
Braemar, 206
Brandon, 161, 254
Brighton, 163, 217, 220, 234, 322, 327
Bristol, 192
Broadlands, 259
Brocklehurst, General, 216
Brooke House, 277
Brougham Hall, 27
Brougham, Lord, 27
Brunswick Square, 169
Bryanston, 318
Buchanan Castle, 295
Buckingham Palace, 122, 144, 245, 262, 322
Bulgaria, King Ferdinand of, 74
Burnham, Lord, 163, 194, 325
Burns, Mr. John, 119, 254, 256
Burton, Lord, 20, 173, 222
Bury St. Edmunds, 226
Bushey Park, 156
Bute, Marquess of, 128

Cadogan, Lord, 226
Caerphilly Castle, 128
Cæsar:
— a statuette of, 191
— bathed every other day, 11
— despatches two favourite rabbits, 120
— disappears at Hampton Court, 255
— falls sick, 218
— goes hunting at Dersingham, 120
— his devotion to the King, 11
— his frolic at Castle Grant, 78
— ignores His Majesty's orders, 12
— is annoyed, 343
— is chased by the Postmaster, 80
— is flung out of the car, 236
— is lost in the woods, 286
— makes a friend, 169
— meets his father, 203
— reappears coated with mire, 306
Cæsar (*cont.*):
— receives electric shock, 226
— recognises an old friend, 343
— resents my interference, 121
— shows his resentment, 62
— the first to appear, 284
— the inscription upon his collar, 287
— worries the peacocks, 72
Cæsar's Camp, 187
Cally, Bridge of, 206
Calne, 130
Cambo, 48, 240, 242, 249, 333, 334, 346
Cambridge, 63, 94, 161, 170, 226
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry, 74, 183,
Campbell-Bannerman, Lady, 74
Campion, Captain, 224
Capbreton, 46, 110, 335
Capel Curig, 128
Caratte, M., 100
Cardiff, 128
Carnarvon, 128
Carrington, Lord, 191
Cassano, 110
Cassel, Sir Ernest, 49, 114, 150, 277, 289, 309, 341
Castle Grant, 78, 298
Castle Rising, 32, 214, 314
Cauterets, 349, 350
Cawdor Castle, 204
Cawdor, Lord, 204
Cesarevitch, the, 281
Chaplin, Mr. Henry, 74
Chatsworth, 36, 96
Chavez, M., 337
Chelsea, 276
Chelsea Hospital, 260
Chesterfield, 96
Chichester, 18, 68, 195, 321
Chichester, Lord, 222
Chiquito, 181, 235
Christ Church, 119
Christian, Prince, 233
Christmas, 15, 159
Claremont, 38, 122
Clarendon, Lord, 275
Clarendon, Lady, 275
Clarke, Sir Stanley, 42, 50, 51, 72, 74, 134, 200
Clayton, 218
Clemenceau, M., 140, 285
Clewer, 233
Cliveden, 194

Clumber House, 202
Clumber Park, 77
Coblenz, 143, 201
Col de Maya, Le, 249, 339
Colebrooke, Lord, 84, 87
Coleman, Mr. Russell, 308
Cologne, 69, 281
Compton Place, 68
Connaught, Duke of, 57, 304, 305
Connaught, Duchess of, 304
Connaught, Prince Arthur of, 304
Constitution Hill, 124, 144
Coombe Court, 122, 266
Cooper, Sir Daniel, 150
Cope, Mr. A. S., 277
Corelli, Miss Marie, 299
Coronation Drive, the, 318
Coroner of the Verge, the, 313
Côte des Basques, 331
Coton House, 268
Cottesmore, the, 217
Courier, the, 75, 247, 290
Covent Garden, 265, 318, 353
Cowes, 18, 131
Cranborne, 228
Crichel, 33, 226, 258
Criminal Investigation Department, the, 23, 44
Cromwell Road, 274
Crown Equerry, the, 1, 9, 62, 66
Crown Point, 308
Culford Hall, 226
Cullen House, 298
Culloden Moor, 204
Cumberland Lodge, 233

Daily Mail, The, 221
Daily Mirror, The, 62
Daily Telegraph, The, 218
Dalmeny Castle, 84
Danny, 224
Darmstadt, 197
Datchet Bridge, 60
Davidson, Sir Arthur, 57, 214, 226, 298, 301, 326, 338, 343
Dax, 111
D'Alba, Duc, 74
De Bathe, Lady, 268
Dee, Bridge of, 109
Dee, the River, 25
Deepdene, 260
De Grey, Earl, 122
Delfur Lodge, 205
Denbigh, Lord, 268
Denmark, 83, 186
Denmark, King of, 125, 265
Denmark, Queen of, 125, 265
De Ramsey, Lord, 63
Derby, Earl of, 268
Derby, the, 170, 258
De Rothschild, Miss Alice, 64
De Rothschild, Mr. Alfred, 267
De Rothschild, Mr. Leopold, 150
Dersingham, 91, 118, 120
Desborough, Lord, 131, 194
De Soveral, Marquis, 68, 74, 161, 195, 200, 228, 285, 335, 336
Devil's Dyke, the, 165
Devil's Elbow, the, 206
Devonshire, Duke of, 36, 68, 97
Docking, 35, 37
Doncaster, 143, 201
Dorking, 260
Drayton, 131, 281
Dudley, Lady, 130
Dufftown, 80, 147
Dunblane, 206
Duncan, Miss Isadora, 256
Duntreath Castle, 295

Earl's Court Exhibition, 194
Eastbourne, 68
East Dereham, 314
Eaton Hall, 318
Eaton Square, 123
Eccles, 270
Edinburgh, 84
Edmonstone, Sir A., 295
Edward, Prince, 161, 197, 209, 231 232
Eger, 142, 284
Egerlander, the Café, 200
Einsiedl, 285
Ellesmere, Earl of, 270
Ellesmere, Countess of, 270
Ellis, Sir Arthur, 265
Ellis, Lady, 265
Eltham Golf Club, 329
Elveden, 92, 161, 225, 321, 322
Equerries, 20, 34, 79, 87, 104, 125, 139, 159, 175, 190, 232, 236, 248, 250; 258, 259, 260, 272, 299, 303, 320, 332, 349
Eridge Castle, 328
Escort, the Police, 40
Esher, 38
Espelette, 45

Eton, 59, 314
Ewart, Sir Henry, 1, 2, 66

Farnborough, 121, 187, 255
Farquhar, Lord, 32, 152, 161, 225, 314
Fife, Duke of, 25, 163, 303
Fife, Duchess of, 303
Finchley Road, 253, 308
Fisher, Lord, 25, 307
Fisher, Mr., 307
Fishing Temple, the, 59, 264
Fletcher, Miss, 331, 346
Flitcham, 211, 306
Flushing, 69
Folkestone, 108
Fordham, 171
Forecourt, the, 30, 123, 124, 144
'Foregones,' 17
Fortescue, Captain, 102, 284
Fort William, 300
Françon, 348
Franzensbad, 71
French, General, 57, 121, 255
Frimley, 57
Frogmore, 232
Fuenterrabia, 251
Fulmer, 156
Fushimi, Prince, 121

Garden Entrance, the, 2, 52, 53, 60, 123, 124, 144
Garden Gate, the, 5, 60, 89, 109, 123, 124
Garrawalt, Falls of, 24
Gave de Pau, Le, 349
Genoa, 252
Gentle, Mr., 328
Gentlemen-in-Waiting, 123
Glassalt Shiel, the, 208
Glatzen, the Café, 72, 199
Glengonner, 84
Glenquoich, 20, 145, 173, 321
Glynde Place, 168
Goodwood, 17, 68, 131, 195, 321
Goodwood House, 17, 68, 131, 281
Gordon Castle, 78
Goschen, Sir William, 138
Gotleibb, 110
Government House, 255
Gramont, Duke of, 346
Grand Entrance, the, 122
Grantown, 145, 298
Grant, Sir George Macpherson, 80
Green Park, the, 2
Greville, the Hon. Ronald, 61
Greville, Mrs. Ronald, 260
Greville, the Hon. Sidney, 42, 72, 284, 285
Grosvenor Crescent, 5
Grosvenor Place, 109
Grosvenor Square, 152
Guards, the, 232, 262
Guards' Cemetery, the, 40, 352
Guards of Honour, 227
Guest, Mr. Montague, 163, 169, 310

Haldane, Lord, 74, 308
Hall Barn, 163, 194, 325
Halton House, 267
Hambro, Sir Everard, 230, 258, 289, 317, 332
Hamilton, Captain, 211
Hampden, Lord, 168
Hampton Court, 254
Hanover, Princess Frederica of, 40, 352
Harcourt, Mr., 126, 274
Hasparren, 50
Hatch, The, 266
Hatfield, 209, 261
Hawtrey, Mr., 74, 140
Hellenes, King of the, 28
Hendon, 267
Hervey, Lady Augustus, 254
Hinchingbroke, 63
Holford, Colonel, 119, 130, 194
Holkham Hall, 163, 313
Hope, Lord, 260
Horse-shoe Shoot, the, 154, 310
Hove, 167, 217, 234, 324
Household Brigade, the, 262
Household Cricket Club, the, 232
Hunstanton, 35
Huntingdon, 63
Huyton, 268
Hyde Park, 125, 234, 252
Hyde Park Corner, 88

Invergarry, 20
Ireland, 128
Irlam, 271
Irun, 344
Isle of Wight, the, 196, 281
Islington, 316

Italiens, Boulevard des, 99
Iveagh, Lord, 92, 161, 225, 321

James, Mr. Arthur, 242, 268
James, Mrs. Arthur, 268
James, Mr. Willie, 91, 209, 306
James, Mrs. Willie, 306, 327
Jesuits, the, 249
Joachimsthal, 291
Jockey Club Rooms, the, 27, 55, 84, 150, 309
Jupp, Canon, 147

Kaiser, the, 108, 155
Kaiserin, the, 155
Karlsbad, 74, 133, 200, 285, 291, 293
Kempton Park, 53, 187
Kemp Town, 163, 217
Kenley House, 276
Kensington, 277
Kensington Gardens, 194
Kentford, 268
Keppel, the Hon. George, 310
Keppel, the Hon. Mrs. George, 310
Kilburn, 253
Kilverstone Hall, 307
Kimbolton Castle, 63
King Edward's Drive, 309
King, The:
— a characteristic, 4
— affection of the French for, 102
— a great smoker, 141, 230
— allows himself to be photographed, 45
— always weighed at Mar Lodge, 25
— a penchant for exaggeration, 315
— a thorough sportsman, 154
— at Buckingham Palace, 15
— deplored the waste of daylight, 159
— did not speak with an accent, 59
— flowers thrown for, 192
— gets drenched with spray, 179
— great receptions accorded him, 103
— had a good appetite, 310
— his affection for Cæsar, 73
— his affection for Persimmon, 171
King, The (*cont.*):
— his anger quick, but soon gone, 137
— his birthday, 14, 154, 212, 310, 311
— his cheeriness, 216
— his consideration, 79, 111, 149, 272
— his correspondence, 16
— his courtesy, 42
— his death, 354
— his diary, 182, 225, 243
— his dislike of promises lightly given, 54
— his dislike of unnecessary display, 6
— his dressing-case, 225
— his fearlessness, 4, 114
— his fine memory, 201, 266
— his great personality, 3
— his habits, 15
— his handwriting, 230
— 'his holiday,' 15
— his illness at Biarritz, 331
— his impatience of folly, 280
— his impatience of medical directions, 223
— his interest in his tenants' welfare, 212
— his interest in things old and historical, 11, 340
— his irony, 31, 280
— his kindness to the sick, 307
— his last illness, 214, 334, 353
— his laughter, 47
— his love for flowers and gardens, 144
— his love of fresh air, 247, 274
— his love of punctuality, 26
— his luggage, 17
— his miniature of the Queen, 225
— his movements during the year, 13
— his nature, 3
— his pipers, 262, 303, 304
— his pleasure at an improvised welcome, 97
— his private bands 110, 262
— his regularity in attending Church, 173
— his reluctance to cancel engagements, 215
— his sense of humour, 140
— his solicitude for animals, 147
— his sympathy, 3

King, The (*cont.*):
— his treatment of those who presumed, 34
— his understanding, 51
— his valets, 185
— his voice, 58
— his wonderful energy, 158, 253, 317
— his work, 15
— liked to travel fast, 8, 65
— 'mobbed,' 220
— moved about a great deal, 9
— never cared to wrap himself up, 334
— personally ordered all his affairs, 215
— puts his foot into a rabbit-hole, 157
— seldom drove out alone, 125
— seldom used telephone, 245
— sends for his skates, 319
— speed of the essence of his nature, 158
— the life and soul of Christmas revels, 159, 304
— very particular about his appearance, 158
— went much to the theatre, 327
King's Entrance, the, 122
King's Lynn, 307
King's Messenger, the, 15, 20, 142
Kingston, 256
Knebworth, 262
Knollys, Lord, 152
Knollys, the Hon. Charlotte, 197
Knowsley, 268, 270, 271

La Bastide, 50
Lac Chimberta, 243, 333, 336
Lachiste, 336
Lac d'Yrieux, 181, 244, 335
Laking, Sir Francis, 186
Laleham House, 327
Lancaster, Duke of, 40, 104
Lancaster, Duchess of, 104
Lansdowne, Lord, 130
Lauder, Harry, 140
Lawson, Mr. Harry, 163
Leblanc, M., 337
Lee, Sir Sidney, 158
Legge, Colonel, 55, 57, 156
Leicester, Lord, 308, 313
Leicester, the late Earl of, 163
Leighton Buzzard, 63, 192
Lewes, 168, 218
Lewes Crescent, 163
Ling House Shoot, the, 310
Lipton, Sir Thomas, 97
Lister, the Hon. R., 102
Littlehampton, 196
Liverpool, 273
Liverpool Street, 153
Llanberis, 128
Lloyd, Marie, 196
Loch an Eilein, 145
Loch Eil, 301
Loch Laggan, 299
Loch Leven, 299, 301
Loch Muich, 208
Lockwood, Colonel, 27
Londesborough, Lord, 310
Londesborough, Lady, 310
Longford Castle, 190
Long Walk, the, 29, 213
Lords-in-Waiting, 123
Lord Steward, the, 313
Lourdes, 349, 350
Loyola, 245, 246, 248
Lucan, Lord, 327
Luton, 277
Luton Hoo, 105, 330,

Mackintosh, The, 204
Maidenhead, 131
Mamore, 299, 302
Manchester, 268, 270
Manchester, Duke of, 63
Manchester, Duchess of, 50, 122, 175
Mansfield, 321
Manuel, King, 314
Mar Lodge, 25, 81, 303
Marienbad, 18, 40, 69, 74, 104, 131, 138, 199, 220, 281, 316, 327
Market Harboro', 77
Marlborough House, 343
Marsh, Mr. Richard, 266
Mary, Princess, 161, 216, 231, 327
Master of the Horse, the, 57
Master of the Household, the, 152
Matlock Bath, 36
May, Princess, 38
McDonnell, Sir Schomberg, 163
Medmenham Abbey, 30
Meidinger, 185

Mellor, Mr. P., 348
Mensdorff, Count, 195, 310
Mentmore, 63, 192
Michael, the Grand Duke, 49
Michelham of Hellingly, Lord, 275
Middleton, Lord, 77
Midhurst, 91, 209, 306
Mildenhall, 171
Milton Abbey, 230, 258, 317
Minoru, 258
Mitford, the Hon. Daphne, 120
Molesey Bridge, 254
Montrose, Duke of, 295
Montrose, Duchess of, 295
Moreton-in-the-Marsh, 120
Mouguerre, 240
Moulton Paddocks, 150, 309
Mouriscot, Villa, 40, 348, 352
Mousehold Heath, 308
Moy Hall, 204

Nansen, Dr., 150
National Anthem, the, 264
Natural History Museum, the, 329
Navarta, 184, 337, 339
Necton, 216
Nethersole, Miss Olga, 287
Neumann, Mr., 314
Neumarkt, 142
Newark, 19
Newbury, 130
New Forest, the, 259
Newhaven, 234
Newmarket, 8, 27, 55, 63, 64, 83, 88, 127, 129, 150, 170, 188, 190, 209, 211, 253, 268, 305, 308
Newnham Paddox, 268
New Southgate, 97
Nicholas, Prince and Princess, 28
Nive, the River, 242, 249, 336, 339, 347
Normanton, Lord, 229, 258
Normanton, Lady, 258
Norway, 186
Norway, King of, 91, 314
Norway, Queen of, 91, 310, 314
Norwich, 307
Norwich Gates, the, 119
Nostell Priory, 78
Nottingham, 77
Nuneham, 173
Nuneham Court, 126, 274

Olaf, Prince, 92, 314
'Old Kitty,' 55
Ollerton, 77, 201, 294
Olympia, 260
Orthez, 237, 339, 349
Osborne, 19, 197, 281
Ott, Dr., 138, 141, 291
Oxford, 274, 326

Paddington, 215
Palace House, 151
Palais, Hôtel du, 44, 175, 244, 289, 331, 352
Pages, 123
Paget, Sir Arthur, 256
Paget, Lady, 256
Pamplona, 245, 342
Paoli, M. Xavier, 44
Paris, 40, 99, 106, 185, 288, 330
Park Lane, 277
Pas de Roland, Le, 249
Patcham, 234
Patricia, Princess, 304, 305
Pau, 116, 175, 236, 349, 351
Pauncefote, Lady, 294
Payne, 198, 300, 306
Peckham, 329
Pembroke Lodge, 123
Pembroke, Lord, 190
Peninsular War, the, 40, 48, 339, 347
Penrith, 27
Perrier, 170
Persimmon, 170, 324, 329
Petschau, 285
Piccadilly, 2, 324
Pinero, Sir Arthur, 74
'Plage, La,' 46
Poklewski-Koziell, M., 205
Polegate, 68
Polesden Lacey, 260
Police, the Country, 277, 278
— fail to stop the royal cars, 19
— pilot the royal car, 27
Police, the Metropolitan, 258, 278
— at Balmoral, 21
— at Sandringham, 22
— at Windsor, 22
— royal chauffeurs drawn from, 1
Ponsonby, Colonel, 72, 73, 183, 284
Porter, Mr. John, 266
Portland, Duke of, 77
Portman, Lord, 318

Portsmouth, 18, 68
Posthaus Café, 74
Postmaster, the, 15, 79, 80, 230, 290, 299, 321, 322
Prescot, 271
Press, mis-statements of, 188, 209, 288
Preston Park, 234
Primrose, the Hon. Neil, 216
Prince of Wales, the, 84, 91, 92, 154, 163, 209, 229, 231, 258, 303, 310, 320
Princess of Wales, the, 90, 167, 231, 303, 310, 326
Privy Purse Entrance, the, 122, 124
Probyn, Sir Dighton, 2, 98, 171, 319
Procession of Boats, the, 60, 231
Prussia, Prince Henry of, 329
Pyrenees, the, 182, 184, 349

Quadrangle (Buckingham Palace), the, 122, 124
Quadrangle (Windsor), the, 28, 58
Queen, The:
— and Sir David Welch, 59
— an enthusiastic skater, 319
— alarmed by a thunderstorm, 130
— a request for a song, 91
— drives to Littlehampton, 196
— fond of taking photographs, 209
— her bungalow, 213
— her devotion to children, 190
— her reference to His Majesty, 52
— her kindness and sympathy, 60
— is entertained, 319
— is taken miles out of her way, 171
— liked to be driven at a high speed, 82
— misses His Majesty, 103
— takes part in Christmas festivities, 160
Queenborough, 69, 77
Quidenham, 307, 322
Quin, Superintendent, 23, 44, 136, 178

Raby Castle, 27
Radnor, Lord, 190
Ramsey Abbey, 63
Ranelagh, 64
Rangemore, 222
Raynham, 214, 314
Redesdale, Lord, 119
Reid, Mr. Whitelaw, 277
Reid, Sir James, 331
Reigate Priory, 61
Reuter's Agency, 332
Reval, 188
Rhine, the, 69, 76, 201, 281, 293
Rhododendron Drive, the, 59, 188
Richmond, 186
Richmond and Gordon, Duke of, 17, 68, 78, 195
'Richmond, Le Duc de,' 47
Richmond Park, 122, 266
Rifle Brigade, the, 347
Ripon, Lord, 122
Roberts, Arthur, 196
Roberts, Lord, 60, 121
Romsey, 259
Roncevaux, 112
Rosary, Church of the, 350
Rosebery, Lord, 28, 63, 84, 86, 150, 192, 213, 310
Rothschild, Mr., 102
Rottingdean, 234
Rowsley, 97
Royal Arms, the, 6, 71, 96
Royal Lodge, 265
Royston, 65, 66
Rübezahl, the Café, 200, 309
Rufford Abbey, 19, 77, 140, 143, 201, 294, 321
Rugby, 268
Russia, 188

St. Albans, 105
St. George's Hospital, 88, 122
St. James's Palace, 152
St. James's Street, 330
St. Jean-de-Luz, 45, 48, 116, 181, 184, 239, 241, 337, 340
St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, 112, 240
St. Oswald, Lord, 78
St. Pancras, 153, 162, 316
St. Pée, 45, 115, 345
St. Pierre, 48
Salisbury, 190
Salisbury, Lord, 228, 262
Salisbury, Lady, 195, 262
Sandown Park, 2, 5, 129, 274, 275, 279

Sandringham, 118, 154, 159, 212, 254, 262, 307, 310, 318, 353
Sandwich, Earl of, 63, 256, 264
San Sebastian, 42, 178, 242, 252, 339
Sare, 115, 116, 181, 242, 289, 345
Sassoon, Mr. Arthur, 78, 79, 145, 167, 168, 217, 224, 234, 298, 323, 327
Sassoon, Mrs., 324
Savile, Lord, 19, 78, 201, 310
Savile, Lady, 77, 202, 310
Saxe-Coburg, Duke of, 200
Saxe-Coburg, Duchess of, 200
Scotch gillies, bluntness of, 24
Seafield, Countess of, 298
Seaford, 168, 223
Selsea Bill, 195
Sentries, 30
Sergeant-footman, the, 92, 151, 207, 218, 284, 290
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 229
Shernbourne, 212
Shipton House, 326
Shoreham, 163
Smith-Dorrien, General Sir H., 255
Snettisham Beach, 213
Socoa, 239
Somerley, 229, 258
Soult, Marshal, 339
Sovereign's Entrance, the, 28, 58
Spain, the King of, 42, 44, 154, 242, 243
Sparta, Duke of, 64
Spean Bridge, 300
Spencer, Chief Inspector, 22, 33, 68, 88, 257, 313
Spey, the River, 205, 321
Spital of Glenshee, 206
Staines, 327
State Entrance, the, 29
Stevenage, 188, 190
Stewart, Donald, 25
Stoke Hall, 294
Stoke Poges, 156
Strathcona, Lord, 262
Strawberry Hill, 275
Streatfeild, Colonel, 214, 234, 276
Stud House, the, 254
Suffield, Lord, 98
Swaffham, 161, 254
Sweden, King of, 213
Sweden, Queen of, 213
Tangley Manor, 61
Taplow Court, 131, 194
Teck, Duke of, 310
Teck, Duchess of, 310
Teck, Prince Alexander of, 38, 304
Teck, Princess Alexander of, 38, 161, 304
Tepl, 76, 142
Tepl, Abbot of, 76, 142
Terrace Entrance, the, 2, 123
Territorials, the, 227, 270, 308
Tetbury, 130
Times, The, 218, 331, 332, 333, 334 342
Tolosa, 245, 249
Torby, Countess, 49
Trauttmansdorff, Prince and Princess, 90
Tree, Sir Herbert, 140
Tring, 267
Tsar, the, 188, 281
Tsaritsa, the, 281
Tulchan Lodge, 78, 79, 145, 203, 295, 299, 321
Turnhout, 281
Twickenham, 275

Urtubie, Chateau d', 337
Ustaritz, 236, 242, 347

Vaughan Williams, Lord Justice, 74
Vaughan Williams, Lady, 74
Vera, 347
Victoria, Princess, 39, 89, 161, 188 197, 258, 268, 310, 326
Victoria, Queen, 17, 25, 29, 126, 144, 208, 348
Victoria Station, 323
Virginia Water, 59
Visitors' Entrance, the, 30, 122
Vivian, Colonel, 205

Waddesdon Manor, 64
Wagner Concerts, 74
Wales, 128
Walton-on-Thames, 38
Ward, Rowland, 324
Ward, the Hon. John, 226
Warren House, 256
Warren Tower, 150
Warrington, 271

Wash, the, 213
Waterloo, 316
Watford, 105, 192, 275
Weimar, Hôtel, 74, 134, 143, 200, 286, 287
Welbeck Abbey, 77, 202
Welch, Sir David, 59, 264
Wellington, the Duke of, 48, 337, 339
West Dean, 91, 209, 306
West Newton, 32
Westminster, Duke of, 318
Weston Birt, 130
White Farm, the, 258
Wilson, Major, 254
Wilson, Lady Sarah, 254
Wilton House, 190
Wimborne, 227, 228
Wimborne St. Giles, 229
Windsor, 28, 57, 125, 156, 163, 188, 213, 262, 307, 325
Windsor Great Park, 58, 59, 233, 265
Wolferton, 119, 214, 313
Wollaton Hall, 77
Wolverton, Lord, 150
Worsley Hall, 270
Worthing, 218, 234
Wrest Park, 277
Wright, Mr. Wilbur, 237
Wrightson, 185

Yacht, the royal, 18, 52, 69, 118, 252
York Cottage, 32, 90

Zarauz, 245, 246, 342
Zumaya, 245, 247

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON

MILLS & BOON have now ready a new volume of their "MY YEAR" Series, in a perfectly delightful book by* ROTHAY REYNOLDS, *entitled—

MY RUSSIAN YEAR

With 28 Illustrations. Second Edition
Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d.** *net*

Daily Telegraph.—"By far the most comprehensive account of Russian life yet given to English readers. . . . The flavour of his humour is delicious."

Westminster Gazette.—"A sincere and noteworthy book."

Morning Post.—"An entertaining and instructive picture of Twentieth Century Russia. . . . The general charm of treatment is matched by the accuracy of the details."

Manchester Guardian.—"We have rarely come upon such an interesting and well-balanced account of modern Russia. Mr. Reynolds has seen his Russia with eyes unclouded by passion, though they are often twinkling with humour, and occasionally dimmed with tears."

Daily Graphic.—"This volume ranks high in the 'My Year' series of Mills & Boon."

Times.—"A truthful and impartial picture of the ordinary Russian. Conversational, easy, and eminently readable."

Truth.—"I have never read a book on Russia which gives such intimate and interesting, and at the same time vivid, pictures of social, domestic, political, and ecclesiastical life of Russia."

Nation.—"Mr. Reynolds writes with great simplicity, taking nothing for granted, and his knowledge is unusually intimate."

Punch.—"It is the best work of its kind I have seen for years."

Tatler.—"A book which everybody will find interesting. Quite one of the most vivid accounts of Russia of to-day."

Uniform with the above

MY PARISIAN YEAR. By MAUDE ANNESLEY
MY ITALIAN YEAR. By RICHARD BAGOT
MY SUDAN YEAR. By E. S. STEVENS
MY GERMAN YEAR. By I. A. R. WYLIE
MY IRISH YEAR. By PADRAIC COLUM

MILLS & BOON, LTD., 49 RUPERT ST., LONDON, W.

A Century of Famous Actresses (1750—1850)

By HAROLD SIMPSON

Author of "Yvette Guilbert," "A Century of Ballads," etc.

and Mrs. CHARLES BRAUN

With 18 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net*

The women of the stage have always occupied a prominent position in the interests of a large theatre-going public, and there is a world of romance attached to the personalities of those actresses who have loomed large in the sphere of dramatic art. The present volume aims at presenting vivid little pen-portraits of individualities through the medium of their art, and the position which they won for themselves in the world of acting.

A Century of Great Actors (1750—1850)

By CECIL FERARD ARMSTRONG

Author of "The Dramatic Author's Companion," etc.

With 16 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net*

Standard.—"An interesting series of pithy biographies—concise and entertaining."

World.—"An interesting and useful book."

Bookman.—"Very alert, very scholarly, and entirely readable."

A Century of Ballads (1810—1910)

Their Composers and Singers

By HAROLD SIMPSON

With 49 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net. Popular Edition Large crown* 8*vo.* **6s.**

Daily Express.—"Deals brightly with a most fascinating subject."

MILLS & BOON, LTD., 49 RUPERT ST., LONDON, W.

The English Court in Exile

James II. at St. Germain

By EDWIN and MARION SHARPE GREW

Authors of "The Court of William III."

With 16 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **15s.** *net*

Spectator.—"Should certainly be read by all students of the revolution; an exceedingly interesting and readable book."

Athenæum.—"Not a single uninteresting page. We had no idea so good a book could be written on such a story."

Truth.—"Excellent . . . picturesque and impartial."

By the same Authors

The Court of William III.

With 16 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **15s.** *net*

Morning Post.—"Done with fairness and thoroughness. . . . The book has many conspicuous merits. There are many good stories scattered through the book, and the text of Lilli Bulero, which, as its author declared, had 'sung a king out of three kingdoms.'"

Times.—"The Authors have steered most dexterously between the solidity of history and the irresponsibility of court biography. Their book consists of a number of character studies done with care and distinction; it is a welcome change from the mass of literature whose only function is to revive the gossip and scandal centred round a throne."

Spectator.—"A book to be read."

MILLS & BOON, LTD., 49 RUPERT ST., LONDON, W.

Forty Years of Song

By EMMA ALBANI

With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and 16 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net*

Westminster Gazette.—"A very readable account of a very remarkable career."
Standard.—"Most interesting reading."

Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage

By Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT

With a Photogravure and 17 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net*
Popular Edition. Large crown 8*vo.* **6s.**

Morning Post.—"Agreeable and amusing."

Forty Years of a Sportsman's Life

By Sir CLAUDE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY Bart.

With 18 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net. Popular Edition*
Large crown 8*vo.* **6s.**

Daily Mail.—"From cover to cover there is not a dull page."
Sporting Life.—"More enthralling than the most romantic novel."
Evening Standard.—"As bracing as a north-east wind."
Country Gentleman.—"A charming book—stimulating, bracing, encouraging."
Daily Telegraph —"The book, from cover to cover, is of good sportsmanship all compact; without a touch of exaggeration, or even the faintest taint of egotism, it tells the story of a sportsman's adventures in the saddle and under canvas, at sea and in the sky, and abounds in capital anecdotes, and in sage, sensible reflections."

Yvette Guilbert: Struggles and Victories

By YVETTE GUILBERT and HAROLD SIMPSON

Profusely illustrated with Caricatures, Portraits, Facsimiles of Letters, etc. Demy 8*vo.* **10s. 6d.** *net*

Daily Chronicle.—"Yvette Guilbert's book is fascinating."
Observer.—"This is a surprisingly fascinating book."
Daily Telegraph.—"The volume itself is a real delight all through. As, in addition to these attractions, we are also given many portraits of the lady in question and reproductions of caricatures and paintings by notable artists, and a selection from the songs of Madame Guilbert's repertoire, the book is exceptionally complete and of particular value."

MILLS & BOON, LTD., 49 RUPERT ST., LONDON, W.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

30Oct'57BR
REC'D LD
JUN 19 1958

FEB 17 2002 3

RECEIVED
FEB 26 '69 -12 AM
LOAN DEPT.

REC. CIR.
JUN 12 1973

UNIV. OF CALIF., BERK.

LD 21A-50m-8,'57
(C8481s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

283602
DA566
S7
Stanford
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY